

South of Tehachepi's Top—Los Angeles County Items

INCREASE JOBS, UNION'S OBJECT.

Switchmen Today Inefficient, Says Railroad Expert.

Quantity Instead of Quality Motto of Agitators.

Federal Mediator Leaves to Settle Nashville Row.

(BY A. P. MONTGOMERY.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—There is less efficiency now than in former years among railroad switchmen of the present day, according to Charles H. Mottishaw, division superintendent of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, testifying here today before the arbitration board, which is trying to settle differences between the switchmen's union and thirteen railroads.

Asked by Prof. Jeremiah W. J. Jenks, one of the neutral arbitrators, who he resented that conclusion, the witness replied:

"They work only to increase jobs. They make no effort to work up to the road can reduce its engine. They want to keep all the jobs they can get all the time."

"To what do you attribute the difference?" Prof. Jenks inquired.

"The labor organizations and to the fact the men today seem to be getting quantity instead of quality. In the old days a foreman would reprimand and recommend the discharge of a switchman who failed to do what was expected of him, but you never hear of such a thing today."

"Why not?" he was asked.

"I suppose they want to keep up their organizations, increase their membership and not lose members," the witness answered.

The hearing will be resumed tomorrow.

HANGER TO LOUISVILLE.

(BY A. P. MONTGOMERY.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—G. W. W. Hanger, member of the Federal board of mediation and conciliation, left for Nashville, Tenn., tonight to undertake settlement of differences between the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad and its employees.

The railroad asked for mediation and conciliation by the four brotherhoods whose members have voted to strike unless their demands are granted. Hanger is expected to accept the good offices of the board and agreeing to suspend action.

Commissioner Chambers of the board, on receipt of the railroad's request last night, offered the board's services to both sides. He had prepared to send Mr. Hanger to the scene even before word came today from the board's plan of action.

The board said no plan of action would be considered until full information had been received.

DELAWARE RAILWAY SUIT.

(BY A. P. MONTGOMERY.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—Judge Hand in the Federal court here today ordered to set aside the injunction suit instituted in this Federal district to test the constitutionality of the Delaware and Maryland Railway Company against United States Disfranchisement Act of 1901.

The order follows the decision of the board of the Delaware and Maryland Railway Company, which held that the constitutionality of the act is not in issue in the case.

The order further directs that the railroad and the company be enjoined from such manner that if the constitutionality of the act is not in issue, the case shall be dismissed.

THE CAR SHORTAGE.

(BY A. P. MONTGOMERY.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—To afford quick relief to the railroads which are suffering from car shortages, the American Railway Association today undertook to force a large number of box cars from other sections of the country to the south and west.

Announcement was made here that instructions had been issued to the railroads to furnish a car for the use of the association directing them to turn over to their southern and western connections a large number of empty and loaded cars that were received in return.

Under these directions, it was announced, New England railroads, which have on their lines more cars than they own, must turn over to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive from the north.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

PASADENA SHY ON YOUNG MEN.

Young Women Report Dearth of Companions.

Single Chap in Much Demand by Fair Buds.

Question to Grace Committee will Examine into It.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

PASADENA, Dec. 2.—The women are looking on with considerable interest at Pasadena's first move to give one of its most serious problems, the dearth of companions for young men. Lack of business opportunities and of desirable positions for a number of years has been taking the young men away from the city as soon as they finish school. With the girls it has been different. They go to the first of the most serious problems, the dearth of companions for young men.

They work only to increase jobs. They make no effort to work up to the road can reduce its engine. They want to keep all the jobs they can get all the time.

To what do you attribute the difference? Prof. Jenks inquired.

The labor organizations and to the fact the men today seem to be getting quantity instead of quality. In the old days a foreman would reprimand and recommend the discharge of a switchman who failed to do what was expected of him, but you never hear of such a thing today.

Why not? he was asked.

I suppose they want to keep up their organizations, increase their membership and not lose members, the witness answered.

The hearing will be resumed tomorrow.

HANGER TO LOUISVILLE.

(BY A. P. MONTGOMERY.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—G. W. W. Hanger, member of the Federal board of mediation and conciliation, left for Nashville, Tenn., tonight to undertake settlement of differences between the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad and its employees.

The railroad asked for mediation and conciliation by the four brotherhoods whose members have voted to strike unless their demands are granted. Hanger is expected to accept the good offices of the board and agreeing to suspend action.

Commissioner Chambers of the board, on receipt of the railroad's request last night, offered the board's services to both sides. He had prepared to send Mr. Hanger to the scene even before word came today from the board's plan of action.

The board said no plan of action would be considered until full information had been received.

DELAWARE RAILWAY SUIT.

(BY A. P. MONTGOMERY.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—Judge Hand in the Federal court here today ordered to set aside the injunction suit instituted in this Federal district to test the constitutionality of the Delaware and Maryland Railway Company against United States Disfranchisement Act of 1901.

The order follows the decision of the board of the Delaware and Maryland Railway Company, which held that the constitutionality of the act is not in issue in the case.

The order further directs that the railroad and the company be enjoined from such manner that if the constitutionality of the act is not in issue, the case shall be dismissed.

THE CAR SHORTAGE.

(BY A. P. MONTGOMERY.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—To afford quick relief to the railroads which are suffering from car shortages, the American Railway Association today undertook to force a large number of box cars from other sections of the country to the south and west.

Announcement was made here that instructions had been issued to the railroads to furnish a car for the use of the association directing them to turn over to their southern and western connections a large number of empty and loaded cars that were received in return.

Under these directions, it was announced, New England railroads, which have on their lines more cars than they own, must turn over to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive from the north.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

BEACH MYSTERY.

Police Are Hunting for Man Who Left Clothes in Saloon and Did Not Come Back to Claim His Goods, Although Money in One Pocket.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

VENICE, Dec. 1.—Police here tonight are trying to solve the mystery surrounding the finding of an overcoat, a vest, containing \$4 in silver, a watch and a pair of shoes.

Sunday afternoon a man left the articles in a local saloon. He said "Will not be back," and disappeared. The clothes were afterward found and the police tried today to locate the owner. The beach was searched today for possible indications of a suicide. The man who left the clothes could not be found by the attendant who saw him.

"Hotel del Coronado" winter guests coming—secure rooms now.

(Advertisement.)

Calculus.

AMERICANS PROTEST.

Increase in Duty Upon Cotton Seed Forced by Gov. Cantu in Working a Deal with American Growers—Appeal to Washington.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

PASADENA, Dec. 2.—The women are looking on with considerable interest at Pasadena's first move to give one of its most serious problems, the dearth of companions for young men. Lack of business opportunities and of desirable positions for a number of years has been taking the young men away from the city as soon as they finish school. With the girls it has been different. They go to the first of the most serious problems, the dearth of companions for young men.

They work only to increase jobs. They make no effort to work up to the road can reduce its engine. They want to keep all the jobs they can get all the time.

To what do you attribute the difference? Prof. Jenks inquired.

The labor organizations and to the fact the men today seem to be getting quantity instead of quality. In the old days a foreman would reprimand and recommend the discharge of a switchman who failed to do what was expected of him, but you never hear of such a thing today.

Why not? he was asked.

I suppose they want to keep up their organizations, increase their membership and not lose members, the witness answered.

The hearing will be resumed tomorrow.

HANGER TO LOUISVILLE.

(BY A. P. MONTGOMERY.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—G. W. W. Hanger, member of the Federal board of mediation and conciliation, left for Nashville, Tenn., tonight to undertake settlement of differences between the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad and its employees.

The railroad asked for mediation and conciliation by the four brotherhoods whose members have voted to strike unless their demands are granted. Hanger is expected to accept the good offices of the board and agreeing to suspend action.

Commissioner Chambers of the board, on receipt of the railroad's request last night, offered the board's services to both sides. He had prepared to send Mr. Hanger to the scene even before word came today from the board's plan of action.

The board said no plan of action would be considered until full information had been received.

DELAWARE RAILWAY SUIT.

(BY A. P. MONTGOMERY.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—Judge Hand in the Federal court here today ordered to set aside the injunction suit instituted in this Federal district to test the constitutionality of the Delaware and Maryland Railway Company against United States Disfranchisement Act of 1901.

The order follows the decision of the board of the Delaware and Maryland Railway Company, which held that the constitutionality of the act is not in issue in the case.

The order further directs that the railroad and the company be enjoined from such manner that if the constitutionality of the act is not in issue, the case shall be dismissed.

THE CAR SHORTAGE.

(BY A. P. MONTGOMERY.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—To afford quick relief to the railroads which are suffering from car shortages, the American Railway Association today undertook to force a large number of box cars from other sections of the country to the south and west.

Announcement was made here that instructions had been issued to the railroads to furnish a car for the use of the association directing them to turn over to their southern and western connections a large number of empty and loaded cars that were received in return.

Under these directions, it was announced, New England railroads, which have on their lines more cars than they own, must turn over to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive from the north.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

All railroads were directed to send in the conference committee on the number of cars on their lines, were instructed to send west and south 30 per cent more cars than they receive in return.

Southern and western roads were required to give to their southern and western connections 30 per cent more cars than they receive.

GARDENA FACES FLOOD DANGER.

Plans Made for Digging a Channel.

So that the Drainage May be into the Sea.

O. T. Johnson Estate has not Given Consent.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

MONTEREY, Dec. 1.—Gardena Valley faces another rainy season with no provision against a recurrence of the flood conditions of last winter, conditions which have been two years repeated in a generation, namely: the flooding of the valley from Ingleside and Hawthorne to and including Nigger Slough.

The two days rain of January 15 and 16, 1914, spread over the valley a sheet of water aggregating an area of 3,500 acres. These waters were the Electric tracks have been drowned and chicken plants destroyed. But the menace of disaster was of greater magnitude, extending not alone to scattered homes but even to portions of the town of Gardena.

FEDERATION FORMED.

To remedy these conditions, and others due to the waste water from increasing irrigated areas, a federation was formed of all civic bodies of the valley last March, with Mr. W. C. Rosecrans of Rosecrans ranch as president, and Mr. Cressley Willy of Bridgeville as secretary. This body has worked unceasingly, holding meetings at various places, and has secured the cooperation of the various landowners, and the promise of an adequate culvert secured. Also some immediate work is planned for the drainage of the valley.

So much for temporary relief. For absolute protection the county board has adopted a plan for a channel which will adequately carry the water discharge into the sea at San Pedro the entire drainage of the valley.

The plan provides for a twelve-mile right of way or easement, 135 feet in width carrying a channel, varying from ten to forty feet in width, and extending throughout the length of the flood district. Easements have already been granted the county for a large proportion of the channel, the owners of which land have formerly been able to crop it with little inconvenience.

Closes soon! See Exposition with "Hotel del Coronado" as your "Home." —(Advertisement.)

HE DROPPED DEAD WAITING ON CUSTOMER.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

TULARE, Dec. 1.—Funeral services were held here today for R. T. McMillan, for more than a quarter of a century a prominent merchant of the city, who died at his place of business here Saturday night.

McMillan dropped dead while waiting on a customer. Death was due to heart failure.

He was born in Pittsburgh 63 years ago.

Funeral services were held here today for R. T. McMillan, for more than a quarter of a century a prominent merchant of the city, who died at his place of business here Saturday night.

McMillan dropped dead while waiting on a customer. Death was due to heart failure.

He was born in Pittsburgh 63 years ago.

Funeral services were held here today for R. T. McMillan, for more than a quarter of a century a prominent merchant of the city, who died at his place of business here Saturday night.

McMillan dropped dead while waiting on a customer. Death was due to heart failure.

He was born in Pittsburgh 63 years ago.

Funeral services were held here today for R. T. McMillan, for more than a quarter of a century a prominent merchant of the city, who died at his place of business here Saturday night.

McMillan dropped dead while waiting on a customer. Death was due to heart failure.

He was born in Pittsburgh 63 years ago.

Funeral services were held here today for R. T. McMillan, for more than a quarter of a century a prominent merchant of the city, who died at his place of business here Saturday night.

McMillan dropped dead while waiting on a customer. Death was due to heart failure.

He was born in Pittsburgh 63 years ago.

Funeral services were held here today for R. T. McMillan, for more than a quarter of a century a prominent merchant of the city, who died at his place of business here Saturday night.

McMillan dropped dead while waiting on a customer. Death was due to heart failure.

He was born in Pittsburgh 63 years ago.

Funeral services were held here today for R. T. McMillan, for more than a quarter of a century a prominent merchant of the city, who died at his place of business here Saturday night.

McMillan dropped dead while waiting on a customer. Death was due to heart failure.

He was born in Pittsburgh 63 years ago.

Funeral services were held here today for R. T. McMillan, for more than a quarter of a century a prominent merchant of the city, who died at his place of business here Saturday night.

McMillan dropped dead while waiting on a customer. Death was due to heart failure.

He was born in Pittsburgh 63 years ago.

Funeral services were held here today for R. T. McMillan, for more than a quarter of a century a prominent merchant of the city, who died at his place of business here Saturday night.

McMillan dropped dead while waiting on a customer. Death was due to heart failure.

He was born in Pittsburgh 63 years ago.

Funeral services were held here today for R. T. McMillan, for more than a quarter of a century a prominent merchant of the city, who died at his place of business here Saturday night.

McMillan dropped dead while waiting on a customer. Death was due to heart failure.

He was born in Pittsburgh 63 years ago.

PLAN WINDBREAKS.

Movement is Launched by Organization which was Formed at the Meeting Held for the Purpose of Giving Energy to the Movement.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

ONTARIO, Dec. 1.—At this week's meeting of the Chamber of Commerce a movement to plant trees along the highways in San Bernardino county for the purpose of creating windbreaks to stop sandstorms was started. Among the speakers at this meeting were Frank Miller of Glenwood Inn at Riverside, W. J. Kincaid, Supervisor of San Bernardino county, W. A. Freeman, County Highway Commissioner, and J. F. Ingalls of this city.

Assurance was given that the County Supervisors will co-operate with the various cities and with ranchers east of here in setting out trees along city and country roads to serve as windbreaks and at the same time add beauty to the State and country highways. A committee, instructed to investigate the proposition and report back in the near future, was appointed as follows: Benton Ballou and J. P. Ingalls of Ontario, Karl Carlson of Riverside, J. C. Jones of Elizaville, J. B. Miller of Fontana, W. C. Cole and W. F. Eldridge of the South Ontario dry-farming district.

Coronado Agency—317 Spring St. Phone: AD78—Main 3917.—(Advertisement.)

SAN DIEGO WANTS A CHIEF OF POLICE.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

SAN DIEGO, Dec. 1.—The City Council today made a formal demand of Mayor B. M. Capps that he immediately appoint a Chief of Police. The Council threatened to discontinue proceedings. In a lengthy resolution adopted, the Mayor is charged with attempting to act as Chief of Police himself. This has

resulted, it is charged, with a disorganized and inefficient police department and a failure to apprehend criminals and prevent crime. The action today is the direct result of the Mayor's attack upon the cabarets of the city, on which he recently turned in reports made by special secret service men hired by him.

Claremont.

SEVEN HURT IN AUTO.

Strange Accident Takes Place Upon Football Boulevard When an Auto Collides with a Truck.

Thrown Out Against a Telegraph Pole.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

CLAREMONT, Dec. 1.—Seven persons were injured in a head-on auto collision here yesterday when J. C. Cureton of No. 1415 East Sixth street, driving a Ford, collided with a truck owned by the Claremont Electric Light & Power Co., which was traveling in the opposite direction.

The truck was traveling at a high rate of speed and was thrown out against a telegraph pole.

The truck was traveling at a high rate of speed and was thrown out against a telegraph pole.

The truck was traveling at a high rate of speed and was thrown out against a telegraph pole.

The truck was traveling at a high rate of speed and was thrown out against a telegraph pole.

The truck was traveling at a high rate of speed and was thrown out against a telegraph pole.

The truck was traveling at a high rate of speed and was thrown out against a telegraph pole.

The truck was traveling at a high rate of speed and was thrown out against a telegraph pole.

The truck was traveling at a high rate of speed and was thrown out against a telegraph pole.

The truck was traveling at a high rate of speed and was thrown out against a telegraph pole.

The truck was traveling at a high rate of speed and was thrown out against a telegraph pole.

The truck was traveling at a high rate of speed and was thrown out against a telegraph pole.

The truck was traveling at a high rate of speed and was thrown out against

THE CITY AND ENVIRONS. EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

Ladies Bar Week.

Organization of a ladies' anti-smoking league is announced by Dr. R. M. Lawrence, the anti-cigarrette worker.

Reading Short Stories.

The Scribners will hold a meeting this evening on the fourth floor of the Public Library Building. The short story will be discussed. All interested are cordially invited.

Postal Receipts.

The receipts of the Los Angeles postoffice for the month of November, 1916, amounted to \$209,448.21, as against \$178,894.88 for the month of November, 1915. This is a gain of \$30,553.33, or 17.09 per cent.

Convincing Foreigners.

The foreign-born stranger, resident and citizen, will be the subject of an address by Superintendent of Schools Sheldahl today at 12:15 o'clock p.m. at the meeting of the City Club in the Broadway Department Store cafe.

To Raise Funds for Hall.

The women of St. Anne's Church, West Adams street, and Vermont avenue, will conduct a Christmas sale next Friday afternoon and all day next Saturday at the church. Funds raised will be expended in the erection of a hall for the children of the church.

Physicians at the California Hospital.

Physicians at the California Hospital stated yesterday afternoon that Mrs. John Topham, wife of Councilman Topham, is running easily. They declared the patient is in no immediate danger. Mrs. Topham underwent a major operation several weeks ago.

To Install Officers.

The newly-elected officers of the American Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, will be installed this evening at 8 o'clock at the Masonic Temple, Pico and Figueroa streets. Mrs. Lillian M. Loveland will succeed Mrs. Emma Hayner as matron, and Earl E. Sidesbottom will succeed Charles Hale as patron.

Corporate Communion will be held.

Corporate communion will be held at St. John's Episcopal Church, under the auspices of the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew, tomorrow at 7:10 o'clock a.m. The event will be the first of its kind in the history of Los Angeles, but will from tomorrow become an annual affair, celebrated in the different Episcopal churches. At the communion tomorrow at least 140 men are expected to be present.

Per Day Sales People.

The monthly meeting of the Massachusetts State Society will be held next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock in the Times Assembly Rooms. Readings will be given by Mrs. Louise M. Kearns, secretary, Ethel M. Criss and John W. Corbin. Song and dance selections will be given by Miss Frances W. Lawrence, Mrs. Ellen Russell and Master Norvell O'Brien. Charles J. McCormick, president of the society, will preside.

New Teachers Elect.

The annual election of officers of the New York State Society was held last night in the Times Assembly Rooms. The new officers are: William H. Fuller, president; Mrs. Harriet Lym, vice-president; Mrs. E. G. Gaudin, secretary, and Mrs. Gaudin, treasurer. Short speeches were made by City Attorney Stephen C. Col. Frank H. True, R. D. Richards, retiring president of the organization; C. C. Marple and Mr. Fuller.

Don Twelve Stars.

As a result of a paragraph printed in this column Thanksgiving morning asking for a star for a worthy case of hardship, Mrs. E. Stoddard, president of the Los Angeles Humane Society for Children, has now completely received 12 stars. Twelve were donated in one day. A good one was given to the case in question, and the rest were to other deserving people who need co-workers. Mrs. Stoddard desires to thank the kindly persons who gave for the purpose.

Weather Map Reports.

The mean temperature for the month of November was 63.4 deg., according to the weather report for the month, which has just been issued by Meteorologist Carpenter of the Weather Bureau. The total number of hours of sunshine possible during the month was 311.9 and the actual number of hours of actual sunshine were 211.4, giving 67 per cent. The rainfall for the month was .49 of an inch and the highest temperature of 81 deg. occurred on the 16th inst. while the lowest was on the 21st inst. and was but 41 deg. The average velocity of the wind for the month was 4.3 miles per hour.

Criticism Service.

The Thanksgiving service of the Florence Crittenton Home will be held at 1 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in the home building, Avenue 31 and Griffin avenue. In conjunction with this ceremony, memorial services for Charles M. Crittenton, one of the founders of the national chain of Florence Crittenton homes, and for U. T. Johnson, donor of the Los Angeles institution, will be held. The day will mark the ninth anniversary of the death of Mr. Crittenton. Rev. James C. Egan, pastor of the East Side Congregational Church, will officiate at both services.

WORTHY A TRIAL

THE delicious flavor, life, sparkle and rich creamy foam of Good Old Maier Bottled Beer will surely delight and surprise you. Patronize home industry.

Order today from your nearest dealer. Two kinds—light and dark—Malt tonic, too. A superior home product.

Maier Brewing Co., Inc., Est. 1873

Los Angeles, Cal.

Don't overlook the fact that an overcoat is a "worthy" investment.

Overcoats for Sensible Men

Made to your measure from a line of specially ordered fabrics in the new weaves and patterns. Warm winter weights.

Exceptional Coat Values

\$25—\$30—\$35

Cut in the new style pin-back, full skirt, or any way you like. Come in out of the rain and order yours.

At Brauer & Co.

Tailors to Men Who Know

Two Spring St. Stores

345-347 and 529-531

Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

"The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel"

Myer Siegel & Co.

443-445-447 South Broadway

Smart, New

Trotteur

& Golf Coats

Three-quarter, also full-length coats of Guernsey Silk or Wool, richly fur trimmed. Smart belted models with deep collar and pockets. In several new shades. Moderately Priced.

(Main Floor.)

Separate Skirts

Specially Priced

A number of fashionable, high-grade skirts of novelty silks, including Jersey, Taffeta and Satin. Sizes for women and misses. Very special prices!

(Second Floor.)

Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

"The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel"

Myer Siegel & Co.

443-445-447 South Broadway

Smart, New

Trotteur

& Golf Coats

Three-quarter, also full-length coats of Guernsey Silk or Wool, richly fur trimmed. Smart belted models with deep collar and pockets. In several new shades. Moderately Priced.

(Main Floor.)

Separate Skirts

Specially Priced

A number of fashionable, high-grade skirts of novelty silks, including Jersey, Taffeta and Satin. Sizes for women and misses. Very special prices!

(Second Floor.)

Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

"The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel"

Myer Siegel & Co.

443-445-447 South Broadway

Smart, New

Trotteur

& Golf Coats

Three-quarter, also full-length coats of Guernsey Silk or Wool, richly fur trimmed. Smart belted models with deep collar and pockets. In several new shades. Moderately Priced.

(Main Floor.)

Separate Skirts

Specially Priced

A number of fashionable, high-grade skirts of novelty silks, including Jersey, Taffeta and Satin. Sizes for women and misses. Very special prices!

(Second Floor.)

Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

"The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel"

Myer Siegel & Co.

443-445-447 South Broadway

Smart, New

Trotteur

& Golf Coats

Three-quarter, also full-length coats of Guernsey Silk or Wool, richly fur trimmed. Smart belted models with deep collar and pockets. In several new shades. Moderately Priced.

(Main Floor.)

Separate Skirts

Specially Priced

A number of fashionable, high-grade skirts of novelty silks, including Jersey, Taffeta and Satin. Sizes for women and misses. Very special prices!

(Second Floor.)

Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

"The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel"

Myer Siegel & Co.

443-445-447 South Broadway

Smart, New

Trotteur

& Golf Coats

Three-quarter, also full-length coats of Guernsey Silk or Wool, richly fur trimmed. Smart belted models with deep collar and pockets. In several new shades. Moderately Priced.

(Main Floor.)

Separate Skirts

Specially Priced

A number of fashionable, high-grade skirts of novelty silks, including Jersey, Taffeta and Satin. Sizes for women and misses. Very special prices!

(Second Floor.)

Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

"The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel"

Myer Siegel & Co.

443-445-447 South Broadway

Smart, New

Trotteur

& Golf Coats

Three-quarter, also full-length coats of Guernsey Silk or Wool, richly fur trimmed. Smart belted models with deep collar and pockets. In several new shades. Moderately Priced.

(Main Floor.)

Separate Skirts

Specially Priced

A number of fashionable, high-grade skirts of novelty silks, including Jersey, Taffeta and Satin. Sizes for women and misses. Very special prices!

(Second Floor.)

Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

"The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel"

Myer Siegel & Co.

443-445-447 South Broadway

Smart, New

Trotteur

& Golf Coats

Three-quarter, also full-length coats of Guernsey Silk or Wool, richly fur trimmed. Smart belted models with deep collar and pockets. In several new shades. Moderately Priced.

THE WEATHER.

(Official Report.)

LOCAL OFFICE, U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, Cal., 1-1-Hundred to Ford A. Carpenter, Meteorologist. At 8 o'clock a.m. the barometer registered 30.01; at 2 p.m., 30.02. Thermometer at the observing hours showed 53 deg. and 54 deg. Relative humidity, 5 a.m., 97 per cent; 2 p.m., 70 per cent. Wind, 5 a.m., southeast, velocity 1 mile; 2 p.m., southeast, velocity 1 mile. Highest temperature, 54 deg.; lowest, 43 deg. Rainfall for month, 5.07 inches; last month, 1.25 inches. Barometer adjusted to sea level.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.—Except over the southwestern portion of the United States, the temperature is high and the sky generally clear, except in the New England States and Old Pacific Coast. In the New England States, in Southern California, where it is not high, much rain is falling. Along the coast the weather is generally threatening clouds.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

STATE FORECAST.—SAN FRANCISCO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SAN JOSE: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. SACRAMENTO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. STOCKTON: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. FRESNO: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. BAKERSFIELD: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow. LOS ANGELES: 1-Weather forecast: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, probably rain tomorrow; tonight, clear, probably rain tomorrow.

The Times

LOS ANGELES

POPULATION By the Federal Census (1910)—219,000

Ever-advancing Southern Metropolis.

XXXVTH YEAR.

WOMEN ORGANIZE FOR WAR ON FOOD PRICES.

Will Demand Drastic Action by City Council—Favor Embargo.

BUTTER declined 2 cents a pound on the Produce Exchange yesterday morning, when sales of creamery extras were recorded at 18 cents a pound. Although sales were unchanged as compared to the day before, indications were not lacking that easier prices for the chief food staple will be incorporated within a few days.

A cut in sugar quotations is expected hourly by local wholesalers, who state the advent of the new crop of Cuban sugar should result in much lower prices for the refined article all over the country. Turners fell off considerably in value Friday and all kinds of poultry was easier. Another reduction in the price of local flour would not occasion surprise, and a great many retail grocers are looking for the same the first of next week.

The high cost of living in general, the middlemen in particular and the retailers and creameries incidentally, are for a vigorous joint yesterday afternoon at Burbank Hall, when 100 women of Los Angeles met under the auspices of the United Housewives' League. Every member of the new organization pledged herself as a committee of one, to prevail on as many other housewives as possible to attend an early meeting of the City Council for the purpose of urging that body to investigate the conditions that are responsible for the present high cost of living and to establish forthwith a public market where fish, fresh vegetables, eggs and other necessities may be purchased at prices that every citizen can afford to pay.

CHARGE CHOKEDNESS. Charges were freely made that fish, vegetables and other articles of food are being daily destroyed in Los Angeles by commission men and buyers for the purpose of maintaining the present high range of prices. George W. Graydon, secretary of the United Housewives' League, said: "I have seen with my own eyes two tons of fish, fresh caught, dumped back into San Pedro Bay by fish commission men because the supply was greater than they figured the market would stand without reducing the price." Mr. Graydon stated that he had brought the matter to the attention of the prosecuting attorney and hoped that some would follow.

W. H. Martin blamed most of the trouble on the commission men and the cold storage plants. "These in-sidemen," said Mr. Martin, "make

The Ladies are Going After the H. C. of L. with a Club.



Some leading figures in the newly-organized Housewives' League. Sketched by a Times staff artist at their first mass meeting to protest against the prices of foodstuffs yesterday.

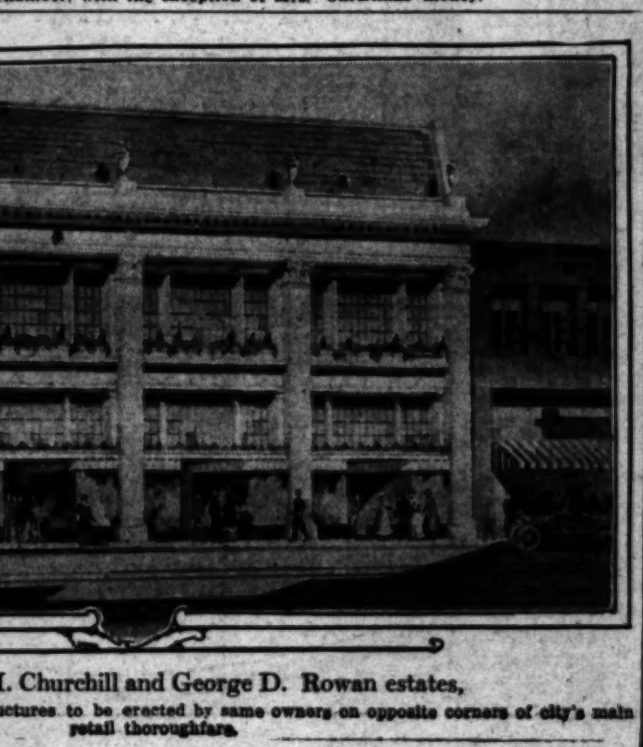
GREAT NEW BUILDINGS FOR SIXTH, BROADWAY.

THINGS were evened up in the race between the rival developers of Broadway and West Seventh street with the announcement yesterday of two notable building projects for the northwest and northeast corners of Broadway and Sixth street, respectively. These important new enterprises for the city's old, established retail thoroughfare make four great projects added to Broadway's tally within the past few months as against five definitely assured for West Seventh street within the same period, the larger combined cost of the Broadway improvements evening up the balance.

Both of the newest Broadway corners to be slated for modern improvements are owned jointly by the O. H. Church and George D. Rowan estates and both enterprises are being handled by R. A. Rowan & Co. Francis P. Davis, senior member of the architectural firm, is now on the way to New York City to make a study of the latest Fifth-avenue shops with the view to incorporating metropolitan ideas in finish and appointments. The structure, according to R. A. Rowan, one of the projectors, will be made a model of up-to-dateness and elegance regardless of cost, being patterned as to general lines after one of the finest of the new shopping buildings in Gotham. It will cost approximately \$250,000.

MRS. MINES IS SUBJECT OF GRAVE MAJOR OPERATION

MRS. W. W. MINES, prominent Los Angeles society matron of No. 424 Kingsley drive, has just undergone a serious major operation at the Good Samaritan Hospital.



Building for O. H. Churchill and George D. Rowan estates. One of two modern and imposing structures to be erected by same owners on opposite corners of city's main retail thoroughfare.

TO MERGE TWO GREAT SYSTEMS

Edison and Pacific Light and Power to Consolidate.

Means Fifth Biggest of Kind in United States.

Move Indicates Acceptance of City's Offer.

The Southern California Edison Company and the Pacific Light & Power Corporation have filed application with the State Railroad Commission in San Francisco for the merging of their properties—the two largest utilities in Southern California. The Pacific Light & Power properties include practically the entire ownership of Ventura County Power Company.

This consolidation has been pending for some time and its announcement at this critical period in the negotiations between the city and the companies for the purchase by the city of the Los Angeles distributing systems is taken to mean that the Edison-Pacific interests are preparing the way for the acceptance of the city's offer. By consolidating all the operations within the city under municipal ownership, and all of the business outside of the city under Southern California Edison Company ownership, the lines of ownership will be so distinctly drawn that it may reasonably be expected the city and the Edison company will be able to harmonize on all matters and co-operate toward the end of building up the greatest electric system in America.

DRIVING AUTO WHILE DRUNK?

Prominent Lawyer's Wife and Stepdaughter Arrested After Accident.

Mrs. Alton M. Cates, wife of the corporation attorney, who lives at No. 27 Breaux avenue, Venice, is the first woman to be arrested here on a charge of driving an automobile while intoxicated. With her stepdaughter, Miss Alice Hill of Banning, she was arrested at Washington street and Bunting avenue.

The arrest of the two women resulted from an accident in which their machine skidded and threw Miss Hill against the windshield. Her head was cut, so it was necessary to take her to the Receiving Hospital for surgical treatment.

At the hospital, Dr. Roy Johnson was asked by the police to examine each woman and report on their condition. He signed the hospital records, certifying both were intoxicated. Both were taken to the City Jail, but Mrs. Cates was later released in the custody of her husband, who called for her.

ASK FOR A NEW ADMINISTRATOR

Serious Charges are Filed Against Phil Cass.

Cited to Show Why He Should not be Removed.

He's Out of City but Friends Scout Allegations.

Phil Cass, son of A. B. Cass, president of the Home Telephone Company, and administrator of the estate of Ferdinand E. Russ, who died at the T.M.C.A. June 1, 1914, has been cited into the Probate Court on the 1st inst. to show cause why his letters of administration should not be revoked. A petition filed by Attorney J. F. Davis was filed yesterday asking that Mr. Cass be removed as administrator, and a new administrator appointed. The reasons for this are set up in the petition.

Among others, it is alleged he failed to give notice to creditors, and only did so on being ordered into court, on the complaint of the creditors. That the creditors could not get their money, on the ground that there was no money in the estate to pay the claims, and that the property would have to be sold before any claims could be paid.

When appraisers were appointed January 1st last, they say they called on Mr. Cass a number of times for an inventory and appraisal. It was a long time before they got the information, they aver, but in checking up, it is charged that there found a discrepancy of from \$400 to \$500 in the amount of cash found by them. Mr. Cass attributed this discrepancy to a clerical error, it is said.

N. B. Blackstone Co
318-320-322 South Broadway

"Onyx" Silk Hosiery for Xmas

—The Best America Produces in High Quality Silk Stockings.
"Onyx" Silk Hose SPECIAL \$1.35

—A sale of pronounced interest to women who value smartness, serviceability and economy.
—And a Christmas Gift stocking decidedly worth while.

—In pure all silk, made with double sole and high elastic heel, wide hem at top. Black, white and some colors; all sizes.

Inexpensive TOWEL GIFTS 25c
—Fine snow-white Bath Towels, 16x26 inches; Light blue, light pink, green or lavender borders.

Hand-Painted Neckwear, \$1.75-\$2.50
—Beautiful hand-painted styles on fine broadcloth and Georgette crepe.
—The very latest of the fascinating new shapes. A useful present appreciated by hundreds of women.

Gloves the Popular Gift Favorite

THIS store and NOW the time to select your Glove Gifts—Christmas assortments complete.
Blackstone's Glove Orders Solve Every Gift Problem
—A woman's glove box can scarcely be too well filled—Blackstone's Gloves are SAFE to present to your friends.

- Women's 3-clasp French Glove Kid Gloves at pair.....\$2.00
- Women's 3 pearl clasp French Glove Kid Gloves at.....\$2.00
- Women's Newest in Smart Auto Gloves with Cuffs, at.....\$3.00
- Women's Auto Gloves with soft Cuffs and Straps, at pair.....\$3.50
- Women's 3-clasp Washable French Kid Gloves at pair.....\$2.50
- Women's 1-clasp Street Gloves, Best values at.....\$1.35 and \$1.50

The Gift Superb

A Genuine Edison Diamond Amberola and ten unbreakable Records—your own selection

Pay \$5 on Delivery

and Then \$1.00 Weekly

Cost of Amberola, \$75. Records, \$5. Total value, \$80.

This beautiful outfit now on display. Choice of mahogany, fumed or golden oak cabinet.

New Features of the Diamond Amberola

Diamond Point Reproducer—Spring Motor—Suspended Resonator, etc. Plays all Edison amberol unbreakable four-minute records.

We have the complete Edison line Diamond Disc Phonographs—\$100 to \$450. Amberolas, \$30 to \$75.

Beautiful Art Catalog on Request

FRANK J. HART SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC COMPANY
332-334 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES.
Branches: Pasadena, Riverside, San Diego.

\$4, \$4.50 and
\$5.
\$3.25, \$3.75,
\$75.
low neck, short
hand crocheted

\$4, \$4.50 and
\$5.
\$3.25, \$3.75,
\$75.
low neck, short
hand crocheted

Business Page: Money, Stocks and Bonds—Grain—Mines—Financial Markets Abroad

NEW YORK SECURITIES RESUME UPWARD CLIMB.

Increase of Buying Orders, Mainly for Railway Shares, Reported by Commission Houses—Call Loans Highest Thus Far This Year and Irregular Tendencies are Displayed in the Bond Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—Stocks, with but few unimportant exceptions, resumed their upward climb today. An increase of buying orders, mainly for railway shares, which dominated the list for the first time in weeks, was reported by commission houses over the holiday. More than two score issues of the railway division were conspicuous for their unusual activity in gains ranging from one to over two points. Included in this group were the shares of many roads which recently underwent the rigors of reorganization, and others about to emerge from that condition. Call loans rose to 6 1/2 per cent, the high rate of the year. Total sales of stocks were \$120,000,000.

Abatement of the plan to offer British and French short-term bills in this market, and the addition of the Wilson of the Federal Reserve Board, without effect on quoted values, regular tenders in the bond market were again attributed to the lower yields reached by international bankers. Total sales, par value, were \$14,000,000. United States bonds were unchanged on call.

COMPARISON OF SALES.
(BY DIRECT WIRE—SECURITIES DIVISION.)
NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 1.—Following is comparison of today's stock and bond sales:

COMPARISON OF BOND SALES.
NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 1.—Following is comparison of today's stock and bond sales:

COMPARISON OF STOCK SALES.
NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 1.—Following is comparison of today's stock and bond sales:

FINANCIAL. OFFICE OF THE TREASURER. IN SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco, Dec. 1.—Following are the results of the sale of the United States bonds in the San Francisco market and the San Francisco market:

QUIET TRADING ON LOCAL EXCHANGE.

HOME TELEPHONE ISSUES ARE SOFT.
Union Oil Declines—Mining List in Fair Shape—Arizona Ray Begins to Climb—Adams and Midway Firm—Los Angeles Investment is Higher.

Friday's session of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange was quiet, and practically featureless. Union Oil declined to 110.50 in the morning, with odd lots bringing slightly higher prices. In final dealings, Both Home Telephone common and preferred were softer, the former selling down to 46.50, and bids for the preferred being lower at 77.00. The mining list was in fair shape, although prices in that group were also affected by the present slow demand from the public for securities of any kind. Arizona Ray began to climb, and the majority of sales were recorded at stronger figures. Closing bids at 22 show that there is a real interest for the stock, and it is expected that the quotation for the copper issue will be higher from now on. According to reports from the mine, they will soon have three chum drills in operation, and as quick as air is struck on any one of the claims that are being worked, a higher market for the stock of the corporation should result. Call for Big Jim and Tom Red was limited, while Ivanhoe sold steadily around 11 1/2. Adams and Midway Mining brought firm figures, and Rose sold for 1.44. There appears to be very little Adams or Rose being offered for sale in this city at the present time. The former Home Telephone common and preferred were softer, the former selling down to 46.50, and bids for the preferred being lower at 77.00. The mining list was in fair shape, although prices in that group were also affected by the present slow demand from the public for securities of any kind. Arizona Ray began to climb, and the majority of sales were recorded at stronger figures. Closing bids at 22 show that there is a real interest for the stock, and it is expected that the quotation for the copper issue will be higher from now on. According to reports from the mine, they will soon have three chum drills in operation, and as quick as air is struck on any one of the claims that are being worked, a higher market for the stock of the corporation should result. Call for Big Jim and Tom Red was limited, while Ivanhoe sold steadily around 11 1/2. Adams and Midway Mining brought firm figures, and Rose sold for 1.44. There appears to be very little Adams or Rose being offered for sale in this city at the present time.

DECLINE IN WHEAT WHEN EXPORTS LAG.

LEADING STAPLES ALL UNDER-DO DECIDED BACKTRACK.
Difficulty in Getting Supplies to the Seaboard is Said to Account Largely for the Lack of General European Buying Which Weakens Prices.

GRAIN. CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—Absence of export buying, aside from amounts purchased for the government of Holland, put wheat prices on the down grade today, notwithstanding that at first advance had been secured. The close was heavy, 1 1/2 to 3 1/2 cent lower, with December at 1.07 and May at 1.17 1/2 to 1.17 3/4. Other leading staples, too, all underwent a decided setback in value—corn, 3 1/2 to 2 1/2; oats, 1 1/2 to 1 1/4; and provisions 2 1/2 to 3 1/4. Difficulty in getting wheat to the seaboard was said to account largely for the lack of general European buying which manifested itself in the early part of the day. Oats sagged with corn. Selling came chiefly from commission houses, and seemed to result largely from the weakness of grain.

PRICES ON LOCAL GRAIN EXCHANGE.

These quotations are in car lots, and are subject to change without notice. No. 1 softest milling wheat, 2.40; No. 2, 2.30; No. 3, 2.20; No. 4, 2.10; No. 5, 2.00; No. 6, 1.90; No. 7, 1.80; No. 8, 1.70; No. 9, 1.60; No. 10, 1.50; No. 11, 1.40; No. 12, 1.30; No. 13, 1.20; No. 14, 1.10; No. 15, 1.00; No. 16, .90; No. 17, .80; No. 18, .70; No. 19, .60; No. 20, .50; No. 21, .40; No. 22, .30; No. 23, .20; No. 24, .10; No. 25, .00.

E. F. HUTTON & CO. 118 West Fourth Street. MEMBERS New York Stock Exchange New York Cotton Exchange Chicago Board of Trade Private Wire Coast to Coast

Office Phone 5740; City 725. BUILDING PHONE 27978. CO-OPERATION OF AGENTS SOLICITED.

Elmer W. Harris HOLLYWOOD REAL ESTATE CORPORATION. STREET BONDS AND COUNTY ROAD BONDS 1st MORTGAGE LOANS

6022 Hollywood Blvd. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA. N.E. Cor. Culver. Los Angeles Office, 915 Hill Street Bldg. Phone 7210; Broadway 1311.

We advise you to get in now for the upward swing on Midway Mining and Milling Co. Stock TAYLOR & CO. 500 Hibernian Bldg.

EAST BLACK RANGE. Buy it now. First 50,000 shares 10c. Send for map and prospectus. W. & TARBELL, 608 I. W. Hallman Bldg., Los Angeles.

Wm. R. Staats Co. BOND BROKER. ALSO EXECUTE COMMISSION ORDERS IN LISTED SECURITIES. LOS ANGELES. PASADENA. SAN FRANCISCO. CHICAGO.

CHLORIDE HERALD. Mailed free to every one interested in COPPER. H. M. PARSONS & CO., Suite 322 I. W. Hallman Bldg.

5% CONTRACTORS SECURITIES CO. 5 1/2%. CHLORIDE 1903-1916. FREE INFORMATION ON CHLORIDE COPPER MINES. JOHN B. HUGHES, 333 I. W. Hallman Bldg. Reports Furnished.

Oatman Oatman Bureau of Mines. Oatman, Arizona.

A. M. CLIFFORD & CO. HIGH GRADE BONDS. 52 to 52. MINEBANK BUILDING SPRING AT FOURTH.

LESLIE C. MONKS & CO. Specialists Oatman and Yellow Pine Mining Stock. 229 I. W. Hallman Bldg.

LOGAN & BRYAN. BROKERS—STOCKS, BONDS, GRAIN, PROVISIONS, COTTON AND COFFEE. 210 W. W. Hallman Bldg.

J. J. Doran Company Stocks and Bonds. Citizens Nat. Bank Bldg. Members L.A. Exchange.

INO. O. KNIGHT & CO. 111 W. FOURTH ST. TORRANCE, MARSHALL & COMPANY. INFORMATION FURNISHED. INVESTMENT ORDERS EXECUTED. BONDS. LOS ANGELES.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN NEW YORK.

Table with multiple columns listing stock prices for various companies including Union Oil, Arizona Ray, and others.

LOCAL CLOSING STOCK QUOTATIONS.

Table with multiple columns listing local stock prices for companies like Union Oil, Arizona Ray, and others.

Arizona Ray—Ray Hercules.

Our engineer has just returned from an examination of the above properties. Development work is being rushed and we anticipate higher prices following the reaction of the past few days. Will carry on 3 1/2 per cent margin.

L. S. ESTLE. Member Los Angeles Stock Exchange, 323 I. W. Hallman Building.

LOMBARD & SON, INC. Underwood Building, San Francisco, offer to lead 40% of the real value of the property. The property is located in California where the security is insured by the State of California.

BUY MOJAVE ANNEX TUNGSTEN SHARES.

This will be the most profitable investment. We have a crew of men working on the property. The property is located in California where the security is insured by the State of California.

EMPIRE ARIZONA COPPER CO. Best producing mine by today. MAYNARD & COMPANY, 313 I. W. Hallman Building.

NEVADA MINE STOCKS; SAN FRANCISCO LIST.

Table with multiple columns listing Nevada mine stock prices for companies like Empire Arizona Copper Co., Maynard & Company, and others.

AT A Square Mile of Mineral Wealth (640 acres).

BIG JEROME COPPER.

TODAY IS THE LAST DAY FOR LOS ANGELES AT 10c. 250,000 shares of the pre-organization PROPERTY PURCHASING POOL AND PUBLICITY FUND, is the allotment for Southern California at only 10c. WHEN THE BOOKS ON THIS ALLOTMENT POSITIVELY CLOSE.

BIG JEROME COPPER COMPANY.

Is now being organized by a strong Arizona mining syndicate. The property consists of approximately thirty-two full mining claims in the Jerome District, with a total holding of approximately 640 acres. The property lies adjacent to the PITTSBURG JEROME and other very well-known and prominent properties. The Capitalization of the Company will be \$2,500,000.

THE BILLION DOLLAR COPPER CAMP.

JEROME—the home of Senator Clark's famous United Verde Copper mine, which has a record of paying, to date, more than \$40,000,000 in dividends—a close corporation with not a share of stock for sale, the Clark interests owning 85 per cent of the stock.

W. M. DISSMAN & CO. 507-4-10 Washington Bldg., Third & Spring Sts. Phone 6917—Main 6903. Los Angeles, California.

THE PHELPS-CAMPBELL CO. 504-505-506 N. W. Hallman Bldg. Fourth and Spring Streets. Phone 7380; Broadway 1677. Los Angeles, California.

BANK CLEARINGS FOR THE WEEK.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—SECURITIES DIVISION.) NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 1.—Bank clearings in the United States for the week ending November 30, as reported by Bradstreet's Bureau, aggregate \$5,318,061,000, against \$5,709,464,000 last week, and \$5,712,000,000 in this week last year. Canadian clearings aggregate \$200,000,000, against \$200,000,000 last week, and \$200,000,000 in this week last year. Following are the returns for this week, with percentage of change shown this week as compared with this week last year:

Table with multiple columns showing bank clearing data for various banks and regions.

MINING QUOTATIONS IN SALT LAKE CITY.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—SECURITIES DIVISION.) SALT LAKE, Dec. 1.—Afternoon close.

Table with multiple columns listing mining stock prices for companies like American Smeltering Co., and others.

OATMAN STOCKS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table with multiple columns listing Oatman stock prices for companies like Oatman, and others.

NEW YORK OIL STOCK QUOTATIONS.

Table with multiple columns listing New York oil stock prices for companies like Standard Oil, and others.

CALIFORNIA DRIED FRUITS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 1.—Following are the prices of California dried fruits in New York City:

Table with multiple columns listing prices for various types of dried fruits.

TURPENTINE AND ROSIN.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) SAVANNAH (Ga.) Dec. 1.—Turpentine firm, 48 1/2 to 50; sales, 452; receipts, 221; shipments, 222; stocks, 22,125. Rosin firm, sales, 3331; receipts, 429; shipments, 1273; stocks, 22,125. Questions: A, 8.20@8.50; C, D, E, 8.25@8.50; F, 8.30; G, 8.35@8.45; H, 8.40@8.50; I, 8.45@8.50; J, 8.50@8.55; K, 8.55@8.60; L, 8.60@8.65; M, 8.65@8.70; N, 8.70@8.75; O, 8.75@8.80; P, 8.80@8.85; Q, 8.85@8.90; R, 8.90@8.95; S, 8.95@9.00; T, 9.00@9.05; U, 9.05@9.10; V, 9.10@9.15; W, 9.15@9.20; X, 9.20@9.25; Y, 9.25@9.30; Z, 9.30@9.35.

Don't Procrastinate.

Telephone 6917, 6903, 6904, 6905, 6906, 6907, 6908, 6909, 6910, 6911, 6912, 6913, 6914, 6915, 6916, 6917, 6918, 6919, 6920, 6921, 6922, 6923, 6924, 6925, 6926, 6927, 6928, 6929, 6930, 6931, 6932, 6933, 6934, 6935, 6936, 6937, 6938, 6939, 6940, 6941, 6942, 6943, 6944, 6945, 6946, 6947, 6948, 6949, 6950, 6951, 6952, 6953, 6954, 6955, 6956, 6957, 6958, 6959, 6960, 6961, 6962, 6963, 6964, 6965, 6966, 6967, 6968, 6969, 6970, 6971, 6972, 6973, 6974, 6975, 6976, 6977, 6978, 6979, 6980, 6981, 6982, 6983, 6984, 6985, 6986, 6987, 6988, 6989, 6990, 6991, 6992, 6993, 6994, 6995, 6996, 6997, 6998, 6999, 7000.

FOR TRANSFER OF FRANCHISE.

Utilities Board Decides on Phone Merger Policy.

Wants Safeguards Placed in Proposed Ordinance.

And Separate Agreements to Supplement Them.

The Board of Public Utilities yesterday decided to recommend to the Council that it allow the transfer of the franchise of the Home Telephone Company to the Southern California Telephone Company. It believes the consolidation of the Pacific and Home companies, with the city's interests properly safeguarded, is the best solution of the telephone problem at present. It urges that the ordinance transferring the franchise contain the following:

- (1) The right of the city to purchase at any time, without franchise or going concern value.
- (2) The Southern California Telephone Company to operate only under this Home Telephone franchise which is being transferred to it.
- (3) That the Southern California Telephone Company shall surrender any franchises lying wholly within the city, either then or in the future, granted by Ordinance No. 6859, and that the Southern California Telephone Company shall in the future surrender any other franchise which it may acquire as new territory is added to the city.
- (4) The city of the California Railroad Commission to have the right to require the Southern California Telephone Company to extend into all Los Angeles city territory, this extending of the Southern California Telephone Company into city territory now occupied by other telephone companies to be accomplished as much as possible by the acquisition of the other telephone companies through the acquiring of the same by the Southern California Telephone Company upon values to be approved by the California State Railroad Commission.

WOULD USE POLICE.

- (5) The right of the city to the use of all police and constables of the Southern California Telephone Company for municipally-owned utilities, the city to pay a reasonable maintenance charge.
- (6) That the Southern California Telephone Company shall give to the city the use of its telephone lines for police stations and board free of charge and operate and maintain same in accordance with the ordinance by the city during the life of said franchise equal in number of one-tenth of 1 per cent. of the total subscriber service as of record on June 30 or any year for the ensuing year.
- (7) That the city shall have free use for police and fire-alarm system of its wires and one duct, and the top position on all poles throughout the system as now constructed or hereafter extended.

AGREEMENTS WANTED.

It is also urged that the ordinance be amended to require the ordinance the following should be provided for:

- (1) The Southern California Telephone Company, upon its final approval by the Department of Justice, shall proceed immediately to the harbor district, Wilmington, etc., as required, and shall immediately apply to the California Railroad Commission for the fixing of rates in this new district, such as to establish rates for a direct-line connection with the main trunk of the city in addition to the local or district rate.
- (2) The stoppage of any claim for losses, either present or future, by the elimination of the automatic telephone.
- (3) The stoppage of any claims for losses by reason of the fact that the Southern California Telephone Company has agreed not to ask the California Railroad Commission for an increase in rates for five years.
- (4) Those clauses in the Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company relating to the use of their equipment, together with the payment of 4 1/2 per cent. royalty on the total gross revenue, as so not to affect the operations of the Southern California Telephone Company.
- (5) Such other provisions as may be deemed necessary by the city as it may have the right to make.
- (6) The right of the city to examine all books and records of the company and to require such reports as may set forth fully the operations of the Southern California Telephone Company.

CONCLUDED.

MEDICOS ARE GUILTY.

Drugs Letters Sent by Postoffice Inspectors Bring a Reply that Causes "Doctors" Conviction on the Charge of Using the Mails to Defraud.

It required but a single bullet by the jury considering the case of the government against Dr. Glendon M. Freeman and Dr. Charles K. Holman, indicted with Ambrose C. Sims, Henry L. Giles and Otto C. Joyn, for using the mails in a scheme to defraud, to find Freeman and Holman guilty. Joyn is dead, and Sims and Giles were apprehended. The jury recommended them to the mercy of the court. They will be up for sentence the 11th inst.

The defendants were large advertisers, agreeing to cure men's diseases and the extreme remedy showed that two decoy letters were sent to them by Postoffice Inspectors Webster and Hanger, under assumed names, asking for treatment and terms. It is alleged the customers were told they were suffering from a very bad disease, based on the "mail order" examination.

The reception of the letters was not denied, but it was insisted that Sims, who cannot be found, must have written the letter concerning the diagnosis and pocketed the money.

Holman was some time ago connected with several medical institutions in San Francisco, that have since gone out of business, on account of the insistence of the government.

The Public Service.

As the City Hall. WITH BOARD PIPE CONFLICT RESTS.

ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST CEMENT CONCLUDED.

Public Works Commissioners will Make Independent Investigation Before They Announce Decision on Request to Change the City's Specifications.

The Board of Public Works yesterday took under advisement the request of the California Glazed Cement Pipe Company that the city's specifications be changed so that machine-made concrete pipe can compete with the vitreous clay product in the making of sewers.

Capt. J. D. Fredericks, for the cement pipe interests, said it is true this is a trade controversy, but they were not asking the city to buy cement pipes but to adopt specifications. He said the Municipal League was used to bring this matter before the board, but three of its own civil engineers had testified in favor of adopting the specifications.

Attorney Joseph Ford said the sole question is which side can present the best article for this particular sewer. He claimed that vitreous concrete pipes show disintegration in sewers because of hydrogen sulphide evolved from sewage during decomposition. He asserted there are too many chances for the property holder to take in using cement pipes. President Handley announced after the hearing that he will make a personal investigation before any decision is reached. Commissioner McAlister, who has been engaged in an inquiry for some time with City Engineer Hamlin, is conducting a series of experiments which he expects will have an important bearing on the situation. He said the board wants to treat every man fairly, and he hopes the cement pipe will come through as it can be accepted.

WORK IS STOPPED.

ASK PERMIT TO GO ON. Work on the Glen L. Martin Company's hydro-hanger on Mormon Island having been ordered stopped by the building department on the ground that some of it does not comply with the ordinance, the company yesterday asked the Board of Public Works to allow it to complete the building as a temporary structure.

Officials of the company stated that not being aware of the fact that Mormon Island is in the city of Los Angeles, they had proceeded to build a hanger on the island. The department prohibited further work on account of the ordinance of trust construction not being complied with.

WANT LIGHT.

LIVING IN DARKNESS. "We have been living for eight years in darkness, and we pray there may be light," is the expression used by J. P. McGarry in a petition to the Board of Public Works in asking for an act to be passed to install at the corner of Forty-second street and Raymond avenue. He says the light was promised as far back as May, 1915.

The communication was referred to City Electrician Manahan, who has a hundred or more similar applications on file.

Final Payment.

A demand for \$102,500 was drawn by City Auditor Myers yesterday in favor of the Temple Block Company by the main trunk of the city in addition to the local or district rate.

The full amount paid by the city was \$75,000, with interest.

The First Appeal.

The first appeal to the City Council by a jitney bus driver since the Board of Public Utilities took over control of motor buses was filed yesterday when J. H. Lee asked for a hearing. He said the board had refused to grant him a permit to operate a bus.

Raising Agreement.

Hancock Bannan and City Attorney Stephen H. Hanger, yesterday agreed to a settlement regarding ownership of the Mormon Island peninsula at Los Angeles Harbor. It was expected the agreement would be signed next week on the return to the city.

Happy Days.

The way is

TO CURE CATARRH.

You Must Purify Your Blood

Specialists in Catarrh troubles have agreed that it is an infection of the blood. The laboratories of the Swift Specific Co. have proven it. Once you get your blood free from impurities—cleansed of the Catarrh poisons, to which it is now a prey, because of its unhealthy state—then you will be relieved of Catarrh—the dripping in the throat, hawking and spitting, raw sores in the nostrils, and the disagreeable bad breath. It was caused, in the first place, because your impure blood was easily infected. Possibly a slight cold or contact with someone who had a cold. But the point is—don't suffer with Catarrh. It is not necessary. The remedy S. S. S. discovered over

the city of Kent Miller, attorney for Mr. Hanger.

Liquor Law Changes.

Recommendations of the Police Commission requiring mail bottling establishments to secure license permits from the board and to allow wineries to sell a minimum quantity of thirty ounces were referred by the council yesterday to the Public Safety Committee.

City Hall Notes.

The ordinance of intention for sanitary sewer work in Mission avenue district was adopted.

The request of the Police Commission for an appropriation to cover the cost of installing two fire escapes at the Central Jail building was referred to the Finance Committee.

Ordinances to change the name of McMillan street, from Clark street to Venice boulevard, to McMillan avenue, and the name of Regal drive, from Venice boulevard to the south boundary, to Montrose avenue, were adopted.

The recommendation of the Board of Public Works that a two and one-half-ton motor truck be purchased for use in the Palms and Westgate annex, was referred to the Finance Committee.

Owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Topham, wife of Councilman Topham, the Public Works Committee of the Council did not meet yesterday. Councilman Topham is chairman of the committee.

At the Courthouse.

SUIT TO DECIDE DIVIDENDS' SOURCE.

HOME BUILDERS' DIRECTORS NAMED AS DEFENDANTS.

Question of Whether Capital Stock or Surplus Earnings Supplied Money for Disbursements Is Put up to Judge—Long Legal Battle Is Promised.

Whether the directors of the Southern California Home Builders' Association are to pay the capital stock of the corporation instead of the surplus earnings will be determined by Judge Finlayson from testimony heard yesterday in four suits by the corporation against M. V. Carpenter, E. W. Peckham, L. Conde, R. O. Young, John A. Barnes and others. The legal battle promises to consume several weeks, with Hickok and Crenshaw and H. T. Norton and W. Bennett on the firing line.

The suits are to compel the return to the corporation's treasury of \$23,851.37, representing dividends paid out of the capital stock. The defendants, members of four boards of directors, claim that the dividends were not so paid out, but that if there were the disbursements were made on reports furnished by employees and that they had a right to rely on those reports.

DE BAKER ESTATE.

TO PARTITION REALTY.

Isabel W. Hellman, through Attorneys O'Melvey, Stevens and Milliken, filed a suit yesterday to partition the property on North Main street adjoining the Baker Block. The underlying reason is because of the inconvenience experienced in dividing up the rents of the building among a large number of owners, some of whom hold a very small interest.

The object of the suit, it is set forth, is to bring about a sale of the property and divide the proceeds among the persons interested. Among the defendants are the heirs of the late Arcadia B. de Baker. The defendants include: John B. Winston, Caroline M. Winston, Hing Hing, Fraser, Elinor C. Harrell, Lyman L. Boone, trustee for Antonio S. Kuris; Marjorie B. Boone, Carl G. Scott, Arcadia B. Brennan, Paul Scott, Windsor Scott and the Title Insurance and Trust Company.

IS OVERRULED.

LABEL SUIT DENIED.

The second battle of E. M. Barnes, an attorney, to get his \$20,000 label suit against Edwin T. Earl on trial, was successfully fought yesterday when Judge Jackson overruled the demurrer filed by Mr. Earl's attorneys, Anderson & Anderson. An answer will now be filed and the case set for trial.

Mr. Barnes alleges in his complaint that Mr. Earl's publications printed a false and unprivileged report of the proceedings before

Judge Cushman of the Federal court last September. The story was headed "Earl Barnes Disbarred by Court." It went on to say that "On the ground that he had been convicted of a felony, R. M. Barnes, known as the poet laureate of the Los Angeles court, this afternoon was ordered disbarred from all judicial functions by Judge Cushman of the United States District Court."

Attorney Barnes alleged that his reputation suffered and that he had sustained a financial loss by reason of the publication. Anderson & Anderson unsuccessfully attacked the complaint in demurrer on the ground that the article was not published by reason of the publication.

IN AND OUT.

ABOUT THE COURTS.

FIGURING DAMAGES. Although he was but 32 years old when he lost his life at Long Beach, Guy G. Fowler had accumulated property valued at \$12,000. Yesterday his executor, Warren W. Fowler, filed suit against the Pacific Electric for \$25,000 damages. He figures this amount on the probable estate the deceased would have accumulated if he had lived to be 40 years old. The figures were compiled according to the American table of mortality and it is estimated Mr. Fowler would have saved \$20,000 for distribution to his heirs.

DAMAGES AWARDED.

Judge Taft yesterday awarded H. H. Hillston \$1500 damages for injuries he sustained in an accident at Washington and Los Angeles streets March 28 last. The motorcycle was ridden by the Pacific Electric for \$25,000 damages. He figures this amount on the probable estate the deceased would have accumulated if he had lived to be 40 years old. The figures were compiled according to the American table of mortality and it is estimated Mr. Fowler would have saved \$20,000 for distribution to his heirs.

INJUNCTION SUIT.

Owners of the 445-acre Ford ranch in the San Fernando Valley, filed a suit yesterday, to enjoin the city of Los Angeles from completing the construction of a culvert across Hubbard avenue, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, near San Fernando. The culvert will divert drainage water from its natural course and probably wash out a 150-acre orange grove. The suit is brought by Henry H. Robinson, Freeman A. Ford and Ted Ford, Jr., as trustees of the estate of Ted Ford. Volney H. Craig and Freeman A. Ford.

INCORPORATIONS.

The Shugers Manufacturing company, incorporated

George W. Shugers, R. W. Petersen and Ned H. Petersen, capital stock \$25,000, subscribed, \$1800.

SUCCEEDS IN OPERA.

Marie Tiffany of this city made a sparkling appearance as the miller in Richard Strauss' "Der Rosenkavalier," with the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, November 17. Word has been received by her husband, W. N. Tiffany, that she will receive a more prominent part in the next presentation of the opera. She has signed a contract for the full season of twenty-three weeks.

MARYLAND ARRIVES FROM MEXICAN WATERS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) SAN DIEGO, Dec. 1.—The armored cruiser Frederick, formerly the Maryland, after three months of patrol duty in Mexico waters, entered the harbor at 1:30 o'clock this morning. The Frederick was relieved at Guaymas by the cruiser New Orleans. Short range battle practice will be held off port before the cruiser proceeds to Bremerton to join the reserve fleet. The battleship Oregon weighed anchor at 1:30 a.m. today and proceeded to Los Angeles Harbor. The "Bulldog of the Navy" will return in February for a stay of two months.

SHOW INCREASE.

The November receipts of the Los Angeles postoffice show a big increase over the same month last year. The total being \$199,448.21, compared with \$178,606.35 for November, 1915, an increase of \$20,841.86, or 11.7 per cent. A great deal of this increase came as a result of the election, when hundreds of thousands of documents were sent through the office to the voters.

Special Luncheon Today 50c 4th Floor

Established 1881

Hamburger's

BROADWAY AND HILL EIGHTH STREETS

Fairlyland Today 2 o'clock 5th Floor

Santa Claus Wants to See You, Children!

Santa Claus' Brownies —Wouldn't it be great fun to look into Santa Claus' workshop and see all the brownies working away, getting busier every minute, making toys for the little girls and boys? Well, here's a secret, he has brought two of them to Hamburger's to help him—you'll see them today!

Mail Your Letters to Santa Claus —Mail your letters, my little friends, in the big red mail box in Toyland and Doldom.

I'll have an answer for you every Tuesday and every Thursday —ask the Brownies at Santa Claus' Post-office. S. CLAUS.



—Yes, he has something for you, right now, too, a whole month (nearly) before Christmas—CANDY, and perhaps a game that'll make you think, and think—and oh, you must see Punch and Judy—just "Stacks o' Fun"—and you must visit Santa Claus' house, of course, and see where he comes over the mountains out of Sunriseland—so much for you to see that you'll go home all excited and write Santa Claus, oh, the longest letter, telling him all the things you want for Christmas—and, maybe, if you're good—very, very good—Santa Claus will leave them all. Remember, children, Santa Claus wants to See You at Toyland and Doldom today!

"Toys for Boys"—Sandy Andy, 65c

—One of the most popular toys for the little fellows. A tank of sand flows into the car and when the car is filled it is released automatically, runs to the bottom of the runway and is dumped automatically; complete with sand, 65c.

Tool Chest, \$1.50—containing a practical assortment of tools for the young carpenter; in well-made wood chest, \$1.50.

Hand Cars, \$5.00—a hand car with a steel gear; heavy axle; one drive; 8-inch front wheels and 12-inch rear wheels; 12V rubber tires, \$5.00.

Automobiles, \$5.00—strong easy-to-drive, sure-enough auto with 10-inch wheels and 4-inch rubber tires; the hand and the seat back are made of metal; complete with steering crank, all nicely painted, \$5.00.

Automobiles, \$12.50—the length of body is 18 inches and in chain drive. Equipped with a starter and 12-inch rubber tires; 4-inch rubber tires. Painted blue and striped with yellow, \$12.50.

"Toys for Girls"—Tea Sets at \$1.25

—Blue enameled tea sets of fifteen pieces that will be the delight of the neighborhood.

Plastine, \$1.00—a modeling set, containing five colors of plastine in different colors; a modeling tool and book of instructions, \$1.00.

My Dolly's House, 50c—made of cardboard; furniture ready to cut out—all falling into a flat package, 50c.

Iron Stoves, \$2.00—just like mother's—with 14x14-inch top and an end-shelf; finished in metal and complete with utensils, \$2.00.

Glass Set, 25c—a four-piece set; containing the better dish, creamer, spoon holder, sugar bowl, \$25c.

Carpet Sweeper, 35c—the "Beauty" carpet sweeper; in the 24x36-inch size and painted in green, 35c.

Bamboo Chair, 85c—mottled finish, 9 1/2x11-inch seat, covered with matting; a very attractive regular chair, complete with matting, \$1.00.

Read-Off Carriage, \$7.00—The body and roll-over head are made of fiber wood and the body is lined; steel gears; rubber tired wheels, \$7.00.

Tricycles, \$6.50—18-inch rear wheels and 12-inch front wheels; 12V rubber tires; 4-inch rubber tires. Painted blue and striped with yellow, \$6.50.

(Hamburger's—Fourth Floor)

COULTER DRY GOODS CO.

EXCLUSIVE LOS ANGELES AGENTS FOR John S. Brown's Shamrock Linens St. Mary's Woolen Blankets For 27 Years The Home of Perrin Gloves

SEE DAILY ADVERTISEMENTS FOR OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST. 215-229 South Broadway. 224-228 South Hill Street

FREE Trial

on this or any Grafonola. Price \$15 to \$200. The ZELLNER PIANO CO.

For DRUNKENNESS AND ALL DRUG ADDICTIONS. No sickness, no publicity, ladies included. Write to Dr. KEELY INSTITUTE, 2400 W. Pine St., Los Angeles.

JONES SHOE CO.

New Location 642 Broadway, Opposite Broadway.

Branch Offices: For the convenience of customers and the Times has established an additional office at 320-322 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, in a new, 4-story building, on Saturday, 10 a.m. to 11 a.m.; Sunday, 10 a.m. to 11 a.m.

[Saturday, Dec. 2, 1916]

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

Special Clearance Sale of Choice Bells

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine may be obtained with any order of \$1.00 or more. It is a beautiful, colorful, and interesting magazine, and is a must for every home.

GIANT SPENCER SWEET PEAS

Now is the time to make a first sowing of these superb Spring-blooming peas. They are the most beautiful and most reliable of all the peas, and are a must for every home.

...ood...
...he comes...
...you'll go...
...m all the...
...o Fun...
...nk, and...
...nearly...
...CLAUS...
...Claus...
...letters...
...your let...
...little...
...in the big...
...box in...
...and Doll...
...I'll...
...in...
...ve an an...
...for you...
...Tues...
...y and ev...
...Thurs...
...y — ask...
...Brown...
...at Santa...
...Post...
...dice...
...CLAUS...
...yland...
...day...
...Clock...
...Floor...
...F. H. J...
...0...



ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

MAGAZINE OF THE FAR-FLUNG SOUTHWEST.

TEN CENTS	SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1916.	1781—1916.
-----------	-----------------------------	------------



Palms in the Court Gardens at a Southern California Hotel.

[Copyright, 1916, by H. C. Fisher. Trade-mark Registered U. S. Patent Office.]

*Issued with the Los Angeles Sunday Times and served to its subscribers. The Magazine, complete in itself, is also mailed separately at any address on demand. (See terms, etc., see page 21.)

...Pages...
...16 PAGES...
...ARMY...
...LIES...
...Fell...
...IN...
...d States...
...rain...
...El Paso...
...ndorf, Mary...
...in California...
...for relations...
...able to easily...
...short and that...
...Charles...
...that city for...
...announced to...
...be reliable...
...George B...
...platform, but...
...This way the...
...the they saw...
...ben the Villa...
...L. When the...
...med up" he...
...the train...
...fully enjoy...
...ling to them...
...adjusting...
...rides and some...
...are taken, the...
...Day were an...
...to sell. With...
...many arrested...
...satisfied. Gen...
...hundred 2100...

Sample copies of the issue for October 14, 1916, will be sent free, upon request, to any address. It contains new and valuable information about Uncle Sam's commercial interests in Latin America.



(For "Scope, Objects and Aims" see page 31.)

Nineteenth Year, Volume X, No. 22.

Annual Circulation in 1916: Gross, 183,606; net, 161,742 Copies Weekly.

LITTLE EDITORIALS.

At a banquet held here a few nights ago, 104 different kinds of home products were served. Los Angeles comes as near being self-supporting as any city on earth.

During the last year Los Angeles acquired exactly 145 new industries. That is a fairly good record for a city that is already about to crowd the biggest in the land for first place.

Two brothers bought 75 acres of land on Saugus avenue at Van Nuys for \$35,000 cash. They came from Imperial Valley. They seem to know where to make money and where to spend it.

Los Angeles was the first city to organize for the contribution to Germany's war-stricken widows and orphans. Los Angeles is the first city in most things and ready to be first in everything good and commendable.

Simon Bamberger got himself elected Governor of Utah on the non-Mormon ticket and then came to Los Angeles for two weeks of rest. There is not the least doubt that he needed a vacation nor that this city was the place in which to take it.

Somebody left a baby girl only two weeks of age in the rear of a Pomona merchant's wagon, and straightway more than 100 couples applied for permission to adopt her. There are worse things than being an orphan who is properly advertised.

Again approaches the Rose Tournament of Pasadena, and all of Southern California is preparing for the gala event. This is one occasion when the cities of the Southland really get together and a good part of the world comes to watch them do it.

It is good news that the city is to have a cotton-seed mill and cotton-twine factory. With the scores of cotton gins in the Imperial Valley and all of the cotton needed for a big plant there is no reason why Los Angeles should not have a half dozen such mills.

A volunteer organization for the relief of orphans and widows in Germany and Austria, following the plea of Ambassador Gerard for such assistance, has been organized in Los Angeles, with headquarters at No. 631 South Spring street. It will no doubt be a source of comfort to many persons to know that they are now in a position to extend help that will reach its intended destination in safety.

Real estate sales in the Wilshire district for sixty days amounted to more than \$300,000. Few residence sections of any city ever experienced such a rapid advance in values and held them as has this one. The secret is not hard to fathom. The values are there and they increase with the swelling tide of population. The growth of that charming vicinity has nothing to do with real estate manipulation, but is based entirely upon the desire of wealthy persons for beautiful homes.

Signs of the Times.

THERE were two signs within the range of vision of the stranger. One of them said, "Keep off the grass," and the other, "Come on, boys." By which sign shall we conquer?

A large section of the world is operated on danger signals. We are warned against trespassing. We are told to keep out. When we drop around to see Buck Sawyer, our old college friend, a neat little sign informs us that this is his busy day. Buck hasn't much of anything to do but to watch and wait, yet every day is his busy one—according to the sign. When you enter the elevator of the Mastodon Block a printed card informs you with distressing directness that dogs, book agents and beggars are not allowed in the building. In your embarrassment to determine which class you belong to you get off at the wrong floor and lose your way in the corridors. Other signs testify emphatically that smoking is not allowed and that you must not spit on the floor. Step up to the desk with a little draft for \$22 from the man who rents your house and a tasty little sign with a red border sets forth the dismal fact that no checks are cashed. Seek the great open spaces in the realm of nature and when you reach the world's jumping-off place a rudely painted board will tell you that no hunting or fishing is allowed; no guests are wanted, and that you must not light a fire.

If you are riding on the front platform of a street car and want to ask where the orphan asylum is, a tin sign coldly warns you that you must not talk with the motorman. At the end of the line there is a fresh threat of danger and the startling monition to keep away from the blast. They are blowing up a piece of the country and you mustn't get in the way.

If you wander around amid some of our choice scenery and turn aside to pluck a bud, you are sharply advised to keep in the path, and further informed that picking the flowers is forbidden. Even in some churches there are cards which say with cold courtesy that certain pews are not for strangers. In a few of our massive hotels where one pays for all he gets—and then some—the guests are hedged about by a bewildering array of "don'ts."

Sometimes at the zoo they won't let you feed the animals and at the ball game you are warned against throwing pop bottles at the umpire. Everywhere there is a curtailing of liberty, of privilege, of the pursuit of happiness.

The signs of the times are pretty thoroughly concentrated into the legend, "Keep off the grass." This is to be seen on every hand and represents the spirit of the age. But here in California it should not be so extensively flaunted. We should not overtrain in the matter of regulation, of restriction, of censorship. We should welcome the world to come and walk on our grass, to pluck our flowers and to go through our shops and industries. It is true that there are a few saving signs of "Welcome," "Information bureau" and "Ask Mr. Foster;" but they have a mercenary background and are not always as sincere as the words imply. What is wanted is the real "Come on, boys" spirit implanted in every heart. It is the watchword of the leaders of men and implies not only a welcome but the larger guarantee that one is not bidden where the host does not dare go himself. Whether in pleasure or danger it is the call of comradeship—the challenge of cheer.

Turn the "Keep off the grass" chromos to the wall and hang out the banner, "Come on, boys," on our outer battlements.

California So Ordered It.

THE olive industry in this State, although among the very first started, is still an infant industry commercially considered. We are not users of olives or olive oil as a people, and yet we import a great deal of both olives and olive oil.

In 1911 the value of olive oil imported into the United States amounted to \$6,014,191. In 1912 the imports amounted to about the same value. That was the year the American people elected a Democratic administration in Washington, with a Democratic Congress to back it up. One of the first acts of the party after coming into power was to revise the tariff laws downward very radically, and olive oil was among those that suffered most. Therefore the expected happened when in 1913 the value of olive oil imported into the country amounted to \$6,739,172, with only half of the year to import oil on the free list. In 1914 with a full year under the new tariff law, the imports of olive oil fell just short of \$8,000,000 in value, while in 1915 the value of the imported olive oil rose to \$8,225,485, an increase of more than \$2,200,000 compared with 1911.

The imports of olives for 1911 amounted to \$1,567,546. In 1912 the value of the olives was \$2,303,277. In 1913 it was \$1,896,982 and in 1914, \$2,292,137.

For the year ended June 30, 1916, the value of the olive oil imported was \$9,746,672, and of the olives, \$2,433,304.

When the new tariff bill went into effect there was scarcely a barrel of native olive oil in the State of California, because it was protected by a duty of 40 cents a gallon. For two years past the olive oil producers of this State have been unable to sell their oil at any price, and every receptacle available is full of olive oil waiting for a market.

This is one of the good things Californians voted for on the 7th of November, last.

Following Booker Washington

THE people of the United States owe a heavy debt to those of African descent living in this country. The forefathers of these Africans were nearly all kidnapped, wrenched away from their old homes and all their old associations, and brought here as slaves by our own forefathers. As greed lies at the basis of most wars, so it was in our Civil War. Lincoln's statement: "This country cannot be part slave and part free, but must be all slave or all free," is the keynote of that gigantic struggle.

In freeing the negroes of the South we were far from discharging all our debt to that race. They came out of slavery ignorant and degraded, as slave races always are. We owe it to them and to ourselves to give them an uplifting hand to elevate them from their ignorance and degradation. When the English abolitionists raised the slogan, "He is a man and a brother," they put the matter on the right basis. We gave the negro not only freedom but the elective franchise. And here arises the American slogan, "Liberty has for its price eternal watchfulness." Now watchfulness and liberty can never go together without high intelligence.

Booker T. Washington was the real apostle to the American negro. Of African blood himself, he did a noble work for his race. The work of this negro educator has been recognized by every American statesman of any standing in the last quarter of a century.

With these facts in view, we hail with delight a movement to establish a negro industrial school in California

modeled after the Booker T. Washington school in Alabama. This work is being undertaken by a negro, too, J. Goodman Braye. He represents a society to build a school after the Booker Washington model. He places the number of negroes in Los Angeles at 35,000.

He has a form of subscription toward raising the necessary funds for the establishment of this school. With the best of testimonials from prominent citizens, his honesty is further evidenced by the fact that the subscriptions are to be paid into a bank, of the subscriber's choosing, and not a cent will be called for until \$100,000 is secured in bona fide subscriptions within one year from date.

Jordan is Right.

IT WAS worse than buncomb, it was poppycock, to cry politics at Secretary of State Jordan because he insisted upon performing the functions of the important office to which the people have elected him with impartial honesty and with an eye open to the existing laws of the country.

It is the duty of the Secretary of State on the receipt of the returns from the different county clerks to certify the vote of the State and show who has carried the commonwealth. In two counties, Orange and Yuba, the judges of election in certain precincts had bungled their reports so that it was impossible to get at the facts in the case. The irregularities are not important, and undoubtedly there must be a legal way by which they must be removed.

Secretary Jordan insisted upon following the law and refused to certify the vote of the State until all doubt was removed. It is not at all strange to find the Democratic managers of the State raising a hullabaloo about this stand for law and order on the part of the Secretary of State, but it is amazing to have the manager of the Republican party join with their Democratic friends in the same clamor, charging the Secretary of State with doing politics.

There was no politics in it, for if the vote of the whole of both counties were thrown out it apparently would not affect the lead of President Wilson. It is a shame for anyone to throw brickbats, or even overripe hen fruit, at any State official who insists upon doing his duty under the law. This is a rare enough attitude for a politician to take, and surely every honest voter in California will uphold the secretary instead of opposing him.

Developing Our Harbor.

THERE is perhaps no subject that will interest our people in a more lively manner than that of our magnificent harbor. The government has spent millions on this harbor, and the people of Los Angeles have put dollar upon dollar, or about that sum, for every dollar spent by the Federal government. To get this harbor developed involved a long, bitter fight.

We have got the harbor, and a fine one, too, but there is more development to be done before it can be fully available for the great commerce sure to center there in the future.

Perhaps one of the first needs of the harbor is a dry dock, and it should be a big one, for the reason that the ships that will plow the waves of the Pacific are to be very leviathans. They now exceed the ships of all other oceans, and the future will exceed those of today. The Harbor Commissioners recommend a dry dock with a capacity to handle a ship of 10,000 tons. Such a dock would be none too big, and the sooner we get it the better for all concerned. Up on the Columbia River the shipyards are now building forty ships that will cost \$22,000,000. At Oakland and San Francisco contracts are held

Dec. 2, 1916.]

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

INDEX TO CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

The City and the Coast. Editorials.....	3-5
The Single. The Lonely.....	6
Schools for German Wounded.....	7
The Indians of the Yukon Alaskan.....	8
Far Away in the South Sea Islands.....	9
Reminiscences of Jack London.....	10
The Waking Up of Old Manchuia.....	11
Some of the Things Seen in Manchuria.....	12
Recent Notable Curiousness.....	13

Good Short Stories.....	14
Apple Juice Plant Supplanted Brewery.....	15
Devote the West Coast of Mexico.....	16
Features of the Great Apple Juice.....	17
Snaphots of Some of Mexico's West Coast Industries.....	18
Conquests de Mejico.....	19
Amst Scaphine Visits the Bee Hive.....	20
Something About J. Wilkes Booth.....	21
Life, or the Dreamland of Happiness.....	22

Life of the Young Men of the Navy.....	23
Married Life of Helen and Warren.....	24
California, Land of Fruits and Flowers.....	25
Orchard, Farm, Ranch and Range.....	26
Making the City and Home Beautiful.....	27
Food Prices and Feeding Poultry.....	28
The Human Body. Its Care and Abuse.....	29
Home, Sweet Home. By a Housekeeper.....	30
Poetry and Humor.....	31

GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

The Giant Sea.

One night I stood alone beside the sea,
Its dark impassioned face entrancing me.
In silent awe and wonderment I scanned
That powerful giant, ominous, yet grand.
I thought of many dark deeds it had done
Against my people; then I tried to run
The gamut of its many moods, but found
That thought profound could not its secrets sound.

I thought of ships crushed in its giant
grasp,
And lives snuffed out with time but for a
gasp;

I thought of hopes destroyed, of horrors
born,
Of broken hearts left aching and forlorn;
I thought of treasures wrenched from
varied shores,
And structures dashed to pieces on its
shores.

And then I saw its tragic visage change:
Fair aspects came within my vision's range.
I saw a ship by giant borne away
From where oppression long had held its
sway.

Upon a people sturdy—born to be
Progressive, independent, true and free;
I saw this giant bear from land to land
World-commerce. Then I came to under-
stand

That, cruel, fierce and grim though it may
be,
The giant sea's a friend to you and me!
—[Charles H. Meiers, in Washington
-Courier.

The Laugh-maker.

We crown the great artists with laurel
And sing to them paeans of praise;
We banquet the makers of cities
And lift them to fame in our lays.
But I want to pay one little tribute—
Less gaudy than earnest by half—
And I want to send my wreath of roses
To the fellow that makes us laugh!

You know how it is who have labored,
And worried and fretted, all day,
To meet with, in person or paper,
The fellow who laughs it away;
Who takes us when least we expect it
And turns us from sorrow to cheer.
With a twist of his thought that's so funny
Our troubles at once disappear.

I tell you, he's worth all the ages
Can give him of praise and of love,
Who has helped us to look out for trouble
To the peace of the blue skies above;
And to feel that no matter what happens
We'll do all we can to go on
With our hope and our faith on the promise
Of a better day surely to dawn.

He may not put peace in our purses,
Nor help us grow wealthy and grand,
But he teaches us all our reverses
Are lessons that help us to stand
In the face of the blight and the battle
And go forth again to the fray
With a spirit of sunshine and laughter
That will chase every trouble away.

Oh, here's to the king and the captain,
And here's to the soldiers in line;
And here's to the man in the paper—
I think I can see his eyes shine—
The actor, the artist, the genius,
Whoever he is, with his chaff—
I want to send my wreath of roses
To the fellow that makes us laugh!

—[Baltimore Sun.

"That Restless Feeling."

When I'm feelin' kind o' restless like,
And feelin' kind o' blue,
When all the world seems cheerless,
And friends seem scarce and few,
I just tackle any trifle, such
As this which comes to mind,
And in writin' random poetry,
The world feels sort o' kind.

For a friendly kind o' feelin' comes
Like sunshine through a cloud;
Or as tho' I saw a rainbow,
Where before I saw a shroud;
And then I know there's nothin' mournful,
But as thinkin' makes it so.
And this feelin' that I'm restless like
Is thinkin' like, I know.

For believin' that in Heaven, Love
Is ruin' things below,
That the God who marks the sparrow's fall
Can as easily lighten woe,
Kind o' makes me think I'm foolish like,
And sort o' thankless, too,
To be feelin' grouchy 'cause the world
Is happy while I'm blue.

'Tis in thinkin' less o' selfish things,
And havin' gen'rous thoughts
And liftin' one another's burdens,
That happiness is bought;
For philosophy seems simple like,
And easy, too, to mind,
If at first we strive to learn the art
Of simply bein' kind.

So I'm restin' kind o' easy like,
While writin' down these lines;
And I'm thinkin' pleasant thoughts th' while
Of fellows in the mines,
Who seldom see th' sun a shinin',
But toil th' livelong day;
Yet still are happy while they're minin'
And gettin' just a ray.
—[W. H. Walsh, in Boston Transcript.

Keep Up Your Pluck.

Keep up your pluck and take another hold;
Don't whimper; it is useless to complain,
Fortune still deals her favors to the bold.
There's never loss but somewhere is a
gain.

While you have left your body and your
brain,
In spite of all misfortune, be consoled,
There's always hope while there you still
retain.
Keep up your pluck and take another hold.

The world to you may seem both hard and
cold,
And yet it is a good world, in the main;
If sympathy is in small measure doled,
Don't whisper; it is useless to complain.

With cheerful smiles conceal the hidden
pain,
Leave your vexations and your wrongs un-
told.
Fight, but if beaten from weak tears refrain,
Fortune still deals her favors to the bold.

Oh, those invertebrates who fret and scold,
Make faces at the cup they have to drain,
Dumbly despair at loss of land or gold!
There's never loss but somewhere is a
gain.

Be valiant. Bound, then strive to break the
chain
That binds you. Show yourself of iron
mold,
Sit down and weep and you will weep in
vain,
Work manfully and fate may be con-
trolled.

—[Tid-Bits.

HUMOR.

[Life:] "Perkins is down and out, isn't
he."
"Oh, yes—he told me the other day he was
paying cash for everything."

[Chaparral:] Shrew (contemptuously):
What would you have been if it weren't for
my money?
Shrewd: A bachelor.

[Boston Transcript:] "Is this a free
translation?" asked a customer in the book
store.
"No, sir," replied the clerk, "it will cost
you \$1.50."

[Toledo Blade:] Barber (entertaining
his customer as usual): Your hair is get-
ting very gray, sir.
Customer: I'm not surprised. Hurry up.

[London Ideas:] Lady: Did you get a
recommendation from your last mistress?
Applicant: Yes, ma'am.
Lady: Where is it?
Applicant: Sure, it wasn't worth keep-
ing, ma'am.

[London Opinion:] Mrs. Jones: Fred,
dear, mamma says she has made up her
mind to be cremated.
Jones (absent minded): All right. Tell
her to put on her things and I'll take her
along.

[New York Times:] They sat looking at
her engagement ring.
"Did your friends admire it?" he tenderly
inquired.
"They did more than that," she replied.
"Three of them recognized it."

[Judge:] "Seems to me there were an
unusual number of women at church on
Sunday."

"Yes. The golf links is so crowded that
they let only men play on Sundays, so
there's nowhere else for the women to go."

[London Ideas:] Wife: You know very
well I don't bother you for money.
Hubby: No, but the tradesmen you buy
from do.

[Chaparral:] Militarist: What are you
hunting through all those war records for?
Pacifist: I am trying to find out who
General Delivery is.

[Boston Transcript:] "I thought Kath-
erine figured on marrying Jack Hansom."
"She did; but another girl with more
money outfigured her."

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "So that
pretty canvasser sold you a book, eh?"
"No, she sold me a couple of smiles and
threw the book in."

[Judge:] "Do you and your wife enjoy
your evenings at home, generally speak-
ing?"
"Well," said Jimson, "she usually does
and is."

[Nebraska Awkwan:] "He died because
of his wrong thoughts."
"No! How's that?"
"Why, he thought he could paddle a
canoe."

[Pittsburgh Post:] "Well, how did things
come out in your school contest?"
"Trife mixed. A girl won the hammer-
throwing contest and a boy took first prize
for fruit cake."

Recollections of Jack London.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE.]

people imagine. It was all right that men,
bred on the land and looking for romance,
should turn to the sea; yet the time must
come when, sick of wandering, they would
hike back to the land, and there search for
a spot (perhaps some "Valley of the Moon,"
with new revelation and inspiration. But
unsatisfied in the end, the soul, trying really
to express itself, will turn to man as both
the sorriest spectacle and the one most
worthy of thought and concern. I suppose
that London had John Barleycorn in mind
when he insisted that the author of the
future will find all that he needs to keep
him busy with one evil alone that besets his
fellow-man; although I have never been
sure that he was as much of a Prohibitionist
as the extremists hailed him to be; but as
I listened to his mixture of admiration for
the natural attractions of California and his
views about social life, I wondered if, how-
soever much, as model agriculturist, he had
contributed to the State's development, he
himself had ever renounced any of his
rapidly-acquired and considerable wealth, as
he makes his hero, Burning Daylight, to do,
or why, indeed, with money he had earned
and could wisely command, he ever should?

The last time I met Jack London was on
one of his visits to Los Angeles, whither he
had come to see about the filming of a
story; although he also attended, while here,
a punching show. I sent up my card to his
room in the Alexandria, at an hour when I
need not have been surprised had I found
him out; but Jack was just crawling out of
bed, having turned in during the small
hours of the morning, so that I was called,
without ceremony, to his bedside. There we
renewed the interrupted exchanges of
previous years, which began when London,
more or less raw to the literary game, was
just gaining a foothold, and extended to a
fame and prosperity such as any writer
would be glad to enjoy, and I remember to
have asked him how he disposed of his
work, now that the world always wanted it?
"I market most of my wares myself," he re-
plied, "and toss the agents, who would not
look at me when I was struggling and
needed them, only what I myself cannot
easily sell." There was something, then,
that even Jack London could not at once un-
load on the refractory editor! As soon as
he was dressed—the same indifferent, com-
fortable-looking fellow of former days—he
declared that he must have fresh air, and
proposed that we take a spin toward Pana-
dena; and having matched each other light-
ing a cigarette—the honors going to Jack,
of course, who had already smoked half a
dozen, we sped over the smooth pavements
leading to the San Gabriel Valley. A chance
comparison between bustling Los Angeles
and the pleasures of life in the more un-
trammelled Sonoma led to my query whether
he had never wished to reside in Southern
California, to which, with a picturesque bit
of vocabulary, he answered: "Maybe I have;
but not since they began tying ribbons
around the coyotes!" Yet I believe that
Jack London, a chap of the right "good sort,"
despite all the odds that may be cited
against him, had a warm spot in his warm
nature for Los Angeles and the Southland,
tame though he seemed to think it was.
[Copyright, 1916, by Perry Worden.]

[Gargoyle:] Lawyer: You say you want
this damage suit pushed through with the
utmost speed?
Client: Exactly. I have a child six
weeks old, and I want the money to pay his
college expenses.

* SCOPE, OBJECTS AND AIMS OF THIS MAGAZINE.

California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope, trend and character, with the flavor of the
land and of the men, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's
Desire."—the "Far-Swing Southwestern."

Devoted to the development of California and the Pacific empire, the exploitation of their mar-
velous natural resources and the world-painting of their wonders and beauties. South and Central
America will receive special attention also. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in
fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home,
the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or orientation. It is yet an independent weekly vehicle of present-day
thought, expression and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady
champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the heads of all good
men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life
and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 100,000 in
number, and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news
sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

The Illustrated Weekly is under the editorial direction of HARRISON GRAY OTIS, and is published by
THE TIMES-HERALD COMPANY, New Times Building, Price, with the Sunday Times, \$1.00
a year; without, \$2.00 a year in advance, postpaid. Single copies by mail or at news agencies,
10c. Sample copies mailed free on request.

Established December 2, 1897. Reconstructed, expanded or otherwise improved January 2, 1912; Jan-
uary 4, 1913; May 31, 1913; March 27, 1915; October 14, 1916.

A Weekly Greeting: A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail subscription to the
Illustrated Weekly (24 copies), costing only \$1.00. An extra copy of the Magazine will be sent
3 months to any separate address, postpaid, for 40 cents, or 6 months for \$1.50 in advance. A
still more valuable combination is a subscription to the Sunday Times and the Magazine together,
both for \$1.00, sent postpaid. This rate was established October 14, 1916.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your
writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; other-
wise the return is not guaranteed.

Entered as second-class matter, January 4, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P.O., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Dec. 2, 1916.]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

for ships aggregating in cost \$40,000,000.

We have the harbor, and now we must protect it. We hope that a war will never break out that will involve this or any other coast of America. But hoping and having are different things in this imperfect world. In this connection there is a movement on foot to grant the Federal government land here on which it may form a base for a great aviation and submarine plant. This is another wise movement that ought to be carried out without any tardiness.

Tearing Down Babel.

EIGHTEEN night schools for the education of the foreign element of the city of Los Angeles are now being operated here under the supervision of the Board of Education. In announcing this we are told that the action is a precursor of a huge educational movement, projected to educate the foreign-born and fit them for citizenship.

This is an entirely praiseworthy movement to be undertaken in any great city in America, and particularly so in Los Angeles, for this city is very cosmopolitan in its population, holding a conglomeration of people speaking nearly every tongue on the face of the earth, Asiatics, Africans Europeans and from every continent surrounded by the seven seas.

They are different from the native-born population in every way. In the first place, they generally come here poor, and are compelled to work long hours in order to support themselves and their families. They are as a rule very industrious, and both sexes of all ages help along in the toil to make a living. Another thing, they are generally unaccustomed to participation in democratic forms of government, many of them coming from under harsh despotisms where humanity counts for very little.

It is not entirely an altruistic movement, although it is bound to result in great benefit to those who participate in this free education. It is more necessary for the native population than for these foreigners that they should be educated to such a degree as to enable them to take an intelligent part in the government of the country. This thing is manifestly impossible unless they know the English language, which will be the first step in the movement for educating the foreign population.

The Board of Education has gone about it in a very practical manner by posting 10,000 handbills printed in half a dozen different languages.

Shortage and Waste.

THAT there is a world-wide food shortage is a fact which has impressed itself upon the world in a very lively way. It is a fact felt in the stomachs of millions of human beings in all parts of the world. This food shortage is caused partly by the war in Europe and partly by a partial failure of the crops, particularly those of the cereals, in all parts of the world. The shortage is not very great, taking the world as a whole. Wheat is the cereal that is shortest. The shortage in other cereals is not short, unless we make a comparison with the crops of last year, which were exceedingly abundant all over the world.

This partial food famine may result in great good to the human race, particularly to Americans. It may teach us the sin and shame of wasting things. As far as our country is concerned there would be plenty of food for all, with abundant stores for export, if we were not so wasteful. This wastefulness reaches to nearly every family in the land. Its effect is made cumulative by the deliberate destruction

of food by middlemen who pay the producers little and charge the consumers much, and in order to make this possible let crops rot in the ground or pitch them into the dump.

We are as ever unutterably opposed to all unnecessary interference of government with the business of the people. But at the same time we recognize the fact that all laws are passed for the punishment of evil-doers and for the protection of those who do well. With this thought in mind we cannot but approve of the proposed action on the part of the government of California to prevent the waste of fish food by dumping on the part of the wholesalers, joined by the fishermen. The proposition is to declare the fish in all the waters of the State and surrounding the State to be public property, to appoint fish wardens under a law imposing severe penalties on all who waste food fish wantonly.

This might be carried farther, for the Federal government might take a hand in it and punish middlemen who let any kind of food go to waste in order to enhance the value of the goods that remain, or for any other purpose.

Mrs. David Starr Jordan, wife of the chancellor emeritus of Stanford University, in company with the wives of professors of that institution, has underwritten the biggest contract ever undertaken by any members of their sex. They propose, if you please, to "standardize women's dress." They propose to limit the wardrobes of women generally to two or three dresses, or styles for different occasions. Now there is no blue-sky law for women's dresses, and never has been. The only limit is papa's or hubby's purse, and many a woman in her wardrobe expenses has made the hubby and father sing the song, "My name is Morgan, but it ain't J. P. There is no bank in Wall street that belongs to me." Yet women's dress is becoming simplified very much, and the automobile has done more for this than all the high-brow clubs that ever have been or ever will be formed.

Pomona orange growers are wise in their generation when they seek an arrangement which will make it unlawful to ship citrus fruit which cannot stand the "eight to one" test, regardless of whether the oranges have been sweated for coloring or not. Any time the easterner gets a sour orange, California gets an unjust set-back.

A Los Angeles girl whose attempts at suicide were unsuccessful promised the doctors who saved her that she would never drink poison again. This stand indicates a very proper gratitude and a willingness to surrender an exceedingly unpleasant and distasteful habit.

Here is an extraordinary and most attractive offer:

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine, each number containing 32 brilliant pages, in all 52 issues in the year, together with the Los Angeles Sunday Times, containing in each issue 124 to 148 plethoric pages of news, editorials, description, comment, far-reaching correspondence, pictures, poetry and humor—the two publications together making 104 large, separate, complete issues—all for four dollars (\$4.00,) sent postpaid to any address in the United States or in the Postal Union. The most informing, appropriate and valuable present you could possibly send to one of the loved ones left behind when you said good-bye to your old home, wherever it was, to come to California.

The Lady of the Land.

BY EUGENE BROWN.

THERE'S a composite friend I call the lady of the land. Sometimes she is a widow—grass or sod, as the case may be—and then again she may have a husband who is not feeling right well and doesn't finish strong on pay day. Sometimes she is a plump little blonde with a wonderful wisp of yellow hair and then again she is built on the lines of a Prussian grenadier and can bite through a tin plate. Perhaps she is faded and worn, through harsh and unfriendly contact with an unresponsive world, or possibly she is a fat and frivolous sawed-off with never a care to rack her little noodle.

But whatever her physical aspects or mental powers she is the lady of the land.

Farms for women, b'gosh!

She is the dame who is squeezing a living from the sometimes porous soil of our pleasant and prosperous State. She is an agrostologist—whatever that is.

California is fairly flecked with lovely ladies who have gone back to the land. There are 10,000 women hereabout who are tampering with the processes of nature and the soil. The retired New England school-teacher and the blasé Gotham stenographer are alike among those present, tickling the bosom of Mother Earth that she may give forth of her abundance.

When a woman has a few dollars in money and is not excessively incumbered with husbands she sighs for a life of slothful ease in the environment of a perfumed orange grove. Or, perhaps, she prefers the companionship of a flock of palpitating poultry amid a scene of rural sequestration.

In any event it is a bit of California land that draws her with the unfaltering assurance of a magnet. Most of them do not expect to get rich, but all hope to make a living—and thank God! they are still alive.

In the bleak East it is not often that a woman will take possession of a quarter-section of land and farm it after the manner of robust manhood. They do not even do a material share of the gardening or dairying and they are not particularly strong on poultry.

But in this sunny Southland women adventure into every aisle of rural endeavor. An unattached dame will tackle anything from a baronial cattle ranch to a pansey bed—and get away with it. It was a woman who pioneered the ripe olive industry into a national achievement. There are cotton and cantaloupe queens in Imperial Valley and there are lemon ladies in Santa Barbara worthy of the attention of the world. Almost anywhere you can find them in their orange groves with their irrigating hoses or in the vineyards with their pruning shears.

When it comes to poultry they are like to command the industry. There are hundreds of dames and damsels who are wooing the hen for profit far from the pestiferous companionship of man. Give a lovely lady a fluttering herd of Leghorns and she has little time or care for aught else. Some of these independent dames are the most consistent prize winners at the poultry shows. They go in for good stock and they know how to get it. They know how to cozen the birds into doing their best and they know how to treat them when they are not feeling bright. A common, ordinary hen is subject to all the diseases in the world except brain fever—she has no brain—and a woman can feel her pulse and tell at once whether she is suffering from appendicitis or enlargement of the gizzard. So it is that when one comes to the poultry realm the women are queens indeed. They are responsible for some of the most delectable menus for poultry refreshments. As a fodder-builder woman is naturally a peach. With her dainty hands she can take a mess of barley, burnt wood, creek gravel, old bones, oyster shells, sunflower seed, moldy wheat and cracked corn and from it create a dainty confection that will induce the hens to lay nights in order to show their appreciation and approbation. It is not the easiest thing in the world to make a swell existence out of a galaxy of careless hens, but a lot of ladies are doing the trick right now in sunny California. They eat, do it where mere man would crouch or else kick because he couldn't cop the cost of keeping two establishments.

Women are authorities on bees other than of the sewing or kissing species. When I want to know how to prod up a bee to get the greatest amount of honey I have to go to a woman to find out. They act as if they had had the hives all their lives. The market of comb sweets would be a rather slumpy one were it not for the women.

There are rose, carnation and dahlia farms owned and managed by women. Anything in the flower line is a part of their being and they are regularly bringing forth new specimens—especially in chrysanthemums and roses. A rose garden is almost as alluring as an orange grove to the ladies. Much of the wonderful array of cut flowers in the California florists' shops is due to the ability and energy of the women who constantly seek to produce choice specimens for the market.

There are many women operating dairy farms—farms of from one to 100 cow-power. A woman can coax a cow to deliver the goods when a man can only stand and blindly cuss the critter. I know one dainty little Amazon about twenty-two hands high, who is slowly getting rich off of two acres of alfalfa, two cows and twenty-five stands of bees. Of course she also has a little bunch of hens on the side.

Women are interested in the newer ventures in rice and date raising that are rapidly developing as State industries. They are extensive owners of beet and bean lands, and are also large crop producers. Women furnish some of our best nursery stock, outside of the kind that has to be rocked to sleep. They are ripe to tackle almost anything in which nature and the land may mingle. But for both sentimental and practical reasons the women feel most kindly toward the orange grove. The orange blossom is their favorite flower. The crop is a clean and handsome one and the fruit responds readily to care and attention. Of course there is some work on an orange grove that most women would find impossible, yet there are stalwart and adaptable dames who have accomplished everything that is required in marketing an orange crop from plowing and planting through the processes of cultivating, irrigating, fertilizing, pruning, fumigating to gathering the crop.

Worse things can happen to a woman than having her lot cast as an old maid in the fragrant environment of a California orange grove.

Land for women—whether it be a massive sheep ranch, a comfortable citrus orchard or a dinky little lot with room for a couple of Belgian hares and a mess of hens.

The Chinese Taxicab.

We are assured that the taxicab is no new thing, being, in its general principles, a thing known to the ancient Romans; but now an Orientalist goes even further and asserts that mechanical carts capable of registering distances traveled by counting and recording the revolutions of very large cart-wheels, connected by cogs with other concentric or eccentric horizontal and perpendicular wheels of proportionate diameters, have been well known to the Chinese for 1700 or 1800 years. On the top of the cart was the figure of a man holding a drum, which he beat when one li, a third of a mile, was traveled. Some carts had, in addition, a figure holding a cymbal, which was struck when the drum had been beaten ten times.

Guarding the Bank of France.

There are plenty of ingenious burglars in the world, but he would have to be a very ingenious burglar indeed who should find a way to rob the Bank of France. The measures taken for guarding the money are of such a nature that burglary would seem to be impossible.

Every day when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar, and before the officers leave, masons are in attendance whose duty it is to wall up the doors of the hydraulic mortar. Water is then turned on, and kept running until the cellar is flooded.

A burglar would thus have to work in a diving-suit, and break down a cement wall before he could even begin to break into the vaults. When the officers arrive the next morning, the water is drawn off, the masonry torn down, and the vaults opened.

West Coast of Mexico.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN.)

ranges are distributed through Sonora and Sinaloa.

Singular Plant Life.

Even in vegetation this is a land of odd contrasts. Weird and sinister-looking plants there are, like the strange "creeping cactus" of the Magdalena Bay country. Lying flat and oddly resembling giant caterpillars, this singular cactus grows forward and dies behind, thus actually traveling in the course of time a considerable distance. Mr. E. W. Nelson of the United States Department of Agriculture said after exploring the north section of the West Coast: "Here is the most extraordinary desert flora in the world. The combinations of species were wonderfully picturesque, giving the landscape an individuality unlike anything to be found elsewhere. Many of these strange scenes seemed fit abiding places for the animal life of an earlier age."

From such inhospitable wastes, the descent into the green, fragrant, watered coastal plain is a welcome change. Here is cane, corn, rice, fruit, wheat, beans, melons, garbanzos—the food of millions.

Legends of the Mines.

Somewhere on this coast the Spanish explorer, De Vaca, claimed to have found the Seven Cities of Cibola—cities of incredible riches. All tales of early adventurers are embellished with accounts of fabulous mineral wealth. The minerals are here, right enough. In busy years, over \$25,000,000 worth of gold, copper and silver is exported. But it takes work and money to get this wealth out. Cortez, Sir Francis Drake, and the gentlemanly pirate Cavendish all raked this coast for gold—but did not stay long enough in one place to get it out.

No region here is without its romantic tale of a "lost mine." Scores of grizzled, silent old American prospectors, driving their patient burros, scour the hills of Sonora and Sinaloa year after year, hopeful always of the ultimate "strike"—or of finding some fabled lost mine. I was shooting blue rock pigeons once in the "Planchas de Plata" region, and stumbled into the pitifully poor camp of such a wandering "desert rat."

"This is the very canyon," he confided—half whispering (though no one else was within a mile, "where the Jesuits got the great chunks of pure silver. Right here they found the nugget that weighed 500 pounds! They lashed two stout mules together, and built a platform between 'em, to carry the big lump of silver to the coast!"

"Antiguas," as they call them, the abandoned mines worked by Indians and Spaniards in the long ago, are scattered throughout the State. The old iron candlesticks and tools, left by the Spaniards three centuries ago, are not infrequently found.

Besides gold, silver, copper and lead, there is zinc, coal, antimony, tellurium and graphite spotting the hills of Sonora. It is the most highly mineralized region on earth, geologists say, and in normal times 6000 Americans live in the State and work its mines.

Churches Built Like Forts.

Down this historic West Coast, from San Xavier and Tumacacuri in Arizona to Guadalupe, there stretches a string of picturesque massive old churches—churches built by adventurous Jesuits, churches standing in loop-holed compounds for Indian defense. Inside cisterns stored water for use during sieges. Built always near a good garden spot, the thrifty padres grew their own grain, vegetables and fruit, using Indian labor. Near some of these ruined churches, built 300 years ago—traces of old irrigation works are plainly discernible. As late as 1879, Apaches attacked the old Church of San Ignacio, in Sonora; its scarred walls still show plainly where Indian bullets chipped angrily at the fervent defenders.

In the old church at Caborca, the ill-fated American filibustering party led by William Krebs came to its tragic end in the late sixties. Krebs and some thirty or forty other Californians, bound by a fantastic oath to "free" Sonora, were shot to death in this classic old house of worship. Aged peasants in Pitiquito, Tubutama and adjacent pueblos remember well Krebs's valiant but misguided effort.

Far up in the wild Sinaloa hills are crude, tiny chapels, built by itinerant priests. I met one old German padre who had not

been outside these hills for twenty years. He told strange tales of the hill folk, and their primitive life. One Indian had lost a mule. He prayed that he might find it—and did, but it had broken its leg. To show his thanks, the Indian made a votive offering at the chapel, a tiny mule wrought from silver. But before bestowing his offering, he broke a leg off the silver mule—to balance the account.

The women and girls of Mexico are deeply religious. Five masses a day are celebrated in some of the larger churches, and often the music is excellent. One bright moonlight night I sat in the palm-shaded plaza before the old cathedral at Magdalena; inside a woman soloist lifted a voice—strong, clear and wonderfully sweet—such a voice as must have given pause to even a Melba or a Farrar, "undiscovered" though this woman was.

American Influences.

Empalme, near Guaymas, is the railroad center of the West Coast. Here the Southern Pacific has its main offices and its \$5,000,000 plant. Here, also, skilled native mechanics are trained.

At Los Mochis, in Sinaloa, an American sugar plantation works 5000 men in the harvest season. A crack corps of Mexican helpers has been developed and taught to make sugar by modern methods.

Some Americans have lived on the West Coast for twenty years. They know the language and customs of the people, they respect their laws and institutions, and are in turn respected and admired by the Mexicans. But on this Coast, as on the China Coast, in Panama and the South Seas, there occasionally appear Americans of another sort—wastrels and beachcombers. Some such have done rash deeds, which it has taken the better element years to live down.

I heard of one ne'er-do-well who was cursing the country, and wishing he was out of it.

"Why don't you go?" asked a listener.

"I would, but my mule went lame."

"When?"

"About five years ago."

Nowhere is tact more of an asset. It goes far with Mexicans, even as the lack of it provokes reprisals. One Yankee salesman sought to twit a native acquaintance on the gastronomic idiosyncrasies of Mexico. "Beans! Beans!" complained the American. "Every Mexican I see is eating beans! It's a wonder your fellows wouldn't paint a plate of beans on your national flag!"

"No more reason," retorted the Mexican, "than that your own Stars and Stripes should be adorned with ham and eggs!"

Another traveler, selling "knock-down" furniture, assayed a trip into the hill regions. Returning later, someone asked him what luck. "Luck!" he sputtered. "Them Indians don't want my stuff at all. They can furnish a house with a picture of Lazarus and a string of red peppers!" These are not the types of Americans who make the most friends or sell the most goods in Mexico.

Yet, in spite of our ignorance, our provincialism, and a too-patronizing air, we are doing good, creative, resultful work on the Mexican West Coast. In twenty years we have rendered more lasting service—to the Mexicans themselves—than the Spaniards did in two centuries. In trade and industries we are making useful, abiding friends.

Above all, the respectable, square American's word—his promise—is unhesitatingly believed.

Substitutes for Leather.

[Minneapolis Journal:] The recent Shoe Dealers' Convention in Chicago was told that the United States will be the next wooden shoe nation, unless a substitute is found for leather within a few years. But nobody appeared to be disturbed. Substitutes for leather are already in use everywhere. No longer are furniture and automobile seats necessarily upholstered with leather. Very acceptable substitutes have been found, and are quite generally used.

A substitute for sole leather has been developed which is asserted to be better than the material whose place it takes. Time will test the claim. And canvas and cloth shoes are growing in popularity. So there are already numerous substitutes for leather, and no law demanding leather in shoes.

If worse comes to worst, which it will not, wooden shoes are not so clumsy and uncomfortable as might appear. The new German wooden shoe is said to be a marvel of lightness and efficiency. The sole, made by gluing together thin strips of wood, is elastic and conforms to the needs of the pedestrian. So no one should be disturbed by talk of substitutes for leather in his shoes.

Waking Up of Old Manchuria.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN.)

feet apart, and it takes about sixty pounds of beans to plant an acre. The cost of producing a ton of beans is about \$7.50, and the selling price is usually somewhere around \$10 a ton, depending, of course, on supply, demand and transportation conditions. The bean matures in from ninety to 115 days, and may be planted any time after danger of frost is past. The good bean runs about 17 per cent. oil and the bean cake will assay 41 per cent. protein. Even the bean straw, after threshing, makes a nourishing stock fodder. The oil itself works up about like coconut oil, in the soap-making industry. If these beans can be grown here in commercial quantities to meet the demand for soy-bean oil, Uncle Sam can save a pretty penny, which each year now goes to buy this oil abroad. Our interest in Manchuria.

In the past fifteen years, you may say, Manchuria has been transformed from an isolate, little known, remote province of far-reaching China, into a bustling, fast-developing, productive trade center. The young men of Manchurian towns, who a decade ago spent their days flying kites or playing with pigeons to whose tails they ingeniously fastened tiny bamboo whistles that hummed musically when the bird flew, are now waking up to the commercial importance of their country, and to their own opportunities with the foreign firms who have invaded that country. Many of these Manchurian Chinese of the past generation have been schooled in the United States, or trained in English and American ways at scattered mission schools. This class forms the go-between for the American importer, who usually employs a "comprador" to reach the native merchant. In this way the American trader has gained a foothold. Yankee cotton goods take the lead in Manchuria, and we also sell enormous quantities of kerosene, much farm machinery and hardware. A hand-sewing machine, "made in the U.S.A." is known and used through the whole of China. To hold his export trade and to look after his business men and missionaries in Manchuria, Uncle Sam keeps consuls at Mukden, Harbin, Vladivostok and Newchwang. In these progressive towns are chambers of commerce, made up of foreigners and natives. Considering how badly we are handicapped by lack of ships, we have not done badly in Manchurian trade. But we have a long way to go to catch up with the Japanese and the British—and the Russians. If we have sold engines, bridge material, cotton goods, kerosene and hardware, it was because these articles could not be so readily obtained from other sources. To get our full share of this growing trade we need more Pacific steamers, more American agencies established in the country, and we need to import more from Manchuria.

Blessing the Waters.

The blessing of the waters is a quaint ceremony to be seen in countries where the Greek church exists. It occurs during the first winter season, and is attended with great demonstrations and rejoicings.

Extensive preparations are made the day before the ceremony. A route is set apart leading from the church to the spot on the quay that has been selected for the ceremony, a carpet of straw being laid down. In general the day of the ceremony is a bitterly cold one, but this circumstance does not deter the populace from attending en masse. They arrive on foot or in sledges and are attired in national dress. All horses are gayly caparisoned with worsted favors and tassels.

On the quay a layman is actively engaged in stirring a barrel of water to keep it from freezing. At 10 o'clock, heralded by the blare of many brass instruments, the priests leave the church, preceded by a troop of cavalry. With them are borne numbers of religious emblems and banners. The priests chant as they march to the quay, where they go through the special form of blessing the waters of the country.

Water so blessed is then distributed among the people, and each recipient treasures the few drops that fall to his share.

Until a few years ago it was the custom in Rumania to cut a hole in the ice of a stream and into this to cast a cross. The men dived for this, and the individual so fortunate as to find it was permitted to carry it for three days and to collect a considerable amount of money.

A Mummy's Doll.

Among the ancient objects exhibited in the British Museum is a doll more than 3000 years old. When some archaeologists were exploring an ancient Egyptian royal tomb they came upon a sarcophagus containing the mummy of a little princess 7 years old. She was dressed and interred in a manner befitting her rank, and in her arms was found a little wooden doll.

The inscription gave the name, rank, and age of the little girl and the date of her death, but it said nothing about the quaint little wooden Egyptian doll. This, however, told its own story. It was so tightly clasped in the arms of the mummy that it was evident that the child had died with her beloved doll in her arms.

The doll occupies a place in a glass case in the museum, and a great many English children go to gaze upon it.

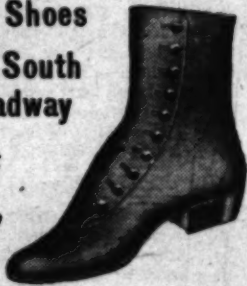
Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy**. No Smearing, Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. **Murine Eye Salve** in Tubes 25c. For Sale at the Eye Protectors Druggists or **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

BURNS

Good Shoes

525 South Broadway

Soft and Easy



Finest Vici Kid, Button or Lace, Plain Toe \$4.50
Grover's
Fine Kid, Lace or Congress, Plain Toe \$3.50
Grover's
Finest Vici Kid Street Shoes, Medium Heel, Cloth or Kid Tops, Hand-sewed \$6.00
Soles

All Styles in Soft and Easy House Slippers

\$1.50 to \$3.50

FOOT TROUBLES

If you are having trouble with your feet call on us as we have a salesman with us who is a specialist on foot troubles.

Agents for

The Wizard Foot Appliances

Call and have them explained.

A Washday Hint.

Secure a package of Kalomite before another washday rolls around: It absolutely does away with the rubbing of the laundry. Simply soak the soiled clothes with this preparation and it makes them spotlessly clean in a really astonishing manner without any rubbing. Kalomite is absolutely harmless to the hands and clothes: It will not injure the most delicate fabrics, silks, laces, woollens, etc. Kalomite is not sold in stores, 15c to General Supply Co., 206 Hollingsworth Bldg., Los Angeles, will bring to you, by mail, prepaid, enough for three washings. Kalomite is positively guaranteed.

Spinal Irritation

That's what causes—Pain or distress in back part of head; pulling of cords in the neck; trouble with eyes; pain between shoulders or in other parts of spine or burning, aching, tenderness or soreness; heat of constriction or pain around body; numbness of fingers or feet or coldness or tingling-like pricking of pins; peculiar almost indescribable pains or distress in heart, stomach, kidneys or other parts of chest or abdomen; backache; sciatica. This disease is very easily cured by right methods. Our elegant, illustrated booklet tells how. Price 10c. Booklet on Diseases of Women—40 pages—price 10c. O. & F. CO., 1234 17th St., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Why Have Piles or Eczema?

Attig Pile and Eczema Ointment has proved the best by every test. Send for a box today. Price 50c postpaid. Your money back if not satisfied. J. H. Attig, 625 Consolidated Realty Bldg., S. W. Corner 9th and Hill Sts., Los Angeles.



THIS Eagle is an optimist of optimists. He has no use for pessimists or gloomy people of any kind. He has been in tight places when days were dark and slow, but he never lost his nerve.

The Eagle goes to church pretty regularly, and by predilection attends one of the historical churches that has a beautiful liturgy. Here at the very opening of the service it is remarkable to see how human sentiment, temperament and character develop in the different ministers. One of them, forty-nine times out of fifty, begins the service with some text like "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves." Another, instead of throwing a wet blanket over the congregation, begins with some uplifting text like "grace be unto you, and peace."

The Eagle is treading on dangerous ground, or would be if this little scream were let out in a former age. He has read of times when "thus saith the preacher" had to go in the mind of every one, at least in his outward conduct. But it is different now, and preachers, like others, are subject to criticism and often needing correction.

The other day the Eagle heard a discourse which pleased him amazingly. The preacher took for his text a passage from the Old Testament which represents the Lord appearing to Elijah and saying to him, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" Elijah was in a terribly pessimistic mood. He had fled from the battle, and hidden himself in a cave in the wilderness, afraid of Jezebel the queen of Israel, as well he might be.

He said in effect: "What am I doing here, Lord? I am hiding to preserve my life, for

Jezebel has killed all thy prophets and I, even I, am left alone, and my life is sought too." He was without food, and his only shelter was a cave, so he had a good deal of excuse for his gloomy feelings.

Here is what the Eagle likes about the discourse. The preacher said, "The worst seldom happens." How true that is, and how comforting it is, too. Elijah expected to be killed any moment when the emissaries of the wicked queen should track him to his retreat. The first thing God did to him was to give him a square meal, then put him to sleep, and when he woke up He fed him again. The fugitive had been without food for some time, and naturally felt better after his two meals and a good sleep. Instead of being killed he was sent back to work, and brave the wrath of the wicked queen. He thought he was the only one of his kind in all Israel, but God undeceived him by telling him there were 7000 people of the children of Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal. Jehovah did not mean that He had sent His angels out and taken a census of Israel. He was speaking in oriental language which is generally figurative, and 7000 meant an indefinite number of thousands, almost an infinite number, who were only waiting for a leader to dethrone the wicked queen and do to her what she was doing to her people.

Right while these things were going on the queen was looking out of her palace window. She saw a chariot come down the highway at a speed like that of an automobile at the present day. She knew who was driving, for Jehu had the reputation of being a speeder that would have taken the feather out of the cap of the swiftest chauffeur in Los Angeles today. She watched the chariot as it came on nearer, and when it appeared under her window she stuck her painted face out of the palace and cried out, "Had Zimri peace who slew his master?" She thought she could scare Jehu as she had scared others, but he was an Eagle kind of man whose motto was "Pluck wins. It always wins, though days be slow and nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go. Yet pluck will win, its average is sure. He gains the prize who can the most endure,

he who never shirks, who waits and watches and who always works."

This was just what Elijah had not been doing. He had been shirking and running away from his work. But Jehu was of a different mind. He called out, "Is there any one up there who belongs to our side? If there is, just pitch that painted haridan out of the window and break her painted face on the pavement." And lo, there were some there on his side who did as he suggested. "And the dogs came and licked up the blood" of the wicked queen.

So you see the worst did not happen to Elijah. On the contrary he found his persecutor and would-be slayer had been done to as she would have done to him, and better days were in store for him and for all Israel. Instead of the worst happening to him, as he went along the road he saw Elisha plowing in the field, and called him to follow him, which he did, having first feasted his neighbors on the yoke of oxen that was pulling the plow.

Here was a great change from the poor cowardly fellow out in the desert hiding in the cave, afraid of Jezebel, and the present Elijah with his companion at his heels, and Jezebel gone forever from the face of the earth. And there were better days in store still for Elijah and for Israel, for now, finding he wasn't alone in the world, he challenged the prophets of Baal to meet him on the mountain top and try issues. The Old Testament is a book full of beautiful pictures. We can see the prophets of Baal there with their sacrifices upon the altars crying to their god to send fire from heaven to kindle the funeral pyre and show their power. They danced about the altar like red Indians, screamed like bucks upon the war-path, cut themselves with knives, but there was no voice from heaven, and no spark of fire in sight. How different is the Elijah that stands upon the hilltop from the one hidden in the mouth of the cave! With biting sarcasm he taunts his persecutors, telling them to shout louder, that their god may be hunting or feasting, or asleep.

Then when they give up the attempt to get fire from heaven he prepares his altar. When

he has the sacrifice upon the wood he tells them to carry many buckets of water, to pour it over the sacrifice, upon the altar, upon the wood, until the trench about it was like an irrigation ditch down in the Imperial Valley or up in the San Joaquin Valley when the farmers are pouring water over their alfalfa fields. Then he called upon God to send fire from heaven, and God answered him, until not only the sacrifice was consumed, but the stones of the altar were burned up and the trench became as dry as Death Valley in August.

The worst came to Elijah? Not by any means. Instead of being murdered by the painted Jezebel, a short time after this his God sent to him a chariot of fire with fiery steeds who carried him up into heaven without tasting death at all. Here was a contrast between the poor coward shirking his duty, skulking in the cave in the middle of the desert, and the triumphant prophet borne upon the wings of cherubim and seraphim into the highest heaven.

Your Eagle does not know what the real inwardness of all this is. He is aware that the Scriptures were written by Asiatics for Asiatics, and are full of imagery and beautiful figurative language. How much fact and how much fable there is in this story the Eagle leaves to theologians and preachers to determine. Whether it is a fable or a fact, the lesson it teaches is just the same. In a word it means, "Never say die." Be sure that the worst never comes to any man. Our anticipations are always much more gloomy than the sequel ever develops. Many another man has been as discouraged as Elijah was, and with just as little reason in his discouragement. He has seen the heavens dark above him, he has looked upon himself as bereft of friends, having no hope. Yet the worst never comes. The clouds always pass away, and the darkest night is often followed by the most brilliant sunrise.

Yours for cheerfulness.



OUR stylish contemporary, Pacific Golf and Motor, waxes sentimental, editorially, this month on the great advantages of mothers on the golf course. Speaking of "Chick" Evans's mamma, who is described as following every stroke of her son's game round the sunbaked course, Kipling's lines are quoted.

"If I were hung on the highest hill,

Mother o' mine!

"I know whose love would follow me still,

Mother o' mine!"

This charming simile in which golf is obviously depicted as being on a par with hanging, and bringing the criminal into social contempt, is a little strong. Golf really is not as degrading as all that. However, we are prepared to concede the desirability of golfers having a mamma perpetually on the scene. I don't know anywhere where the restraining hand of a mamma could be used to more advantage. If all our southern golfers could be persuaded to take their mamma to the annual Del Monte tournament, for instance, there would be ample scope for the exercise of their prerogatives. Our golf contemporary draws a touching picture of the weary, wistful mother dragging her foot-sore person round the entire course, watching every stroke with a glinting maternal eye, and leads us to understand that that is why "Chick" just daren't foolzie his ball or try any hanky-panky shots. Golfers are only human and we have plenty of horrible examples of what can happen to the game of pampered sons when mamma's back is turned.

When a magazine, devoted to golf, so

frankly urges the need of mothers on golf courses, we can only hope the social-welfare people will take up the matter without further delay. It is pretty evident that the majority of mothers have failed lamentably in their duty. Galliering at golf might decently be included in the curriculum laid out for teaching immigrant mothers how to be good American citizens and bring up their children. We commend the matter to the attention of the Daughters of the Revolution, the Parent-Teacher Association and the women's clubs, all of whom have this duty in hand.

The horrible neglect with which most mothers treat their golfing sons is highly deplorable. Week-end after week-end these sons wax golf crazy, without any sort of supervision over their games. If it is desirable that our children's playgrounds should be under strict supervision, how much more important is supervision of the golf course, where most anything can happen. If natural mothers cannot be persuaded to do their duty, city mothers should certainly be appointed.

But who would have suspected the golfer of yearning for his mother so poignantly on the golf course? These poor neglected lads have hid their longing all too well. Many a mother must have stayed away on a sad misunderstanding. She did not realize the awful pitfalls and temptations that beset her innocent son. She should be there to guard his errant hand and stay that ghastly alic, that erratic pull. She should be there to kiss his fevered brow after every forlorn fizzle, and envelop him with her loving sympathy when the fatal score of his opponent "8 up and 7" is recorded on the brutal board.

"Though I should foolzie, or cheat, or lie,
Mother o' mine!
"I know who'd swear to my alibi,
Mother o' mine!"

However,

Dr. James Eaves of San Francisco declares that "Honesty is the watchword of the golfer. I would sooner trust the word of a golfer than any other sportsman." And again "A golfer does not excuse himself when beaten by saying that his opponent was lucky, or that he had not slept well the night before. . . . a real golfer is a gentleman and only a gentleman can become a real golfer."

Now if the good doctor had only contented himself with the honest assertion and omitted the specific alibis, we should have contented ourselves with recalling that some golfers might not have learned the watchword. But those fateful references to luck and a bad night leave us strangely reminiscent. Where have we heard those words before?

They rise in a loud, long, plaintive chorus in our brutal memory.

O, you sublime, incorruptible golfer, you, O, you superman! No wonder Pacific Golf and Motor is tactfully calling for your mothers.

Innocent Cynics.

Here and there, in our vast stream of periodical literature, there are magazines which pride themselves on being "smart." Some even include "Smart" in their titles and they mean to be smart or explode in the attempt. Their studied, laborious, nay, anguished, smartness rips our dull intellectual gizzards. We have often wondered what virulent old cynics devoted their life to turning out the shoals of snippy smartness for our confusion. Now we know. A tender youth of 17 who goes to school in Pasadena contributed no less than three caustically cynical effusions in the current number of a certain "smart" magazine. One, written with fearful and alarming profundity, sets forth in new words that old one about the baby who, hearing what a noble man they meant to make of him, promptly elects to die in infancy. The other two were scorching cynicisms on woman.

When you come to think of it, it takes a callow youth to be properly, smartly cynical. We suspect that those "smart" magazines are supported entirely by the contributions of innocent youth. They alone can know life's dregs and bitterness, because anyone who has lived a little longer cannot help bumping up against sweetness and decency and good women. Only to seventeen can all women be dangerous sirens or hopeless imbeciles. At forty, one is apt to resign oneself to the commonplace fact that humanity is pretty decent, take it all in all, and that the average woman is altogether too confoundedly intelligent and virtuous. At seventeen life is fraught with a strange lack of appreciation for genius. At forty we resignedly admit we got all we deserved. At seventeen we fret at restraint and rules and

laws. At forty we are usually helping to make 'em as fast as we can.

Swift Dressing.

Last week numerous society dames went on record as being able to dress and take their baths in anything from four to thirteen minutes. They were apparently united on the point that twenty minutes was the outside limit required for a modern woman to dress and wash herself.

Personally it takes me three minutes to clean my teeth, and I certainly should not regard myself clean if I took less than ten minutes for my bath. But then, of course, we men are apt to be a little more thorough in such matters. I do know some men that boast that they are ready for the office five minutes after they rise from their downy couches, but they invariably look it. The ladies that declared they could be fully washed and dressed in something like ten minutes must have a line of pampered menials to assist in the operation. For we are not going to believe that those fashionable high shoes can be laced up in less than half that time, and those smooth coiffures of intricate erection, unless put on like a hat, cannot be attained even by a professional in less than another ten minutes. And those pruned and polished finger nails, those artistic complexions—no, we dislike to doubt the word of a lady, but we feel sure the family clock was ticking slow when they made their hasty calculations. Or else they must certainly neglect some important parts of the ablutions. We should hate to think that their idea of a bath was a mere dip in and out again, that their teeth were cleaned separately by an alert maid, and that the gardener laced up their shoes while the cook performed on their hair.

Speeding up is all very well in some departments but we should certainly recommend at least some of the plumper dames to take a little longer over their bath. Last night's perspiration is apt to be reminiscent and assertive. And to dress in thirteen minutes they would have to sleep in half their garments and omit the bath altogether. We heard one lady complaining bitterly that they made her take off her under-vest at the hospital. And another who declared that she found it so uniquely refreshing to open her undervest and dab a little cold water on her chest in the mornings. Oh, well!

Dec. 2, 1916.]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

CLEANSING PROBLEMS.

When Chiffon Becomes Soiled.

[New York Evening Journal:] Chiffon, if not too badly soiled, may be cleaned by brushing carefully with powdered starch and borax, two parts of the former to one of the latter. Rub over several times with the mixture, using a soft cloth or brush. Shake free of the soiled powder each time. After going over it several times in this way, fill the chiffon with clean powder and leave for a day or two where it will be free from dust.

Excellent to Clean Velvet.

An excellent method of cleaning velvet is to scrape a light dust of pipeclay all over the velvet, and then brush lightly away with a clean brush. This will be found almost invariably to restore the bloom and also to raise the pile.

NEEDLE NOTES.

A Use for Paper Ribbon.

[Good Housekeeping:] Save the white paper that comes between ribbon when you use it by the bolt; wind it as tight as you can; fasten the edge with a little library paste and slip into your machine drawer. It will be found very useful when stitching lace, chiffon or other sheer materials that pucker on the least provocation. Slip under the material next to the feeder and it will run like magic. It may be easily torn away when the stitching is finished.

Protected Insertion.

When sewing insertion in towels, dresser covers or table runners, if the selvage is left uncut, the row of insertion stopping just short of the selvage, the edge of the towel will be much firmer, and there will be no annoyance from having the insertion stretch in laundering.

UMBRELLAS AND RAINCOATS.

Always Open to Dry.

[Baltimore American:] Carelessness in the treatment of wet umbrellas is a great factor in their rapid deterioration. Even though they may be but slightly damp, they should never be dropped into a stand and left to become crushed and probably rusty in their slow drying. An umbrella which is merely damp should, if possible, be opened and left until quite dry, while a very wet one should be put to drain first, handle downward, and opened for the final drying, after which it will look beautifully smooth and trim, totally unlike the limp, crumpled wreck taken from a crowded umbrella stand.

To Mend Raincoat.

Rain coats may be mended by using pieces of adhesive plaster. Draw the two edges of the rent together and paste a strip of the wrong side.

Never try to sew up a hole in a pocket. Cut off the lower part where the hole usually is and make a new pocket, stitching it firmly to the top of the old one by machine.

THE HOME PHYSICIAN.

For Binding Sprained Ankle.

[Christian Science Monitor:] Take a strip of adhesive plaster about two inches wide and twelve inches long. Starting about the lower third of the leg, bring it down under the arch of the foot and up the opposite side of the ankle, drawing it tightly under the arch. Overlap this about one-half inch with another piece the same width and length.

Then, using one inch wide adhesive, start from the heel and apply short strips, each one overlapping the other by about one-half inch, to meet and overlap the broad strip on both sides, running these strips up as far as the lower third of the leg. Over these narrow strips apply two inch strips of the same length, starting from the same point and running up the same distance, each one overlapping the other. Then draw a couple of short, wide strips tightly under the arch, and a narrow strip under the sole of the foot and up the course of the tendon Achilles.

To Insure Free Circulation.

Be sure to leave a space free over the top of the foot, not less than one-half inch. If this space is left, the strapping will not interfere with the circulation, no matter how tight. After the strapping has been applied apply an ordinary gauze bandage for a few hours to make the adhesive adhere to the foot and prevent the edges rolling up.

It would then be well for the patient to begin walking around.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

To Make Fowl Tender.

[Buffalo News:] When roasting a fowl in a gas oven, put three tablespoonfuls of water into the meat tin at the bottom of the stove. The steam will make the bird tender and obviate the necessity for continually basting it.

Useful Baking Powder Tins.

By piercing the lids of empty baking powder cans with holes, they can be made into excellent soap shakers, when they are filled with small bits of soap. They may be filled with soap powder, sand, borax or cleaning fluid. They are also very handy in the laundry to hold the bluing or to serve as sprinklers for the clothes.

When cleaning knives, mix a little baking soda with bathbrick and they will polish more easily.

TO REFURBISH FURNITURE.

Removing White Spots.

[Philadelphia Press:] To remove white spots from highly polished furniture apply common baking soda, dampened. Allow it to remain on the spots for a short time and then rub vigorously.

Inkstains on Polish.

To remove inkstains from polished furniture, rub with lemon juice till stains disappear, then polish with ordinary furniture polish.

To Clean Marble Top.

Apply with a brush a paste composed of equal parts of soft soap, quick-lime and caustic potash and leave for several days. Then wash the paste off and dry and polish the marble with soft cloths.

STORING SUMMER CLOTHES.

How to Prepare the Box.

[Chicago Record Herald:] A special trunk or big box should be set aside for the summer things that are likely to be attacked by moths. First the sweaters should be thoroughly cleaned and brushed, hung on the line in the sunshine to get a thorough airing, then they should be rolled in plain white paper, covered over with newspaper, tied tightly with a string and put into the trunk or box set aside for this purpose. It is a good idea to sprinkle plain pepper or to deposit a few moth balls in the box, for moths not only hate the odor of newspaper, but they will fly quickly from any object saturated with pepper or camphor.

Clean Sweaters Before Storing.

While it is best to send sweaters to a professional cleaner before they are put away for the winter, still the work can be done at home if one is willing to take upon one's hand quite an arduous task. The cleaning of silk sweaters is quite an easy affair. It is the wool variety that gives the trouble. Knitted silk sweaters can be put into gasoline, allowed to soak for a day, then freed from dirt by stripping in the hands, not by rubbing, for this pulls the garment all out of shape. Then it is rinsed in clear gasoline and dried by arranging carefully on a hanger and hung out on the line in a strong breeze.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Washington Post:] A bag of hot sand relieves neuralgia.

Warm borax water will remove dandruff. Salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion.

Small black bone buttons outline the godet

points at the waist line of blue serge suits and coats.

A cerise batiste chemisette will live up a blue serge frock more than you could believe possible.

Keep candles on the ice for a day before using on a birthday cake, and they will burn slowly and evenly.

When dropping muffin dough into the tins first dip the spoon into boiling water and the dough will not stick to the spoon.

Place crumbled tissue paper in the bottom of the jar and your cookies will keep fresh and crisp.

Dry flour applied with a newspaper is an excellent and easy way to clean tin ware.

Warm lemons before squeezing them and twice the juice will be obtained.

HEARTSEASE.

Love Means Success.

[Elbert Hubbard:] If you would have friends, be one. If you would have friends, first learn to do without them. Friendships are built on an understanding, while enmities are simply a lack of understanding. There is nothing quite so hygienic as friendship; to love and be loved means—even pulse, clear eyes, good digestion, sound sleep, success.

A friend in need, my neighbor said to me—

A friend indeed is what I mean to be; In time of trouble I will come to you And in the hour of need you'll find me true."

I thought a bit, and took him by the hand; "My friend," said I, "you do not understand The inner meaning of that simple rhyme— A friend is what the heart needs all the time."

—[Henry Van Dyke.

Strange Sands.

The most notable of those curious freaks of nature, "singing sands," are those of the island of Kauai. When a small quantity of these is clapped between the hands it is said to give forth a sound so shrill as to resemble a hoot. Put into a bag and violently shaken, these sands emit a noise strangely like the bark of a dog.

On the beach at Manchester are the so-called "singing sands," but these are outdone by the Hawaiian sands mentioned. Similar sands also occur in the Colorado Desert, where also are to be found those curious shifting sands that continually travel hither and thither over the vast plain of clay. Their movements are, of course, induced by the winds, and when a strong breeze is blowing, the silicious particles of which they are composed give out an audible humming or singing. Under the microscope these sands show an almost perfectly spherical form, so that they roll upon one another at the slightest impulse, a circumstance that also accounts for the rapidity with which the sands travel over the desert.

One theory advanced with respect to the singing of these sands is that it is due to an exceedingly thin film of gas that covers the grains. Gathered and removed from the desert, it is said that the sands lose their vocal properties.

Nelson's Wonderful Feat.

It is, of course, necessary that writers of historical reminiscences be masters of a certain amount of accurate information about their heroes if they are to avoid mistakes. There is an amusing instance of how one writer, lacking such information, got things mixed with reference to an incident in the life of the great Nelson.

Not so long ago a reviewer in a London paper, criticizing a book on Nelson, related on his own account the following episode of the eminent British naval commander:

"While in chase of Villeneuve's French fleet he was informed of the enemy heaving in sight, at which information Nelson evinced the highest satisfaction and gleefully rubbed his hands."

Whereupon some one immediately pointed out that this incident had occurred in 1805, and that Nelson had lost his right arm in the attack on Santa Cruz, Tenerife, in 1797—eight years prior to his pursuit of Villeneuve's fleet.

Get Our Folder From Your Dealer and Read Carefully

THE Neverstain

WAY THE RIGHT WAY

To always have a clean, stainproof, waterproof, smooth COMPOSITION, DRAINBOARD, SHOWER FLOOR.

ENGLEHART

NEVERSTAIN

DRAINBOARD DRESSING

Not a paint or enamel but a dressing.

Is Unsurpassed for all Composition Drainboards, Showers, Floors, Etc.

Manufactured by

Harmon, Englehart & Hanan

217 Winston Street

Los Angeles, U. S. A.



The Powers Safety Regulator for Gas Furnaces

Automatically controls the temperature of the house. Avoids overheating and consequent

WASTE OF GAS. Reduces Gas Bills 25%.

Insures against DANGER from gas being shut off and consequent extinguishment of the pilot light. COME and see it in operation! You will be glad you saw it and perhaps may wish one installed on your heater.

The Powers Heat Regulating Co. 908 So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal. Phone Main 531.

"Pilot"

Lighting and Cooking Systems Acknowledged superior to all others for Country Home. Make your own gas.

CLEAN, SAFE, DEPENDABLE

Makes the home attractive, a place to stay in not to get away from. Sold and guaranteed by the largest manufacturers of acetylene appliances in the world.

OXWELD ACETYLENE CO.

New York—Chicago—Los Angeles 656 P. E. Bldg., Los Angeles.

OLIVE TREES OLIVE TREES

Manzanillos and Missions

Special low price in lots of 500 or more. First class nursery stock, well rooted and calipering from a half to one inch. Delivery when desired.

Order now.

Address Geo. H. Sawyer, Riverside, Cal.

A Novel Christmas Gift

Present your friends with an order for an assortment of beautiful Dahlias. 10 good varieties for \$1—15 choice varieties for \$2. Tubers to be delivered next February. Foerster's Dahlia Gardens, El Monte, Cal. R.D. 334.

SCHOOLS FOR THE GERMAN WOUNDED

Making Useful Citizens from Wrecks. By a Special Contributor.

IN GERMANY schools for the wounded are progressing actively. Men who have been crippled in the war begin their studies before they are entirely well. Perhaps the hardest task of all the war is the educating of the blind soldiers, for they are not only more or less helpless, but they are apt to become despondent.

In Berlin there has been established in the St. Maria-Victoria Hospital a school for blind soldiers, and there they are taught all sorts of useful tasks by which they can earn a good living. As soon as a soldier is taught a trade and is ready to go out into the world again a position is waiting for him.

The whole inspiration of the school is a woman—a blind woman—Fraulein Betty

institute, a tall blond man, has been there about five months. He has a clever, keen face, and doesn't have that helpless look that some blind people have. In these five months he has invented and patented an attachment to the typewriter that holds the machine fast when the end of the paper is reached. It is very hard for a blind person to tell when he comes to the end of the paper, and he goes on writing and writing after the paper is done. This invention is a screw with a rod in the front, and undoubtedly will be used by blind soldiers all over the world.

Another instrument the blind soldiers use here is the shorthand instrument which makes raised letters that a soldier can read; also, he can write raised letters

had to learn to read the raised letters with his right hand and play with his left, and then to reverse the hands. Now he is learning to play the score by heart, and he hopes to again appear on the concert platform.

Many of the blind soldiers in St. Maria-Victoria Hospital have not begun as yet to learn any trade. They are simply being cared for and helped until they get stronger. But trades and positions are found for all who want to work, and every day Dr. Silex, who is at the head of the institute, receives many letters from different firms saying that they have positions for blind men as soon as they are ready.

The blind men like to talk and tell of

hospital until the patient learns to adapt himself to normal factory work.

All the patients submit themselves to regular factory work systems, but the doctor fixes the time for each patient, and every night he is examined by the doctor when he returns to the hospital. The wounded men live at the hospitals and are charged no board. They wear blue and white clothes, and when they do hospital factory work they wear blue blouses. In the factories the men do typewriting, typesetting, toymaking and they are taught mechanical drawing, designing and music.

The less educated men learn the common school branches, such as German grammar, spelling, composition, citizen's duties, civil law, household and profession-



Blind German soldiers in a hospital garden.



Wounded men and models they have made

Hirsch. She was in England when the war broke out, and she came home to help the blind soldiers. Now she has charge of all the training in the hospital and has organized all the systems.

From the very beginning it was Fraulein Hirsch's ambition that her soldiers should not learn the old monotonous trades of basket making and broom making. She wanted them to have a broader scope in the world. So she herself went to all the factories around Berlin and found work that a blind man could do, and then she had her soldiers trained to fill these positions.

Now she has more than forty-five blind men in good munition factory positions, and they work from six to eight hours a day. At first they receive forty-six pfennigs an hour wages, but later this is increased to fifty-five pfennigs. Some of the men put cartridges into frames and others fill the cartridges into pockets. Every night the men come home to the hospital, where they are cared for and housed free.

Every morning from 11 to 12 o'clock at the St. Maria-Victoria Hospital the soldiers are given their lessons, and they can take the rest of the day for practicing them. A part of the hospital is fixed up like school-rooms, and here the grown men must be taught like little children.

In the first room they have the beginners—soldiers just learning to read the blind system of raised letters. Some in the very first stages are learning to write the alphabet, others are writing sentences and others are reading out loud.

After they learn to read they are advanced to the second room, where they begin to learn some trade. In this room they learn typewriting and are taught how to become telephone centrals. It is remarkable the accuracy and the speed of the men. One young fellow, an under officer, who had lost both his eyes at Verdun, has been studying typewriting four months, and yet he can take dictation as well as a person with sight.

It is forbidden to use the dictagraph in Germany, but Fraulein Hirsch got permission to use it for the blind people, because they can then take their time about writing the dictation. As they had none of these instruments in Germany she copied the English model, and had them made here in Germany at her direction. All the blind stenographers expect to use them.

The most remarkable blind soldier in the

that are shorthand. It has only six keys and there is no limit to the speed the blind acquire with it.

In the third room the soldiers who have not much education are taught cigarette making. The German cigarettes are not rolled like American cigarettes, but the tobacco is stuffed into papers that come already rolled. The soldiers learn this very quickly, and there is a great demand for men of this trade.

The fourth room of the St. Maria-Victoria Hospital is the music room. In this room all branches of music are taught. One student was a blind lieutenant—a Saxon. He was a splendid, big, handsome man, about 30 years old. He had the fine physique of an athlete and courtly manners.

He had been in Russia and during an attack, a hand grenade was thrown almost in his face. He staggered back, dazed and stunned, and for two days he hardly knew what was the matter with him. And then at last he realized the awful catastrophe that had befallen him—both of his eyes had been blown out and he would always be stone blind.

Before the war he had been a singer, and again he is going to sing. At first the future looked black and hopeless to him, but with the encouragement and help of Fraulein Hirsch he now feels that there is something for which to live. First, he

their adventures in the war. One little man had been on a Zeppelin. He was an engineer helper and a very capable man at his post. He loved to fly, and day after day he went through the sky without an accident. He had made two trips to London, and he tells of the great excitement of flying over the deep black sea, and the great city at night. He says that in spite of all the enemies' precautions, the dotted lights of the city could be seen very plainly. And with their engine muffled the London street car bells could be heard, as well as the shrill whistles for cabs.

"London is too big a place to darken and to silence," he says, "and each time we were there we dropped a few bombs, just to let them know that we had been there." He lost his eyes in the most unfortunate way. A tank of gasoline exploded in the Zeppelin yards. "But I hope to fly again, and they have promised me that I shall."

Besides this school for the blind there are many other schools for soldiers who have lost arms or legs. The greatest school of this kind is at Dusseldorf, and there they have over 600 students all the time learning trades. A branch of this hospital has been established in Berlin, conducted in the workshops, and is a sort of an intermediate stage between a factory and a



Legless men learning to draw and paint

al book-keeping. Many firms are making special positions for the blind and for wounded men who have lost part of their usefulness to the German fatherland.

The Homeliest Girl.

[New York Herald:] It is announced that the effort of the Printers' Supply Salesmen's Guild to find the homeliest girl in New York to lead its grand march has been a great success. The Hard Looks' Committee, dizzy with its inspection, declared that the homeliest girl in the universe would be available, in as much as they had taken the address of about twelve of them. The committee suggested that the guild orchestra be masked during the march, so that the musicians might keep their minds on their work.

In the contest the things considered were general conformation, carriage, features and expression. The twelve girls already considered have none of the things mentioned. A carpenter working on a scaffold at Madison Square Garden saw two of the reverse-English beauties quite by accident and fell twenty feet. He landed on his head and was, therefore unharmed.

The mirror shatterer selected will receive a beautiful evening gown, will lead the march with the handsomest printing supply salesman in the East and will have an opportunity to obtain work with a motion picture concern. The contest is already so keen that indications are that it will be won by a wart or such a matter.

Light Measuring.

[Electric Merchandising:] The candle power of two sources of light cannot be compared by looking at the lamps themselves. The color of light and the intensity are very deceiving to the eye.

The following is a simple method of comparing illuminating values:

"An extremely simple light measuring device, or photometer, can be improvised by placing a sheet of paper so that the light from two lamps falls on it at the same angle and then holding a pencil or other small opaque object at a little distance from the paper so that it casts two shadows side by side.

"If the lamps are equally distant, the one of higher candle power will cast the darker shadow; if the paper is moved so as to make the shadows equally dark, the more distant lamp is the more powerful in proportion to the square of the distances."

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

The Hygiene of "Afternoon Tea."

THE customs of any country which differ from those of our own usually impress us as marks of the other country's inferiority. Our ways are always the best ways. We are wide awake and progressive, the other country somnolent and conservative. Yet if we investigate any universal custom in whatever country we are almost sure to find that there is a sound practical reason for its existence, whether the custom concerns the field of mechanics or hygiene.

As an example of Europe's apparently stupid conservatism in mechanical devices, take the matter of bicycle tires. In the heyday of the bicycle, American cyclists quickly adopted a thin, light tire which wore quite as long as, and was much easier to handle than, the heavier early type. Europe stupidly clung to the heavy, clumsy tire, and visiting Americans smiled at this as another mark of Old World conservatism—that is, at first. They ceased to smile, however, when they discovered that the light American tires went to pieces with amazing rapidity on European roads. The American dirt road and the European flint pavement were entirely different. The European bicyclist clung to his heavy tire for a very good reason.

A correspondingly good reason, even though less obvious, could probably be found for many European customs that concern hygiene. And it is more than likely that some of these customs might well be adopted in our own country. The English custom of stopping work to indulge in "afternoon tea," for example, at which time the entire nation, from Prime Minister to pauper, knocks off for half an hour or more to sip the "old maid's beverage," impresses the kinetic American as a foolish waste of time.

Time of Greatest Bodily Efficiency.

But Prof. Ernest G. Martin, head professor of physiology in Leland Stanford University, is not so sure that this English custom is a waste of time. And he bases his opinion upon many demonstrations of his own, and those of other investigators, which show that rest is just as essential to efficiency as active exertion.

"When I was at Harvard," says Prof. Martin, "I arranged a series of tests in my laboratory to determine the sensitiveness to electricity of medical students and laboratory assistants at different times of the day. My method was to send measured electric shocks through two fingers of the subject's hand and determine the weakest shock that could be felt. If a man could feel a weaker shock at one time than at another it was taken to indicate that he was more alert mentally at that time."

The results of these purely scientific tests made by Prof. Martin agree precisely with numerous practical tests that have been made in workshops, factories and offices. They show that there is a speeding up of work and increased efficiency in the morning hours, so that the greatest output comes in the middle of the forenoon. Then there is a decline until after the lunch hour, when there is another, but shorter, increase in output, followed by a gradual decline for the rest of the afternoon. In the evening there is a third period of increased efficiency.

There is, of course, a perfectly definite reason for these periods of rise and decline in efficiency: the system loses efficiency as it becomes tired. And the body (and mind) tires when "it becomes clogged with clinkers."

Clinkers in the Human Furnace.

Prof. Martin explains the condition in this way: "Everyone who has tended a furnace knows that if he were to keep on burning coal without ever shaking down the refuse, he would soon have a bed of clinkers, and the fire would go out. Your whole body, brain and brawn, is built on the furnace principle. If you keep on using your hands or your head for a long time at a stretch, clinkers begin to accumulate—only we call them 'waste products' in this case—and your fire flickers and burns low. That is fatigue."

"It is the business of the blood to keep these waste products cleared out. Any single drop of blood makes the rounds of your body in less than thirty seconds, picking up infinitesimal clinkers on 'the fly' and whizzing them to the organs of excretion, kidneys and lungs, where it discharges them. If the blood were only able to sweep out these waste products as fast as they are formed, we would never be tired. But, instead, they accumulate, and soon we have muscular or nervous fatigue. The latter comes more quickly because the nerve cells are more susceptible than the muscles."

"But what are we going to do about it? For one thing we are going to do what we have always done—rest. Our blood does not stop flowing when we quit work; the heart has no union hours. While our bodies as a whole are taking it easy the blood has a chance to catch up, and that is why if we get a long, sound sleep at night we are likely to awake in the morning feeling as good as new."

This explanation of the fatigue mechanism of the body suggests why the Englishman's afternoon tea-drinking period may be beneficial. It is the period and not the tea that helps—a period of rest when bodily efficiency is at its lowest ebb which gives the scurrying blood corpuscles a chance to catch up a little in their work of cleaning out the grates.

Loss of Appetite.

"The Doctor," commenting on loss of appetite, asserts that it is rarely a calamity, although many people regard it so. Usually it is a blessing. "It is nature's way of saying that food would do harm, and man is the only animal which has not sense enough to heed the warning. When a horse becomes sick he stops eating; a dog or cat crawls off where he will not be bothered, and takes no food, often very little water, until he is well again."

"When a human being is sick, all the relatives, especially the female ones, start out on the hunt for something to tempt his appetite. And when they have found it, and cooked it, they stand around and see that the patient eats it, whether he desires it or not."

"Of course it does the patient harm. When there is no appetite the saliva is not secreted in abundance, and neither are the gastric juice, the bile and other digestive secretions. The food is not thoroughly digested. Often it lies in the stomach for many hours before it is passed on. As everyone knows, food that is kept in a warm, damp place is sure to 'spoil.' This word means ferment. It is caused by the growth of several kinds of minute vegetables, many of which are yeasts. The growth of these plants produces a number of by-products, many of which are poisons. They are absorbed into the blood, and cause the headache and other symptoms which go with indigestion."

When the Liver is Sluggish.

"Perhaps the liver is not working very well. This condition is one of the main causes of a lack of appetite. We must bear in mind that as soon as food is digested and dissolved it passes through the lining of the stomach or intestines into the capillary blood vessels which abound in these walls. The blood from this region goes first of all to the liver. All the sugars and starches which have been absorbed are here treated. These substances constitute a large proportion of our diet, so that the work of the liver is a very important one indeed. It is of the utmost consequence to our health and strength that the functions of the liver be carried on promptly and in a normal manner."

"Sometimes the liver is not secreting bile in proper amount. A lack of proper stimulation is the cause of this torpor. To heap more work, that is, more food, upon this organ at such time is exactly like piling a greater load upon a tired horse. The cells of the liver are full of the substances which make up the bile, but the chemistry is not acting as rapidly as usual. What the liver needs is a mild stimulant."

This condition should not be confused with ordinary chronic constipation, which, as a rule, is due to an inactivity of the intestines rather than sluggishness of the liver. The

time-honored method of correcting this sluggishness is the administration of a small dose of calomel at night followed by a dose of salts in the morning. But calomel is a substance that should not be used indiscriminately or habitually; and persons who have kidney trouble should not use it at all except under careful medical supervision. In any event, the salts will usually serve the purpose without the calomel.

Tonic and Sedative Music.

During the thirteenth century, when the Arabs dominated a large portion of Europe and were "carrying the torch of learning" through that period, they established great hospitals for the treatment of all kinds of ailments. A striking feature of some of these hospitals was a music room, where musicians played continuously throughout the twenty-four hours for the benefit of the patients. The Arab physicians of that day believed that music had a very positive therapeutic effect.

Recently an analysis of the effects of various types of music has been made by Dr. Thomas J. Mays, which may be epitomized as follows: Major music is a tonic to the emotions which may be compared to a stimulant dose of strychnine or quinine, while minor music depresses emotional activity in a manner comparable to bromide or a sleep potion. The apparent objections to this theory are easily met; and Dr. Mays believes that music as an agent in the treatment of consumption has probably a stronger claim on the scientific attention of the medical profession than many of the remedies that are in use at the present time. Keeping in mind the undercurrent of tribulation and oppression that is nearly always present in the minds of those suffering from consumption, it would seem probable that by far the larger number of cases would receive benefit from various forms of major music. And the same would be true of any form of chronic disease.

For stages of high mental or nervous tension, minor music is indicated. And in this connection it is significant that music has been one of the therapeutic measures used in all our great insane asylums for more than a generation.

Cactus as a Heart Stimulant.

The occasional discovery of some useful piece of knowledge that has been thrusting itself under our very noses for ages, and yet has escaped detection, serves to emphasize the limitations of the sum total of human knowledge as compared to the still unsolved mysteries of the universe.

It is a recent discovery, for example, that the cactus plant contains an almost invaluable heart stimulant. Formerly the entire cactus family were regarded as practically useless for man or beast so far as could be determined. Then it was discovered that this plant made excellent fodder for domestic animals when shorn of its spines; and chemists found in the leaves a substance which appeared to be a powerful heart stimulant for human beings. Curiously enough this substance does not affect the lower animals as it does human beings; and this fact led many investigators to question its potency. Most medicinal substances affect the lower animals, or at least some of them, in much the same manner as they affect human beings. Cactus is an exception, however; and although it contains a heart stimulant of such powerful action that it must be administered with caution, it produces no perceptible effects on the animals that are commonly used for the testing experiments.

An Animal that Imitates Fruit.

An animal which the Filipinos call caguan is one of the most curious mammals that exists, offering at the same time the characteristics of monkey and bat.

It hangs from a branch downward, its four feet together and its head between its paws. In this position it is never disturbed by birds or beasts of prey, for it resembles some unpalatable fruit of great size, of which there are many examples in the tropical woods. The caguan harmonizes so well with the bark of the tree on which it seeks its roost that it feels practically certain that it will not be molested.



Are You Suffering from Painful Afflictions of the Feet, Broken-down Arches, Callouses, Bunions, Etc.?

Call on us for relief.

There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet, but few are made with a form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supporters are made by perfect measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every case.

WESTERN ORTHOPEDIC APPLIANCE CO.
731 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles

NATUROPATHY

Restores vigor and vim to those suffering from rundown conditions, when drugs fail to have any effect.

Treatment consists of: MASSAGE, OSTEO-PATHY, CHIRO-PRACTIC, SPONDYLOTHETIC, ORTHOPEDIC SURGERY, PHYSICAL CULTURE, DIET, HYDROTHERAPY, including: Electric-Light, Vapor, Herbal, Pine Needle, Nausea and all other medicated Baths. Treatment rooms and rooms for resident patients are sunny and steam-heated. Outside patients treated from 9 to 12 and from 2 to 6. NATUROPATHIC INSTITUTE AND SANITARIUM OF CALIFORNIA, INC., 1319 South Grand Ave. DR. CARL SCHULTZ, President. Phone: Home 70993; Broadway 5707. Free Health Lecture every Thursday, 8 p.m. Public invited.

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits BRAIN AND BRAWN, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.



Don't Merely Wear Glasses
Wear Dr. Logan's
Perfect Fitting Oculist's
Prescription Glasses.

Some oculists would charge you \$10 to \$20 just for the examination and prescription. We give this free with the glasses. Correction guaranteed and all complete for less than half.

C. C. LOGAN, M.D., Oculist.
341 South Spring Street

After successfully treating a large number of third stage test cases of Tuberculosis during the last three years by Inhalation, Dr. Glass has no doubt made the greatest discovery known to medicine, which will be welcome news to many thousands of victims of the heretofore incurable disease. Further information sent on request. Doctor Glass, Mason Building, Fourth and Broadway, Los Angeles, California.



DR. J. EDGAR FARMER, Optometrist and Oculist. Scientific Eye Examination. Accurate Optical Work. 704 So. Broadway. Phone FT. 175.

Frank Lamb Willson, M.D., N.D.

Practice limited to Eye and Nerve Disorders. Suite 424, Exchange Bldg., Corner Third and Hill Sts. A4418.

Glasses Properly Fitted.

GALL STONES

If you have Pains or Aches in Side, Back, Stomach or Shoulders, Liver Trouble, Indigestion, Cuts, Gas, Bilelessness, Headaches, Constipation, Nervousness, Bile, Jaundice, Dropsy or Gall Stones call or write for literature. Twenty years in Los Angeles, over 100,000 successfully treated.

F. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Herbalist.
523 West Eighth Los Angeles Cal.

CANCER

Treated by New French Process. No knife, no cancer pastes, no dangerous major operations. Especially suitable in cases of internal or inaccessible growths, such as cancers of the stomach, throat, liver, kidneys, womb, etc. Medicine acts on cancerous growths through the blood. Progress of beneficial results obtained can be demonstrated by analysis of the urine. Write or call for booklet. DR. A. R. GOMEZ, COULTER BUILDING, 318 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE INDIANS OF THE YUKON ALARMED.

Invasion of Homesteaders. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Ask Uncle Sam's Protection

NEW RESERVATIONS WANTED—QUEER PEOPLES OF THE FAR NORTH—THE ATHAPASCANS OF THE YUKON VALLEY—THE THLINGITS OF THE PANHANDLE—AMONG THE HAIDAS—CO-OPERATIVE INDIAN STORES AND THEIR FIFTY-PER-CENT DIVIDENDS—PROHIBITION AND THE NATIVES. WILL ALASKA GO DRY?—INDIAN SCHOOLS. A GREAT ADVANCE IN CIVILIZATION.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ANDREAFSKI (Alaska).—The Indians of Interior Alaska are excited over the building of the government railroad. They see the whites taking up homesteads, and fear they will swallow the country. They know the fate of the Indians of the United

strength of character, and I doubt if a stronger and better looking body of rulers could be found anywhere. They are of Athapascan stock, and they form a part of that great family of Indians which is scattered throughout Northern Canada, extending on into Central Alaska. They are about the same as the Navajos and some other Indians of our Southwestern States.

The Indians of Alaska are rapidly decreasing in number. They are much fewer than when we took possession of the Territory; and in 1910, according to the census, they numbered less than 12,000. At that time there were about 25,000 natives, and of these 60 per cent. were Eskimos. That 25,000 was scattered over a territory one-sixth as large as the whole United States and three times

ability, and the finely woven baskets which come from Alaska are made by their women. The Thlingit is an Indian family that is found scattered through Southeastern Alaska. It numbers 4000 or 5000 divided among a dozen or more tribes, including the Auk, the Chilkat, the Kake, the Sitka, Stikine, Tongas, Yakutat and others. The Klukwans are Thlingits and so are the Hunas. These people are semi-civilized, and nearly every tribe has its own church and school. And then there are the Haidas, numbering 500 or 600, and the Tsimseans, who were brought from Canada by Father Duncan. Both of the latter tribes live on the islands of Southeastern Alaska.

On my way down the Yukon I saw many of the Athapascans. They have camps near

cabins, and many of their houses have frame doors and glass windows. Some of these Indians are now planting gardens, and not a few use cook stoves and other furniture like that of the whites. The most of them have become Christians, although they retain many of their old superstitions and customs. The government has established public schools in all of the large villages, and the younger generation is learning to speak English.

The Indians admire the whites and try to imitate them. They are now dressing much the same, except that they delight in bright colors. During my trip we have had a number of Indian men and women with us on the tourist steamers. The Indians watch



Seven great Chiefs of the Tanana Valley



Chief Thomas and family. No race suicide here.

States proper, and they want the government to set aside land where their fishing and hunting will not be disturbed. Not long ago the seven chiefs of the tribes of the Tanana and Yukon valleys met at Fairbanks. They came to consult with their friends among the whites, and see if the government could not be induced to give them a reservation. In talking with them Judge Wickersham, the Alaska delegate to Congress, advised them to have their people take out a lot of homesteads in one block. He said it would be difficult for them to do this after the whites had come in, and said they should act promptly. One of the chiefs replied that he thought all of Alaska belonged to the red men, and he wanted to know what the conditions actually were.

These Indians would rather have a large reservation than a number of individual homesteads. They want to live together and keep out the whites. Moreover, they need large tracts for trapping, and the fur business will be wiped out by the division of the land.

The government has been setting aside reservations for the Indians in various parts of Alaska. The Aleutian Islands are practically one reservation. Annette Island, where Metlakatla is located, is another, and the Hydaburg reservation, consisting of twelve square miles on the western coast of Prince of Wales Island, is a third. The tract of 800 acres on the Chilkat River, not far from Skagway, has been given to the Klukwan Indians, and there are forest reservations where the Indian can trap and hunt at will.

Notable Men.

The Indian chiefs who met at Fairbanks to counsel with the whites were remarkable men. They were tall and fine looking. They wore clothes which were much the same as the whites, save that they had on their ceremonial jackets bordered with fur, and beaded moccasins covered their feet. Each wore a great necklace of beads, which was probably a badge of his chieftainship, and the hair of all was cut short. I have a photograph of the chiefs. Their faces are Mongolian in cast, and several of the men looked much like Japanese. All show great



This big man governs a tribe not far from Skagway, and near the new railroad.



Drying salmon, Interior of Alaska.

the size of either Germany or France. The Eskimos inhabit the region along the coast of the Arctic Ocean and Bering Sea, taking in the deltas of the Yukon, the Kuskokwim and other rivers, and extending down into the Alaskan Peninsula. The Indians are found here and there on the mainland and especially in the great plateau of the Yukon. There are some in the Aleutian Islands and about Prince William Sound, and there are a great many along the coast and on the islands of Southeastern Alaska.

Of Different Stocks.

The Alaska Indians are of a half-dozen different stocks. The Athapascans number just about 4000. They are divided into twelve tribes, and may be seen all along the Yukon and Tanana rivers. The Aleuts are closely allied to the Eskimos. They number perhaps 1500. They live in the long island chain which extends from Southwestern Alaska almost to Asia. They are fishers and hunters. They have some artistic

the white settlements, and one sees their salmon wheels along the banks of the rivers, with the fish-drying racks near by. The Indians use fish wheels to catch the winter supply of salmon for themselves and their dogs. The wheels are so made that they are turned by the current. They have great nets attached to them, into which the fish swim and are carried up into the air and dropped into a box, while the Indians sit on the bank and smoke at their leisure. Every few hours the fish are taken out of the boxes. They are cleaned by the squaws and hung on the racks in the sun to dry. They are then taken home and laid away in the cache, or high shed upon poles that stands beside each Indian home. This is to keep them away from the dogs and wild animals. The cache is reached by a ladder and the fish are brought down as needed.

Life of Athapascans.

I have been interested in the homes of the Athapascans. They live in substantial log

the whites and try to do as they do. The other day a young squaw sat down at the table opposite two traveling salesmen from Seattle. As the meal went on they noticed that the girl's orders were the same as their own. She was pretending to study the menu, but they concluded that she could not read and that this was her first experience with the white man's victuals. Thereupon, one of them ordered for dessert a slice of custard pie and winked at his friend to do the same. The squaw in her turn gave a similar order. When the pie came one of the traveling men seized the catsup bottle and sprinkled a liberal allowance of hot tomato sauce over his pie. His friend followed suit and then shoved the catsup across the table to the copper-skinned girl. She did the same, only more so. The men then delayed their eating to watch the agony of the Indian. The fair squaw, however, heroically finished her pie

Dec. 2, 1916.]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

FOOD PRICES AND FEEDING POULTRY.

A Question of the Hour. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

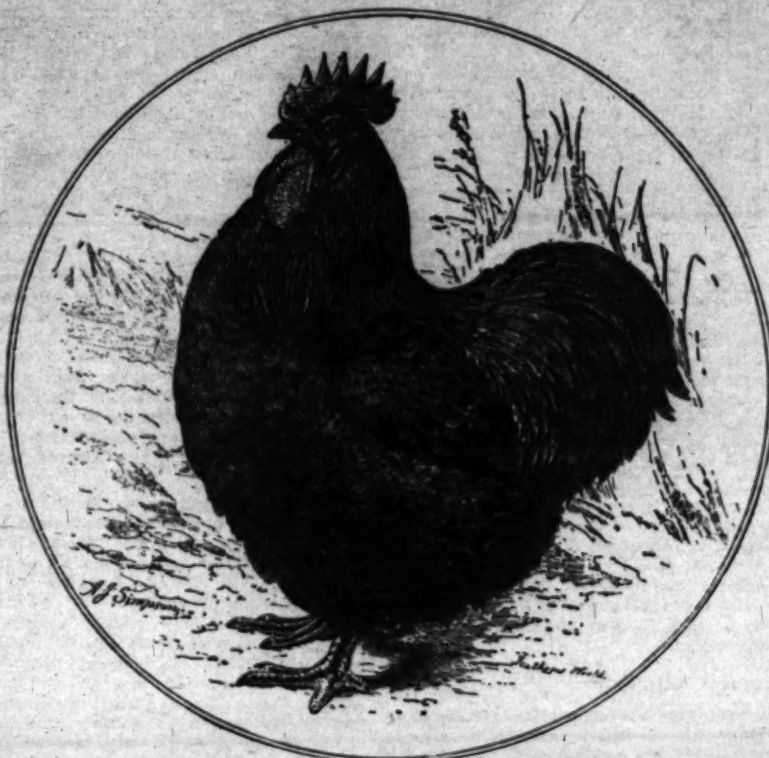
IN THESE times of high prices in every direction, and in none more so than in the matter of feeds and feeding stuffs for poultry the question of efficient and economic poultry foods at once becomes acute. The experienced are more or less familiar with several rations, and are governed in their make-up by what the local market can supply; but many a beginner is looking for light as to ways and means for reducing his feeding cost and at the same time maintain efficiency in his operations. Grain foods for the most part are purchased by the average poultrymen, hence the cost is measurably beyond his control, though combinations may be made that will somewhat reduce costs. It is with the green feeds that something can be accomplished, particularly where breeders have sufficient land to produce all the greenery hens will eat—and it is surprising the amount they really can "get away with." Of all green foods of easy growth we place alfalfa first. Green alfalfa has an average protein content of 5 per cent, and is therefore a good flesh-forming food, while its influence on egg production is also pronounced. In proportion to its protein the mineral content is good; to their presence is due its feeding benefits. Alfalfa is most economically fed in a cut or chopped state. It should be harvested as wanted just before blooming and before the stalks become woody. City lot fanciers are liberal buyers of alfalfa meal, which is soaked and fed in the mash. When made of properly cured alfalfa this makes a good substitute for the freshly cut, but care must be taken to ascertain its quality. Alfalfa meal made from old hay or over-ripe, with woody stems, possesses a much reduced feeding value; alfalfa hay should also be fed with judgment and discretion as to quality. Alfalfa gives its greatest efficiency when fed freshly cut, which makes it important that all commercial poultrymen should cultivate the plant. The clovers and some grasses are also good, but owing to the luxuriance of alfalfa when properly grown in the Southwest, they are after all a negligible consideration.

To enumerate all of the vegetable substances that are good for poultry would be tedious, for the most part their food content is not heavy, their chief value consists in their saline juices and the variety they afford to the ration. For the most part they consist of about 90 per cent. water. The growing ends of vegetables are the most valuable, as stock of all kinds prefer new growth after the first pangs of hunger are appeased. Swiss chard, lettuce, cabbage, kale, etc., can all be commended; in root crops beets seem to have first call. As food plants mature their fiber content increases with a corresponding decrease in their feeding values.

That fowls do best on a variety of foods is now so well recognized that it has become an axiom. Nevertheless, variety is often a problem, especially when certain standard grain foods rule so high as to become, from a viewpoint of profit, prohibitive. But here again a mixture of several grains may cost less than a ration consisting of only two or three. As Prof. Jaffa of our State University, well says in reference to the grain part of the ration, it has been found by repeated experiments that if the mash is a good one, the fowls give just as satisfactory results on one kind of grain as they do on another. It is better, however, if it can be so managed, to use a variety of grains. Give from nine to twelve pounds of grain per day per 100 hens.

While on the topic of feeds and feeding it may not be amiss to touch on the professor's ration for laying hens. Here it is: Wheat, 15 lbs.; barley, 10; cracked corn, 5. Dry mash: bran and shorts, 5 lbs. each; soy bean meal and beef scraps or first quality meat meal, two pounds, each; one pound ground bone; salt to season. Cut out the corn in warm weather.

As already remarked, quality in feeding stuffs is of prime importance. Musty grains, tainted vegetables and animal foods and moldy stuffs should be avoided. Much has been published of late years bearing on feeding stuffs and their values for one purpose and another. The Agricultural Experiment Station at Berkeley has turned out some good bulletins on grains and by-products as feeding stuff for poultry. No advanced breeder can afford to be



A TYPICAL BLACK ORPINGTON MALE.

In the English class the Orpingtons are the most popular; at any rate more people are handling the buffs, blacks and whites in California than of any of the other breeds in the same class. It takes its name from the town of Orpington, Eng., where it was developed by the late William Cook, the aim being to produce a bird better adapted to English wants (where a white carcass is preferred) than our Rocks and Wyandottes. Of the three varieties most popular, the single-comb blacks were the first to appear. It is a bird of curves and shows good bone, large frame, somewhat heavy feathering, and furnishes a carcass of good flavored meat in abundance. The hens are good layers of brown-shelled eggs. The breed stands confinement well and for this reason is to be commended as a general purpose fowl, particularly adapted to the usual environment and prevailing conditions of an average family flock.

without the information they furnish, while the beginner and the novice will find them a sane and safe guide to follow, affording just the information that will assist in solving his feeding problems on grounds of economy and efficiency.

Duck Culture in Southern California.

W. R., who is evidently a newcomer, writes to the Illustrated Weekly as follows:

"I shall feel obliged if you will advise me on the profitability of duck farming in this section. Is it as profitable as handling chickens? Which require most care, ducks or chickens? Other things being equal, which would be most profitable, 2000 hens or 2000 ducks? Do municipal laws permit having a duck farm of several thousand within the city limits? What is best breed for my purpose. Would ducks do well in a hot region like the Imperial Valley?"

Duck culture for profit is essentially a business peculiar to itself, and should be carried on near a large city to insure a market. Trade would have to be built up much the same as with any other business, hence its profitability would be quite as much a matter of personal initiative, continuity of purpose and quality of product as a matter of markets and intelligent distribution. There are no duck farms in Southern California like those of Long Island, New York, and along the New England coasts; many of these plants representing investments running into the thousands of dollars. Ducks are reasonably free from disease, grow rapidly, are easily managed, but they are not the easiest to dress properly, and unless well presented the sale is apt to be slow. To attain maximum results would require skilled labor and modern appliances; makeshift arrangements and ignorant management are out of the question. As to the relative merits of ducks over chickens in remuneration and labor, under California conditions we should be inclined to cast our lot with the business hen. To be sure, she might demand more attention, but on the other hand she is also a producer of eggs as well as carcass. And

just now "eggs is eggs." Eastern duck experts figure that ducks can be produced from 8 to 10 cents per pound. As for selling prices, they hardly ever go below 15 or 20 cents, and in most cases are higher.

We are not familiar with the various city ordinances of the different towns, but take it for granted that the larger ones have legislation governing the keeping of both ducks and chickens within certain distances of dwelling houses. A large duck farm would be apt to stir up objections if situated in a residence district, even though somewhat remote. The two most popular breeds are the Indian Runner and Peking Duck culture is practiced in the Imperial Valley, with what success and to what extent we have no means of knowing. The winter season there is not bad, but the long hot summers we should regard as not so good as cooler latitudes.

Poultry Knowledge, Recognition and Wages.

Much has been said and written on the returns of poultry farming, but little information has been vouchsafed on the demand for poultry help on chicken ranches and the salaries that experienced men are liable to command. In the light of the attention that is given poultry culture in all State agriculture colleges this question assumes more than passing moment. We regret to say that in the way of good salaried positions the poultry industry is not an alluring field in California. In the first place positions are not overplentiful and in the second place the pay is not attractive. Possibly to many who take a course in poultry culture, this is no hardship, as most of such students are the sons and daughters of farmers who will use the knowledge thus gained in their farm operations, but where the student anticipates a position as a result of his acquired poultry knowledge, the matter not only assumes an added importance but also some hazard. As time goes on and the industry grows, there will naturally be afforded a better market for intelligent help on the larger poultry farms and also a better wage. This seems a pity that the trained mind must submit to a low wage; the result is that these graduates

soon enter other activities and so are lost to the poultry industry. Its commercial importance and possibilities would seem to indicate better things. A billion-dollar industry that will not pay experts in its practice remunerative salaries is certainly an anomaly. But possibly most of its expert knowledge and experience is already in business for itself, and hence does not want nor need salaried positions. Who knows?

A Protein Ration.

While we are discussing feeds and feeding values there comes to the Illustrated Weekly a short note from William T. Hadley, a market poultryman and turkey grower of Ontario, in which he recommends a protein feed formula that has proven satisfactory in his experience. He claims for it virtue as an egg food when other things are also right with Biddy. Here is the formula: One part good sweet meat scraps; Two parts soy bean meal; one-fourth part powdered charcoal; mix well. At noon feed enough to last one hour, but serve with it, in separate hoppers, a light ration of sprouted oats. The soy bean and charcoal mixing with the meat scraps so neutralize the meat as to put at a minimum all danger of intestinal troubles. Mr. Hadley claims that it is a "meat-vegetable" protein, and that he has never heard of its being fed in just that way. Then again it balances with the grain. At best a balanced mash is only such after all; this adds balance to the grain. If fowls would only eat as much grain as mash, or vice versa, it would not be necessary, as a heavy protein mash would balance the entire ration. Now some poultrymen cannot sprout oats. Here is a wrinkle: Put the oats to soak for twenty-four hours in a weak solution of sulphate of copper instead of just water. It is cheap and is the way Canadian farmers treat their wheat to avoid smut, etc. It keeps the oats from souring and smothering. The above ration works well in Mr. Hadley's experience; to cease its use results in a loss of eggs.

Little Poultry Reminders.

The way to dress capons is to leave the feathers on the neck from the head down two-thirds to the shoulders; on the first two joints of wings, on tail, halfway up the back, and on legs from knee two-thirds up to the hips. Remaining feathers should be taken off.

Hulled oats should be given the preference in feeding that grain; clipped oats are a good second choice, but ordinary oats should be fed with caution.

50 Cents—Eggs—50 Cents

Don't This Look Good to You?

Midland No. 4 Poultry Food

Makes more high-price eggs than any food on the market. Because it keeps the hens laying the whole year.

You can't afford to be without it. Give it a trial.

Price \$2.00 per sack.

Aggeler & Musser Seed Co.

Southern Cal. Agents. 115 N. MAIN ST.

Hauser's Organic Fertilizers

HIGH GRADE

Ground Tankage—Dried Blood.
Fine Blood Meal—Bone Meal.
Ground Sheep Manure.
Commercial Fertilizer.....4-10-2
Commercial Fertilizer.....5-10-5
Nitrogen and Phosphoric Acid derived from organic sources only.
Car Loads or Less. Write for prices.

HAUSER PACKING CO.

LOS ANGELES

Broadway 5600. Home 10336.



Try the Coulson

System of Feeding

Our free book "Chickens from shell to Market" gives full particulars.

Coulson Co. Petaluma Cal.

THE INDIANS OF THE YUKON ALARMED.

[Saturday]

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

Dec. 2, 1916.]

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

without winking, and, as far as any one could see, the joke was on them.

An Interesting Tribe.

During my travels in Southeastern Alaska I saw many of the Thlingits. These Indians are found on the coast and in the islands of the panhandle, and their settlements extend as far north as Prince William Sound. They are the Indians most known to the tourists, and their totem poles or tribal emblems and coats-of-arms are still to be seen in many of the villages, although they are gradually disappearing with the march of civilization. The Thlingit villages are always built near the shore. Nine-tenths of their support comes from fishing, and they like to live right on the beach. Nearly every family has its boats, and some own gasoline launches. The houses are usually scattered throughout the town, without regard to any fixed plan. It is only lately that any of them have had gardens about them. In the past the buildings were made of rude slabs and bark thrown together over pole rafters. None of the houses had a chimney or window and the smoke passed out through a hole in the roof. Now, the most of them are frame, with windows and chimneys. Some of them are celled, and some are papered and painted. They have shingled roofs and are comfortable homes. The Indians have become good carpenters. They have modern tools, and some of their towns have hardware stores and sawmills.

The new buildings are planned with regard to sanitary conditions. Some of the towns have plank sidewalks, and in one or two there are electric lights. In Klukwan the Indians have piped the water from the mountains and established a municipal water system. The same is true to some extent in Metlakahla, where the water is brought from a lake in the mountains.

Converted by Father Duncan:

The Metlakahla Indians I have already described. The proper name for them is Tsimseana. They were converted from savages to civilization by Father Duncan and their village on Annette Island has cottage homes that would be considered comfortable in almost any town of the States. Metlakahla has plank sidewalks and its streets are laid out in regular order. Each house has its garden. There is a large general store, a sawmill, and a fish-canning factory. The people have the largest church in Alaska and also a town hall and library. Many of them speak English. The government school building recently erected is a large two-story building, fitted with all of the modern school appliances. The natives dress just like the whites, and, were it not for their complexion and features, you would hardly know they were Indians.

Outside Annette Island the work of civilization among the Indians has been promoted by the missionaries and school teachers. The missionaries came first. They had their schools, industrial and otherwise, and they converted the Indians to Christianity.

After the missionaries came the bureau of education. It has taken charge of the natives of Alaska. It began with the establishment of schools in all of the villages, and it has added many kinds of uplifting activities. The teachers are now instructing the adult Indians in sanitation and civil government. They are inducing them to establish stores, and to engage in all possible self-sustaining industries.

So far the most remarkable progress has been among the Haidas, a tribe of 500 or 600 Indians on Prince of Wales Island. The government has given them a reservation, and they have a town there called Hydaburg, which is perhaps the most advanced Indian town of the world. The natives have organized a co-operative trading company and are paying big dividends to their stockholders. With only \$11,000 invested within the past three years they have paid dividends of \$8000. Last year the directors declared a dividend of 50 per cent, and the company has so increased its stock that it will undertake a fish-canning and saw-milling business.

Well Equipped.

As it is now, nearly every family in Hydaburg has stock in this trading company, and the people are rapidly growing well-to-do. Nearly every one has his gasoline launch and all have comfortable homes. The town elects its own officers. It has a Mayor and Councilmen and the business of the place is transacted in English. One of the first co-operative works was the build-

ing of a sidewalk. There was no money in the village treasury, but the young men brought in the proceeds of their season's fishing, and the Indian girls had a basket social, at which the food was charged for, the proceeds to go to the sidewalk. At that social \$290 was realized. This bought the lumber and the men gave their labor without charge. That sidewalk is the best in Southeastern Alaska. It is ten feet wide and more than half a mile long.

Since then the citizens have erected a municipal dock, which is 440 feet long, with a front of fifty-five feet. The co-operative store has created a hunger for business training, and business methods are taught in the school. The village has town meetings, at which all matters of public interest are discussed, and the popular vote determines what shall be done.

The Haidas are not Thlingits. They belong to a different Indian family and for a long time their only home seems to have been on Queen Charlotte Island, in British Columbia. Later some of them moved to the west coast and about 200 years ago, according to their traditions, they drove the Thlingits out of a part of Prince of Wales Island and settled there. They have always been considered a superior Indian, and have had the reputation of being the best painters, carvers and canoe builders of Southeastern Alaska. In the past they hollowed their canoes out of single logs of cedar, and they built houses with cedar beams and planks, which were worked out with adzes of stone. At one time there were something like 8000 of them, but during our possession of Alaska the number in the United States Territory has never been more than 600 or 800.

An Old Town.

The Thlingits are scattered everywhere throughout the Alexander archipelago and there are tribes that live on the mainland. Klukwan is a village of the Chilkats, on the Chilkat River not far from Skagway. The town is said to be 300 years old and to have once had a population of 1000 souls. Its people were traders, exchanging dried fish and oil for furs with the Athapascans of the interior. The Chilkats are great trappers. They have divided their hunting grounds among the various families and these rights extend from generation to generation. They have been noted for their skill in the various industries. They wove blankets a century ago. They also forged copper and did beautiful carving. Much of this skill has departed with the advent of civilization, but they now make moccasins and cut out totem poles and other things for the tourists.

The Chilkats are not as advanced as the Haidas, but the settlement of Klukwan has a co-operative store, which has just paid a dividend of 35 per cent. The store is so good that it gets much trade from the whites, and it is said that the Indians come a distance of 100 miles to buy there. Klukwan has its men's club, which holds meetings every week, at which matters of town interest are discussed. Now the boys are talking of forming a clubhouse, with a reading room, toilet and bath. The reading-room will be large enough to hold meetings in. Magazines will be subscribed for and books added from time to time.

The government is trying to induce these Indians to go into canning and some canning machinery has been sent there. The school teachers advise that a sawmill be installed. They say that the boys are quick to learn carpentry, and they are now making chairs, tables and sleds in the school shops. Last year they began to work in sheet metal and made airtight stoves which sold from \$3.50 to \$5 each. Their sleds bring from \$7 to \$10 and cost about half that to make.

School Farming.

Among the other movements to better the Indians of Southeastern Alaska is that of school farming. Both children and adults are shown how to make gardens, and some of the villages are growing vegetables and berries of various kinds. At Klukwan they are raising turnips, potatoes and carrots, and also cabbages, peas and lettuce. One of the teachers reports that he has supervised the making of seventeen native gardens inside the Arctic circle, and that he had four large school gardens doing well. There are Indian gardens at Eagle, Fort Yukon and Klawock, and one has been started at Unalaska in the Aleutian Islands.

The government is doing all it can to improve the sanitary conditions among the

Indians. The teachers are cleaning up the towns and the doctors and nurses of the bureau of education go from village to village and give directions for the care of the sick and how to keep the well healthy. It is estimated that 30 per cent. of the natives have more or less consumption and that 8 per cent. of the deaths are due to tuberculosis. Sanitary camps should be provided and means of preventing the spread of the disease inaugurated. The doctors have recommended a tuberculosis camp in the panhandle. They want one established in the Chilkat Valley between Haines and Klukwan.

Of late the Indians have taken up the fad of feeding their infants from the bottle. Many of them are doing that now. The squaws know nothing about the preparation of artificial food, and many of the children come out of the nursing stage feeble and scrawny. The school children are being examined for trachoma, adenoids and other diseases. They are taught to take care of their teeth and are warned against the using of tobacco and alcohol.

Alcohol is the great curse of the Indians of Alaska. Its sale is forbidden by law, but nevertheless whisky is sold to the Indians, and it will continue to be sold as long as saloons are allowed in the white settlements. Of late there has been a strong prohibition movement, and the probability is that the Territory will sometime vote itself dry. Congress is now appropriating a small amount per year to suppress the liquor traffic among the Indians, and it has its special employees who are working to do this, under the direction of the marshals and the police.

I am told that the Indians of many localities object to the sale of liquor and that temperance societies have been formed among them. One such was recently organized at Yakutat, and three-fourths of the inhabitants were enrolled. Before that one of the native storekeepers had ordered a dozen cases of Jamaica ginger. When the goods arrived he refused them, because all his customers had signed the pledge. The news went out over the town that the goods were on hand, and the temperance society dissolved. The merchant thereupon went back to the purser and accepted the ginger.

[Copyright, 1916, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

Those Hottentots.

MR. PERKINS BOILS WITH INDIGNATION AT INJUSTICE.

BY LEMUEL LAWRENCE DE BRA.

Henry Perkins, thirsty for knowledge, had bought from a peripatetic book vender that stupendous literary work entitled "Bink's Book of Facts." On the frontispiece, Mr. Bink modestly stated that his book contained all of the important facts of the world. Although Mrs. Perkins smiled indulgently, Mr. Perkins insisted that by reading the book one half-hour each day for six months, he would possess most of the world's knowledge.

Supper finished, Perkins leaned back in his chair, rested his feet on the mantel, and sent Willie after Bink. Immediately he was buried up to the neck, so to speak, in Mr. Bink's miscellaneous facts.

Mrs. Perkins started to clear the table. After that she washed the dishes and wiped them. And then, it being Saturday night, she put a wash tub in the middle of the floor and bathed Willie, who flopped around so much that after the ablution was over the kitchen floor had to be mopped. Then, after putting Willie to bed, she sat down at the table opposite Mr. Perkins and began mending socks.

Bang! Mr. Perkins suddenly struck the table with his fist.

"Be careful," cautioned Mrs. Perkins; "you'll wake Willie."

"That's downright uncivilized!" exploded Perkins.

"I know it is. That's why I don't want you to wake him."

"I'm not thinking of Willie," Perkins flung out. "I'm thinking of what it says here in Bink's. Listen! It says here that the Hottentots hitch their women right up to the plow alongside the oxen."

"Well, well!" Mrs. Perkins did not seem to be rendered breathless by the information. "What else do they do?"

Mr. Perkins actually glared at his wife. "What else do they do?" he echoed.

"Great heavens, woman, ain't that enough—hitch one of God's creatures right along a four-footed beast! If any one tried such a thing here, I'd quick show them what us Americans think of such actions."

"Still, plowing isn't such hard work,"

argued Mrs. Perkins. "And I suppose when their day's work is done, they're through. I don't suppose they have to work fifteen to twenty hours like some women we know."

Mr. Perkins winced.

"Now ain't that just like a woman," he complained, talking more to himself than to his wife. "Women are so unreasonable. What in Sam Hill is the relation between tying a pore woman to a plow and—and what you said? Can you answer me that, Martha? I never heard of such a woman. Martha, you know I'd do anything to make things easier for you. Why, I'd even—"

He was interrupted by Willie calling down stairs for a drink. Mrs. Perkins looked questioningly at her husband. But Perkins only glanced at the stair door, at the water bucket across the room, and then settled down in his chair again. Mrs. Perkins arose, went out to the well, pumped a bucket of fresh water, and took a glass of it up stairs to Willie. When she returned and resumed her mending, Mr. Perkins closed his book and laid it on the table. Sinking luxuriously into his chair and contemplating, with apparent satisfaction, his stockinged toes, he said:

"As I told you, Martha, I'd do anything to make things easier for you. That's natural in this country. Here, we men do all the hard work because the women ain't fitted for it." He cleared his throat and tried to look like Henry Clay. "Us Americans slave for our women. We work early and late for them. And why? Because they're the greatest of God's handiworks. Martha, will you get my pipe?"

Obediently, Mrs. Perkins took the pipe from the mantel, found the tobacco, and gave them to her husband. He lit the pipe and for a moment smoked thoughtfully. Then, suddenly, he jerked it from between his teeth.

"Yes, I'd show them how to treat a woman!" he exclaimed. "Make a pore woman pull a plow! Why, we never think of such a thing. Women are fitted for only light work, and even then we try to make it as easy as possible for them. Didn't I get a new paint brush so it would be easier for you to paint that front fence? Didn't I work hard today fixing that pump so's it would be easier for you to pump water? And didn't I buy you a new bucket so you could carry more and not have to go so often? Why, I bought you a new ax so it would be easier for you to chop the wood, and I put down them planks so you could carry in the wood without getting in the mud. And, have you forgotten that last Christmas I got you a new washtub?"

Mrs. Perkins made no reply, and Perkins resumed his pipe. He puffed reflectively until Mrs. Perkins finished her mending and put the basket on the table. Then he squinted at the clock.

"Time for bed, Martha. This here kerosene costs money." He got to his feet with a series of jerks. "Cold tonight," he finished; "better put a lot of coal in the heater."

Mr. Perkins started for bed. At the stair door he turned. "You don't realise how a man like me can boil when he hears something like this here Hottentot business," he explained. He yawned prodigiously. "Now us Americans—"

But the rest was drowned by the squeak of the stairs.

The Speed of Animals.

According to the naturalists, no animal is known to have exceeded the speed attained by the famous race-horse Sysonby. Instantaneous photographs show the full length of one complete stride as about twenty-six feet. In the stride of the fastest racers the hind quarters and limbs are raised considerably higher than the shoulders, and from this relatively great height brought downward and forward, widely separated from each other, as a sportsman says, "to avoid striking the forelegs."

The hare which is hunted with fast bounds has not in reality the speed of the dog. The dog, on the other hand, does not attain the speed of the horse. The giraffe is said to run at the rate of fifteen meters per second under the most favorable conditions. The elephant, going at the rate of two yards a second, carries a weight approximating that carried by six horses.

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "You can't sell me a gold brick. I've bought twenty or more in my time."

"Exactly, and you, therefore, need a container. I'm selling elegant mahogany hods with gilt nails. You sign here."

MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Branton.

Rose Planting

DORMANT rose plants with bare roots will soon be on the market and the time to prepare beds for them is now, for soil is much better if worked over a month before using. It is better, no matter what the nature of the soil, to work it over not less than two spades deep. If you cannot do this over all the area to be planted, you may at least trench where the plants are to be put in.

Mark off where a row is to go and throw the soil to one side. Then spade up the bottom of the trench as deeply as possible or better still throw out still more soil. Then put in some well-rotted stable manure and spade it in. Replace soil in the trench, mixing manure with it as it is filled in. If the soil has a hard pan in the subsoil it is better to dig holes for each rose bush three feet deep and in the bottom put six inches or more of small stones, broken brick or some such substance so that surplus water will have a pocket to drop into. Then replace the earth and leave until ready for planting.

When rose bushes are received see that all small wood is pruned off and do not be afraid of cutting top back heavily, leaving a good sturdy framework without weak wood or crossing canes, or any whatsoever in the center. The latter should be open to allow entrance of light and air. If any roots are bruised or broken cut them off back of injury with a sharp knife. Put the plants in deep enough so that the union between stock and bud is just under the soil. Tread the soil well, for roses should be firmly planted. Water so well that you know no dry soil remains in the hole or trench and do not water again until you know it is needed.

Propagating Carnations.

Now is a good time to propagate your favorite carnations. If you have a box of sharp sand you will need no shade, though it is better to protect them from winds. At this season good cuttings are plenty on every plant, even up on the sides of the flower stems. They will root easier (and more quickly now than at any other time of the year. Do not neglect this work. Do it now; later will not do so well.

Plant Pansies Now.

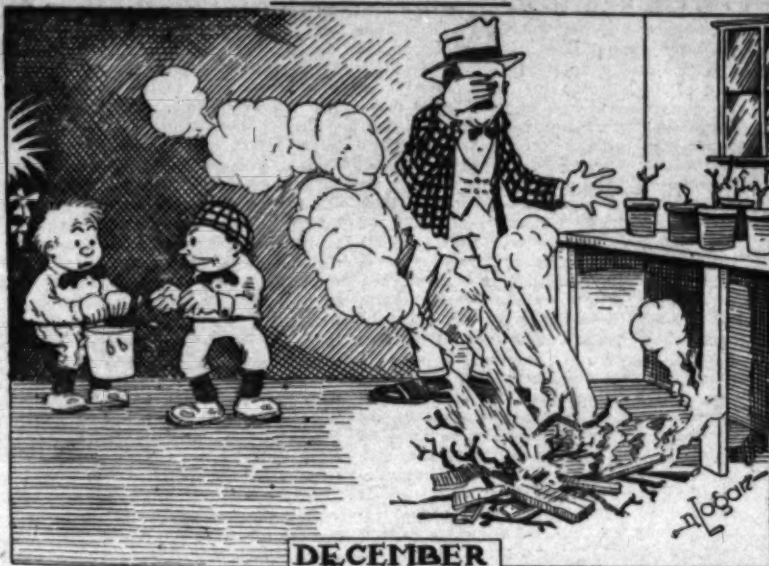
Pansies planted now will start to flower at once but will not be at their best until early in the new year. It is easy to note each year that the best flowers come about the turn of winter, just as the weather begins to grow warmer. Plant in full sun, in deep, well-drained soil that has been well pulverized. As the roots are very fine and near the surface, also needing cool damp soil, it is well to cover the bed with a light fine mulch.

Pot-bound Plants.

There is quite a mortality among large plants of the scarlet flowering shrub known as Grevillea thelemanniana, even occurring so long as a year after planting. It has been claimed by nurserymen that it does not well stand balling and transplanting from the field. This is really true of the family and the silver tree, closely related, is very hard to move in any way at any time or at any age. But recently the writer investigated the death of some ten grevilleas that one after another passed away from two to six months after planting and when about four feet high. All were found to have a bunch of twisted corkscrew roots that would go in a four-inch pot, from which they were worth one cent each, and reputable growers, matter how fine their appearance, are not originally transplanted. Such plants, no finding a mortality among plants should investigate and not send out stock found to be so delinquent. In trees and shrubs the common clay pot spoils more good stock than any other agency and large plants in small pots are indeed a poor investment.

Advice to Florists.

A successful florist on a very large scale offers the following advice to the smaller dealer and it will also apply to all classes of



DECEMBER

Now that nights are really cold, those who possess glasshouses will find a little bottom heat necessary to protect tender plants.

business: "Advertise flowers—go after business, and if you can't make a good living in your town, get out of it and into another—never mind the greenhouses—sell them for whatever they will bring, for they're no good if they will not support you. Many a man has had to start over in life and it's never too late, either. And remember—it does not take so much strength to do things as it does to know what to do and when to do it."

Primula Malacoides.

This is the best of all the primroses and the writer is trying it out of doors this winter, and in a cold section too. Up to date it has passed without injury through a dozen frosty nights. Like other primroses it requires shaded positions and a light, rich friable soil. Some leaf mold in the soil would help much. Keep them well watered for they are in this respect quite tender. They quickly perish when dry.

A Valuable Native Shrub.

Carpenteria Californica is a shrub native to the northern half of this State that is of unusual value. It flowers very freely with large heads of pure white. While supposedly preferring shady haunts it grows well in the sun and in rather dry locations. Yet it does well potted in the lath-house. We would favor a law that would compel every garden owner to plant at least one of this most excellent Californian.

For Dry Places.

In the driest possible places, even on the face of rocky cliffs where no soil is in evidence may be seen blooming plants of Zauschneria Californica, by some called a wild fuchsia and by others humming-bird flower. Its long-tubed brilliant scarlet flowers are not seen until all blossoms put forth under the stimulus of winter's rains have died away. It is in bloom now and has been for months. Local dealers can supply either seeds or plants of this shrub.

Small-flowering Gladioli.

Do not fail to plant some of the dwarf gladioli as soon as possible. Of all the family none are so bewitching as the "Blushing Bride," for if this name means anything at all the flowers cannot fail to attract. Though the present writer has grown and bred gladioli for a dozen years continuously and though he does not experiment with or breed this small sort, it must be confessed that none are lovelier.

New York Mum Show.

During the first week of November the New York Chrysanthemum Show was held and the attendance was 200,000. On this basis Los Angeles flower shows are very poorly attended as are also those of Pasadena, and the latter cannot be surpassed anywhere in this country. Is it because our

gardens present such a variety that so few are lured by these grand exhibitions?

Lime for Lawns.

Air-slacked or hydrated lime is good for all the garden, just as good for the lawn as it is for the cultivated soil. It is at all times good, winter or summer, but is of less value on sandy soils than on other soils. It is better to put it on at several times rather than all at once. One pound to each thirty square feet is enough for any purpose at any one time.

The Camphor Tree.

The statement is frequently made that the camphor tree, by reason of its odor and taste, is free from insect pests. Especially do the Texan papers so state, for the tree is just now enjoying its first extensive planting in that State. It is, however, no more free from scale insects than other trees; in fact it is one of those most heavily infested. No plant in the world, perhaps, is free from the ravages of either insect pests or diseases. Bitter as is the taste of the common blue gum or eucalypt it is often weighed down with greedy scale.

Sweet Peas

Plant now our spring flowering Spencers. Free catalog and "Hints on Gardening" on request.

MORRIS & SNOW SEED CO.
439 S. Main St., Los Angeles.

New Home Grounds

Should have a plan and a planting list, specifications, etc., made by an expert; or you should call the latter in consultation before planting. 29 years experience in the local field.

ERNEST BRAUNTON

Landscape Designer and Horticulturist
237 Franklin Street, Los Angeles

Thompson

Adjustable Sprinklers

Save you time, keep your lawn watered more efficiently and are inexpensive. Be sure and have your permanent lawn sprinkling system equipped with them. Write for illustrated folder describing our lawn accessories.

THOMPSON MFG. CO.
Cor. 9th St. and Santa Fe Ave.

CALIFORNIA GARDENS.

Our 28 years' experience in Southern California enables us to give you valuable assistance in the planning, and the selection of appropriate trees, plants, bulbs, flowers, lawn making, grading. You get everything first-hand. Our Main Street Store and our Montebello Nurseries will furnish you the best of everything at lowest prices. We call and give estimates. Catalogue free. Home Phone 4307.
CHAS. WINSEL, 211 S. Main St.

WHOLESALE NURSERY

NURSERY STOCK. Attention to real estate men and people planning the beautifying of large estates and homes. We have big stock of ornamental trees, shrubs and palms of every description and in any size from one-half foot to fifteen feet in height, at prices in wholesale quantities for street planting and decorating large homes.

HOBERT NURSERY
1824 West 21st Place Home 7122
F. A. Young, Sales Manager

Garden Beautiful

COLUMN



The illustration shows a specimen of the late flowering variety of tulip. For bright and gorgeous coloring the tulip surpasses all other varieties of bulbous plants.

Dutch Bulbs Should Be Planted NOW!

If you want a beautiful showing of these fragrant, showy blossoms in the late winter and early spring months, don't fail to plant them NOW! One feature about bulb planting that appeals to the flower lover is the early blossoming. For best results plant in light sandy soil and keep damp but not wet.

The Showy Tulips.

The Tulip is one of the most brilliantly colored of bulbous plants. Best results are obtained in California with the late flowering varieties, among which are the Bouton d'Orr, rich yellow orange; Clara Butt, a wonderful clear pink; Gesneriana Spathulata, a very large scarlet bloom; Harry Veitch, rich blood red; Inglescombe Yellow, a glossy canary yellow; La Candeur, silvery white; and Pside of Haarlem, immense flowers of deep rose, shaded scarlet.

The Decorative Narcissus.

The Narcissus family includes many of the most decorative of bulbous plants—the long trumpet variety, generally known as Daffodils; the Polyanthus, which produces clusters of blossoms; the Narcissus Poeticus, which produces flat open blossoms in waxy white with orange yellow centers, and the dainty little Jonquils.

The Fragrant Hyacinth.

The Hyacinth is unsurpassed by any other variety of Dutch Bulbs for the delicate coloring and fragrance of its flowers. A profusion of pink, blue, white, lavender, purple, rose or yellow blossoms are produced on a single stem. The long pointed green leaves of the plant make an attractive background for the waxy, delicately tinted blossoms. Among the favorite varieties are the Moreno, bright pink; Pink Maitre, soft pink; Grand Blanche, bluish white; L'Innocence, pure white; Grand Maitre, deep porcelain blue; King of Blues; City of Haarlem, bright golden yellow and Lady Balfour, purple violet.

Special Xmas Collection

80c Worth of Bulbs for 50c

All excellent bulbs, put up in attractive package tied with red ribbon and large bow—makes a very acceptable Christmas gift.

Germain's Special Bulb

Collection \$1.

To enjoy the glories of a bulb bed it is not necessary that a large investment be made. The following assortment may be had at small cost. Try this collection if you are crowded for space—3 Hyacinths, single, separate colors; 3 Hyacinths, double, separate colors; 6 Tulips, mixed; 6 Oxalis, mixed; 12 Ixias, mixed; 12 Ranunculus, mixed; 12 Anemones, mixed; 6 Narcissus, mixed.

Germain
Seed & Plant Co.
328-329-330
SOUTH MAIN STREET
LOS ANGELES • CAL.

FAR AWAY IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

Afield in the Falklands. By William A. Reid.

FAR out in southern seas, a thousand miles from Montevideo and several hundred miles eastward from the "land of fire," Tierra del Fuego, lie the lonely, dreary, barren, Falkland Islands. Ceaseless surges from Antarctic wastes dash upon the rocky headlands to the disturbance of only the wild and stately penguin; the mighty roar of the breakers wasting their beauty, far from the haunts of artist or photographer, is lost in the dismal fog.

A land far away from the busy world; a land without a tree, without a newspaper, without a cable to the outer world, with few land birds, beyond the course of the average steamer; indeed, a land without sunshine, it might be said, for the sky is usually overcast, producing annually 250 days of cloudy or rainy weather.

Despite weather conditions, however, the Falklands present interesting sights and afford the traveler experiences not met with elsewhere. There live, move and have their being 2000 hardy and industrious people, whose remoteness denies them the pleasures of modern life. They extend the hand of welcome to the visitor and he is entertained with stories of those South Sea Islands and the part they play, insignificant though it may be, in the world and its progress.

Almost exactly 100 years after Columbus sighted San Salvador, John Davis discovered the Falklands; a century later one Strong visited the islands and gave them their name. From that time onward they have been the scene of conflict and disputed ownership. The French planted their flag there in 1765, and very shortly thereafter the British arrived and established Port Egmond, 100 miles or so from the French. The latter ceded their claim to the Spaniards, who drove away the English in 1770. Later the islands were abandoned; Buenos Aires founded a colony in 1823, but in consequence of a dispute the colony was destroyed by a United States man-of-war (1831.) Shortly afterward the British again gained possession, which continues to the present time, although it is said that Argentina claims the islands as her right and lawful possession.

The Falkland group comprises two large islands, known as East and West Falkland, respectively, and more than 100 smaller ones, with a total area of nearly 7000 square miles, almost as large as the State of New Jersey. East Falkland is the larger of the two and they are separated by a narrow strait.

When we sailed into Port Stanley, the capital of the little colony and the largest of the twenty or more settlements, the usual cloudy weather prevailed; several days of ocean-buffeting had been followed by calmer seas and the entrance to the small bay, known as Port William Inlet was a pleasant diversion. The low, brownish hills, barren and somber looking, presented little to attract the business traveler; yet, to the lover of nature who delights to wander far from beaten paths there are always sights to please.

The passage into the bay is through a narrow and somewhat dangerous channel; but once within the land-locked inlet we beheld the little town of Stanley snugly nestled at the foot of the hills. Few ships were to be seen, save here and there the remains of an abandoned hull that may have been towed in from raging gales common in such latitudes. At anchor, a sense of security is felt, the voyage has been safe and not really unpleasant to the seasoned traveler; for be it remembered that of all classes of vessels entering Port Stanley, according to statistics, one-fourth are in distress. For many years the little settlement has been the haven for the bold mariner of the South Seas. Cape Horn, with treacherous gales and fogs, has sent many a staunch ship to her doom. Happy the sailor-man who braves the fury of the storm and is not totally disabled; for if he can make Port Stanley ready hands and ample facilities are offered to start him anew to battle with the elements. (In passing it might be said that about Cape Horn a larger percentage of ships are lost or damaged annually than in any other part of the world; the Falkland Islands Company, an English corporation, maintains a repair station at Port Stanley.)

Comparatively few ships make the port of

Stanley; other than the coming of vessels in distress there is not much traffic with the outside world, and as a consequence the arrival of a passenger ship is a matter of some interest to the people. The day of our coming was not an exception, and both old and young came to meet us and it might be said that we received a cordial reception. Once upon terra firma the hardy appearance of the inhabitants and the weather-beaten but clean and neatly-kept homes are especially noticeable. The thousand persons composing Stanley's population have not troubled themselves with street-making; it is a kind of go-as-you-please town, very much resembling the French-Canadian settlements along the New Brunswick coast.

The people of the Falklands are largely

quickness and he beholds the "sheep upon a thousand hills." The animals appear to be in fair order but how they thrive upon such a meager supply of grass and sprouts is past understanding. Yet there are nearly 1,000,000 sheep on the islands and each sheep is supposed to require a pasturage of several acres. Every year the old animals are slaughtered for the tallow, or, to use the local term, "tried down;" the returns from the wool, the tallow and the hides in a recent year amounting to more than \$1,000,000.

Farther inland we catch our first glimpses of what appear to be glistening streams, but on closer inspection are found to be quartzite. This substance, the particles somewhat resembling crude diamonds in shape, lies in long rows, to which the natives have

island home for the great outer world." Then the master pointed out from among his brightest pupils one little fellow perhaps 15 years of age. "That boy," said he, "has completed the work of the school but he is so ambitious that for two additional years he has been going over the same course. We have no advanced classes, so this little fellow—and there are several others like him—are denied the advantages of a training which, to my regret, we are unable to give them." Perhaps another little Corsican, thought I, who knows?

An example of one's love for the homeland, wherever it may chance to be or however unpleasant, was strikingly illustrated shortly before our ship left Port Stanley. We were about ready to sail for another far southern town, Punta Arenas, in the Straits



Sheltering Arms hotel.



Ship Hotel, Port Stanley.

of Scotch descent; they have a strong Scotch brogue and a Scotchman's knack for doing things. The most prominent buildings in Stanley are the governor's quarters, the barracks, which shelter a small English garrison, a cathedral, a new school building, a number of warehouses, a few stores, and several hotels. The stores and hotels are about the only business concerns excepting the houses of the English company, which practically monopolizes the great industry of the islands—that of sheep-raising and the industries resulting therefrom.

"Sheltering Arms!" How sweet the very name sounds to the traveler far from home and friends! This is the title of our hotel, situated a short distance from the landing pier; a severely plain one-story wooden building a considerable length, with very thick walls, the whole weatherbeaten and gray but rather inviting. The name seems particularly appropriate, and doubtless many a shipwrecked sailor and way-worn traveler has found rest and comfort within its hospitable walls and enjoyed its mutton-broth and barley, a dish plentiful in all homes.

A short time is sufficient to see all that Stanley has to offer. A visit to the stores, as in other lands, reveals to some extent the needs and occupations of the people; and this fact is especially emphasized in the town of Stanley. The articles offered for sale are of the most substantial kind: such as coarse clothing, heavy boots, tin and earthenware, ships' stores, medical supplies, and in fact everything required in a sheep-raising community where the winters are long and severe and the summers short and cool.

The average temperature of the islands is 47 degs. Fahrenheit. The cool and constant winds from the southwest send a chill through the stranger and urge him to physical exercise. In fact, the very isolation of one's surroundings kindles the wanderlust and if he is at all inclined to pedestrianism here is an excellent place to gratify his inclination.

An overland tramp is most pleasant and invigorating. The country rises gradually from the little bay, and after one walks a few miles he looks back upon one of the world's most isolated towns. Proceeding, the wanderer is impressed with the awful loneliness. Few people are seen and not a tree breaks the horizon, save here and there small patches of stunted growth which rise only a few feet above the ground. The brownish appearance of the landscape is uninviting but when the undulating hills and valleys are reached the traveler's interest

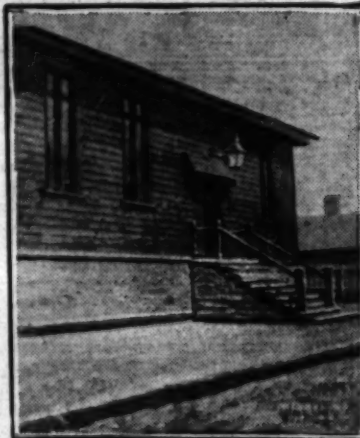
given the name of "stone river." Scientists say that these so-called "rivers" are a kind of glacier and that they are slowly moving toward the sea. They are indeed interesting, and the writer regrets that the dark and gloomy weather prevented the success of his picture-making efforts.

Wandering onward our attention is especially attracted to two vegetable productions: balsam bog and tussock grass. The former is a hard coral-like substance, so hard that with our sharp pocket-knives we could scarcely cut a piece as souvenir. Tussock grass is a reed-like growth from six to ten feet in height. It is found in thick tufts or clusters. The leaves and stems make excellent fodder for the sheep; the stems have a sweet flavor which it is said cause the sheep to eat the tufts into the ground.

Other stunted growths noticed and from which collections were made were the creeping myrtle, the leaves of which are used by the natives as a substitute for tea; a small species of marsh marigold; the "diddle dee," with its red berry, and a variety of blossoms and leaves.

The land birds of the islands are few, and the first ones are believed to have come over from Tierra del Fuego. Among the water birds the penguin is perhaps the most interesting; a species of the bird family living almost entirely in or near the water. From the thousands to be seen covering the numerous rocky headlands the climatic conditions appear to be especially favorable for this bird. Unlike others of its family, the penguin can make little use of its wings for the purpose of flying, but these appendages are quite useful either in the water or on land, often serving in the latter case as a kind of forelimb. On land, however, the penguin usually walks about in an upright position; and when standing in groups seemingly conversing with each other they appear to have almost human intelligence. In height they range from two to three feet, their white breasts and dark bodies giving them a striking appearance, and as they waddle along nodding their heads the stranger is forcibly reminded of the Lilliputian stories heard in childhood.

"What becomes of your students after they leave school?" I inquired of the English master of the only place of learning in the islands. "Almost without exception," he replied, "they go out to become herders of sheep or to some employment in connection with the sheep industry." "You see, sir, there is little for our boys to do outside of this one calling, yet few of them leave their



The Falklands' only seat of learning.

of Magellan, when two small boats filled with people came alongside our ship. Up the ladder, assisted by sailors, came a middle-aged woman followed by six children ranging in ages from about 5 to 16. All were weeping, as were also most of those in the boats. Good-bys were quickly exchanged amid tears and anguish and soon our ship was in motion.

As we slowly sailed out of the lonely bay I stood beside the mother and children and endeavored to offer words of cheer. Our sympathies were aroused and to our questions the mother responded that all were seeking a home in a new land. Neither she nor the children had ever before left their island home; the father had died and the elder son had sought his fortune in Punta Arenas. The latter place was to be their future home.

A number of Falklanders are of English birth and a few come out from the homeland each year to occupy positions in connection with the sheep industries.

"Yes, we lead a lonely existence," replied one gentleman to whom I put the question and who had been living in the island for years, "but there is a queer fascination in one's very loneliness—to be out of the world, so to speak, even has some advantages. Then, too, we have our sports, our games and indoor amusements and plenty of good books to read—and as to fashion in dress, that is a matter of little concern. Occasionally we have mail and newspapers from the great throbbing world, and these together with our friends serve to drive dull care away."

Dec. 2, 1916.]

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

ORCHARD AND FARM, RANCHO AND RANGE

How Fertilizers Feed Plants. By Thomas C. Wallace.

THE action of the ingredients of fertilizers upon plants is dependent upon such a variety of conditions that it is necessary to consider something of the constitution of living matter and the influences upon it by mechanical, chemical and atmospheric forces. Living matter of a plant is composed chiefly of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, which are organic elements of atmospheric origin, with sulphur and phosphorus as essential constituents, but in much smaller proportions. These elements are built up into a number of groups of compounds, the more important of which are the protoids, and associated with them are carbohydrates, mineral salts and acids. They are classified physically in two classes, namely, colloids (non-diffusible) and crystalloids (diffusible). These substances act, react and interact upon one another and give rise to transformations or manifestations, as for instance, constituting the functions of growth and the attendant functions of absorption, digestion, secretion, fermentation, nutrition, assimilation, respiration and movement. None of these actions are independent, but are interdependent upon one another; they are influenced by environment and such external conditions as heat and cold, moisture, light, electricity and the chemical and mechanical make-up or composition of the surrounding soil. All physical and mechanical forces necessary to the development of living matter in the plant must be present in certain proportions and intensity to give rise to or allow of the manifestations or transformations which constitute the phenomena of the cycle of life.

Disturbing Conditions.

For instance, without sufficient moisture the functions of the crystalloids and colloids could not be carried out, and without a certain degree of temperature the phenomena of growth will not occur. It may be noted that an unfavorable intensity of any of these forces may inhibit the functions until but very little activity is noticeable in the plant, and the whole mechanism of the plant may come to a standstill by an undue increase or a total suppression of any of the environmental forces. There are forces which act upon a plant in a mechanical way, even having the effect of gradually changing the structure of the plant; roots and branches of plants take abnormal shape from coming in contact with some hard substances.

A heavy fruit crop on a tree will cause changes in the branches supporting it owing to the stress set up by the stretching, compressing and binding action causing a hastening of the maturing of the cells to form stiffer, stronger wood, thus destroying its embryonic or reproducing character. A young tree possessed of little mature wood may under such circumstances receive permanent injury from the disrupting of weak cells until they lose their power of either cell division or stretching the plants' physical methods of growth, and become rigid and non-productive. An entirely new condition of fibers resulting from such action has been observed to influence a tree most decidedly during the balance of its life, or until it has been severely pruned.

Plant Food and Nutrition.

It will now be necessary to direct attention to the condition of plant food in soil and air, and how it is prepared and penetrates the vegetable organism to form an integral part of it. The object of this detail study is to evolve from it how we can affect vegetable nutrition by the use of substances which contribute to it by the application of fertilizers so prepared that they are readily absorbed and assimilated by plants. The art of fertilization by artificial means involves primarily the preparation of materials easily digestible by the soil and plant so as to be of easy absorption and assimilation by the plant. The plant absorbs substances potentially nutritive and by digestion makes them actually nutritive and assimilable by the plant in the economy of growth and production. Thus digestion in the plant, as in the animal, means more than mere rendering soluble, and goes to the actual point of nutrition.

Some mineral substances that are soluble in water may be absorbed by the plant, but cannot be assimilated until they are digested, as being potentially nutritive they must become actual nutriment to be assim-

ilated in the organic material. It is thus that the mineral loses its character in the organic texture by becoming an integral part of and entering into the constitution of the growing material, and until that is accomplished it remains mere chemical compound absorbed and carried by capillary and endosmotic attractions, absorbed but not assimilated. It is thus seen how plants deprived of some element necessary to their life processes may fail to wholly carry on the functions of digestion and assimilation, yet may by absorption acquire a store of substances which accumulate without passing to nutrient form. That is what is meant by clogging or mineralizing the plant by excesses of lime and other salts. When this occurs it is generally necessary to severely prune the plant, though relief is sometimes effected by introducing into a tree compounds which act as poisons and arouse the enervated or dormant organs to renewed activity. This is work for the tree specialist, and as yet very little authentic information has been obtained in it, but there is sufficient evidence from the practical experiences of growers and scientists to warrant entertaining it as a practical field for research. If capillarity and endosmosis can carry one substance in a plant and deposit it at the point of digestion and assimilation, where it is arrested and remains unutilized by the plant, why cannot a similar process bring another to act as an excitant and redissolve and set in motion the first, as chemical actions both excite and stimulate as well as retard life processes?

The Theory of Complete Fertilizers.

The theory upon which complete fertilizers is founded is that the digestion and assimilation of each ingredient depends upon the immediate presence of other ingredients, and that the placing of them in the soil in a soluble, or available condition, intimately mixed, more perfectly meets the requirements of the plants which absorb them conjointly than if they were placed separately as simples in the ground, there to be diffused, mixed, soil digested and compounded with the soil. This pre-supposes that the ingredients of the complete fertilizer are of equal solubility so as to be simultaneously available to the roots. When complete fertilizers do not present this condition the only excuse that can be fairly urged for their use is the convenience of handling an even mixture at one time in preference to separate applications.

Elementary Requirements of Fertilizers.

In viewing protoplasm, as the starting point in growth, as it is the only physical evidence we have of it, it would appear that nitrogen, phosphorus and sulphur are the necessary elements to combine in a fertilizer to promote digestion and assimilation, and that on these, together with oxygen and hydrogen as water and carbon from the atmosphere, depend the processes for assimilation of lime, magnesia, iron, soda, silica, etc. A fertilizer, then, to carry out the idea of complete must be based on the intimate mixture or combination of nitrogen, phosphorus and sulphur, while the water and atmosphere supply simultaneously the hydrogen, oxygen and carbon. The character of the plant and its produce being derived or modified by the assimilation of mineral elements, the balance of the fertilizer should be derived from such mineral element as the plants to be fertilized particularly require. For instance, if nuts particularly require lime and magnesia, fertilizers for them should meet this requirement; as potatoes give important values by the use of potash to sustain their profuse circulation, they should be so fed; as asparagus uses iron to advantage and thus becomes a medium to carry it to the human system, its artificial fertilization should comprise iron; grains use much silica and lime, while grapes require magnesia, potash and iron, and so on throughout the whole range of plants the fertilization should first meet the requirements of protoplasm and then the peculiar requirements of the plant in producing quality of produce for the use of men and domestic animals.

Fertilizers and Soil.

It has usually been taken for granted that the soil presents to the plant in profusion all the elements except nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium, so that they have been looked upon as comprising the whole complement of the requirements of complete fertilizers, but chemical fertilization falls

far short of a science if thus limited. If the quantity of all the soil elements, including the nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium, in ordinary farm soils, be gauged against the total requirements of the crops, we find them far beyond the possible crop needs; nevertheless the crops fail because of the limited availability of the soil content of these elements. Why not then apply the same reasoning to the other elements, which, while not necessary to protoplasm, are so decidedly potential in characterizing and qualifying produce? This is what we really do when we choose this or that soil for the exploiting of distinctive crops, but by applying the same reasoning to artificials they may be made to modify crops in all arable soils. In a pure quartz medium we can meet the requirements of any crop with special fertilizers, and by an intimate knowledge of the soil, and of the requirements of the plant to produce certain desired qualities, we can as surely and as intelligently direct the fertilization to our benefit.

That farming cannot be called intensive, nor that fertilizing scientific or rational, which allows of the application of fertilizers on the hit or miss plan, or fails to take into consideration the requirements of each crop in the characteristic elements which govern the quality of its produce. How often it is pointed out that one farmer produces excellent quantity and quality of crops by the single use of stable manure, while another using similar methods of culture with the same material for fertilization makes unmarketable or decaying produce. A knowledge of the mineral requirements of the crops and of the soils in question can reveal the cause of this dissimilar result. There must, however, be a period when some available mineral or minerals essential to the characterization of the crop in question becomes exhausted of its availability, and with that period the quality of the crop will decline, or at least change, and then special fertilization or change of crop becomes requisite. It will be observed from this that the balance or carrying portion of the fertilizer (which amounts to approximately 70 to 80 per cent. of the whole, there not being more than 20 to 30 per cent. of alleged plant food in a ton) is not so indifferent to the grower, but it is often really the ruling consideration in the selection of a fertilizer.

FIELD NOTES.

Snow in a cold climate is a blessing and great advantage to agriculture. It makes a protective covering for the plants and shelters them from frost. It keeps the ground warm in winter and in melting in the spring provides gradual early moisture. It has been proven a fertilizer and favorable to the growth of grains, forage plants, roots and range grasses for stock raising.

Modern farming is reaching into what but a few years past we spoke of as scientific farming. The modern farmer of this age has to deal with principles as well as facts to succeed in competition with his neighbor who has already availed himself of the working principles that govern the production of his crops. The credit for this condition must be given to the painstaking practical research work of the colleges, which has demonstrated cause and effect in practical agriculture. An experiment that does not demonstrate the principles that govern the results is not complete and should not be accepted as reliable evidence on which to establish farm practice. You cannot make a "silk purse out of a sow's ear," no matter how much it may be made to resemble it, and we cannot long keep up the deception. Farmers, do not deceive yourselves, it is not modern.

No other field crop is so sensitive to interference with its lateral roots as corn, which depends on them not only for bracing but as well for most of its soil food. The cultivation should be done so as not to cut the side roots, and the same precaution must be observed in working a cover crop in growing corn.

The hot sunshine on a soil of course causes evaporation of the moisture and takes the water out of the surface soil at least. But, a warm soil retains moisture to a remarkable extent as against a cold soil. The lesson of this is that by vegetable matter cover crops we not only increase the absorptive power of the loam but as well it

is warmed by the decomposing material and retains moisture better.

Once and a while some chemist tells us that magnesia is important with lime when liming a soil. This should not be taken too seriously, for while it has a basis of truth yet the amount of magnesia is so negligible that it is not worth the farmer's general consideration. Then it has been shown that as little magnesia as possible should be in the lime, as the effect of an overdose of it is to interfere with the desired nitrate formation in the soil.

When we contemplate the great value of nitrogen to the farmer, it being a controlling element of plant growth, the advantage on an arid soil under irrigation is apparent. Arid soils can support heavy nitrogen using crops with a much smaller soil content of humus and humid soils as the humus of arid soils becomes more highly concentrated and has more available nitrogen. The humus of arid soils sometimes shows 20 per cent. nitrogen. This is a key to the astonishing results obtained on comparatively poor humus supplied loams.

Utah has recently given out the results of alkali studies of the soils of the State. The samples were taken in the summer of 1915 from seven counties which had shown apparent alkali interferences with the crops. While the actual areas found affected were comparatively small and most of them were situated so that they could be thoroughly reclaimed by drainage, they were of sufficient importance to warrant the careful studies made of them. The highest percentages of alkali were found in Mallard and Cache counties, but the weight of the alkali was found in a condition of sulphates or white alkali, which is the least harmful. The most troublesome alkalis are the carbonates, or black alkalis, and the chlorides, or common salt, which when in sufficient quantities are nearly as blightful as the carbonates. A little salt is a good thing and farmers sometimes use it to strengthen their grain stalks. The other counties were Boxelder and Salt Lake which are in the Great Salt Basin region, the extreme north of Emery county, Carbon and Duchesne counties. The difficulty in Mallard county seemed due to the extreme flatness of the land making drainage difficult. Most of the alkali lands were found easy of drainage being high-saucer formations with clay or shale bottoms, and the lands were usually rich for agriculture when drained.

Once and a while some one proposes to irrigate wheat but he seldom has any definite plan or ideas on the subject based on actual experience. Pretty careful, and perhaps exhaustive experiments, have been made under official control, and while the conditions were necessarily local, yet a good general idea has been obtained. It has been shown that over-irrigation is worse than none at all, and the same is true of water applied after planting but before the crop comes up, and after the dough stage. The experiments have proven a basic theory by showing that the first irrigation that will do good should be applied at about the time of six to eight-inch normal growth of the crop, or say in the five-leaf stage, and that irrigation should not be applied after blossoming, the early irrigation setting up the growth and the one at blossom time filling the grain. If another irrigation is given it should be between these two stages to be advantageous.

It is hard to bring home to many growers that irrigation has such a marked effect on their soils that they are materially changed by it. There is a limit to the absorptive power of a soil so as to allow circulation of air and if this is habitually overrun such a change is effected that the absorptive power of the soil is decreased. Now all plants have their special water needs and limitations, and a soil that cannot properly carry up to twenty acre inches of water during crop growth cannot give the best results with potatoes, which like wet feet. On the other hand the grains take much less water, even the corn showing distress when over eight acre inches is applied to it. Soils must suit the crops and crops the soils, and the irrigators' art embraces the study of both.

Dec. 2, 1916.]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JACK LONDON.

Chats with the Developing Author. By Perry Worden.

STRANGE as it may seem, the first time that I came to know the real "Star Rover" somewhat was an occasion when we did not meet! In the late nineties or, perhaps, at the beginning of the next decade, a New York friend who was a publisher and snugly housed on Staten Island, sent me word that an odd young chap, calling himself Jack London, who had seen a deal of the seamy side of life, would sup with him at his country home, and that if I cared to hear some rattling good stories of the Alaskan wilds, I had only to join the group at his dinner table. Unfortunately, to begin with, the letter lay for a day in a suburban postoffice, thereby hindering my setting out; and to make matters worse, the ferryboat I caught, having collided in the foggy bay, bumped against the Staten Island pier a couple of hours later than I should have reached there. On arriving, too, at my friend's, I found that their strenuous guest had announced himself earlier than expected, paid his respects—and in those days, and for years afterward, there was a peculiarly delightful flavor in London's handling of the conventionalities—and had begged to be excused from dinner, owing to a sudden change in plans; and to accommodate London, they had sat down to dine without waiting for me, and had then accompanied London on his return to the wharf. Having anticipated the pleasures of meeting the westerner, some of whose magazine work was familiar to me,—served up as it was, by the indefatigable Sam McClure, who had more enterprise than hard cash—my disappointment was great; and as the evening was well along, and the fog growing denser, I said good-by and jumped on to the boat just as the impatient chains rattled the signal for departure. The next minute I had an experience such as does not often fall to anyone's lot. Going to a secluded corner on the upper deck, where I might get under the lee of a friendly wall, I lit a cigarette and saw, by the flashing match, a long object which proved, on examination, to be a good-sized, dirty envelope, wedged in a corner, between the seat and the netted railing; and picking it up, I found a lead-pencil scrawl on the inside:

"If the finder's a pirate, he'll sneak the goods; but if he's a gent, he'll return this to Yours truly,

"Jack London."

Then followed, a good deal smeared, the writer's address. Not only had the dare-devil traveler, whom I had journeyed twenty-five miles to meet, left Staten Island before I could set eyes upon him, but he had crossed on that very ferry, sat where I was about to sit, and had left behind there the little package which had remained, just where it was lost and quite unobserved in the darkness, during an entire round trip! I made haste to turn out the contents—some notes, apparently fragmentary, and some postage stamps—and the next day I dispatched the lot by messenger to the office of my friend, receiving indirectly, in due time, the thanks of the owner. Only when I afterward saw the favor with which Jack London's series of wonderful "Snow" and "Frost" stories were hailed by the public did I regret that I had not sought, in some way, to keep the greasy envelope with its characteristic scribble by the rough-and-ready writer. Indeed, I would today give several pieces of green paper to know just what the notes so nearly fed to the fishes were, and whether they materialized, as I suppose they did, in any of the manuscripts which first the American, and then British, publishers were more and more eager to gobble up.

Two or three years at least, and perhaps more, passed by before Jack London again came to my personal attention, though I continued to hear something about him. I had been down by the New York piers looking up what artistic folks nowadays call "local color," but which used to be known as plain, raw material and the rawest of the raw, it generally was; and while gazing toward the groups forming and dissolving there, I became aware of a dispute between a couple of men and women, who were tugging at a dark red object like a shirt or the remnant of a shawl. Their voices rose higher and higher; oaths, curses and screams came out of the general hub-bub; and before I had gotten a cue as to what the row was about, the nearest man—a burly longshoreman—at-

tempted to make an end of all argument by drawing back and striking one of the women (frowzy, I must admit,) with brutal force on the face. The end, however, was not yet; for standing near, and hitherto unobserved, was someone disposed to continue the debate. With an "Easy there, damn you!" or something to that effect, a ruddy-faced, rugged fellow, his negligee dress almost suggesting that he belonged there, and accompanied by an equally neglected-looking companion, stepped forward; "landing" one, with a spring, under the jaw of the brute just where it would render the most effective service, he topped him over, sending him reeling back, in fact, dangerously near to the water's edge. A wharf policeman, previously conspicuous by his absence, now jumped into the ring and placed all parties under arrest; whereupon there was the usual flourishing of note-book and pencil, and the usual protests and explanations. The result was that the stranger who had defended, with two handsome fists and at the loss of a cigarette, the bruised-up woman, was let go, after producing some papers and proving his identity. Prompted by curiosity, I slipped a cigar into the patrolman's hand and asked him who the doughty puncher was; and the blue-coat, after pocketing the weed, drew himself proudly up and said, "Jake London, to be sure, the Police Gazette reporter!" "Jack London, the story-writer, you mean," said I, amazed and rushing off, with more haste than dignity, in the direction in which the stalwart young fellows had disappeared. Overtaking them with difficulty, because of the several corners they had turned, I hailed them, to their evident impatience, introduced myself as the finder of the manuscript notes lost on the Staten Island ferryboat. "The hell you say!" said London; "now, that's a good one! Who knows the way to the nearest drink?" A look around and that question could be answered, but it was not so easy to indicate just the place one might wish to frequent; and in the end we solved the problem by walking on to a well-known cafe. There we spent a couple of hours clinking glasses and exchanging stories, none of which seems to have stuck in my memory, although the general effect of the moments, so vastly different from the ordinary, remains to add to the fascination of what was best in the recollection of this vigorous and versatile young man; when London proposed that we should follow his lead and repair to a joint with "more atmosphere." "You mean more smoke?" I queried. "I know a couple, and they're hard to duplicate near old Manhattan." "To the devil with your ideas," said London; "I know a couple, too, and some dives that will make you dizzy to breathe in. There's one, in particular—a none-such this side of the northern divides; and if ever you go there, you'll be hiking back to it a hundred times. Your damned society saloons I can stand only so long; and when I get enough of their fancy life, I put back to the real thing." His companion (one Mc—, if I recollect, and I agreed to follow; and being well "warmed up," as befits one under such circumstances, we set out together, crossing the black Hudson and landing in dismal and dingy Hoboken. On the way, London told me what he was doing at the wharf when he felt the irresistible itching to measure up, as he had often been compelled to do aboard ship, with the bullying longshoreman; having sailed upon and partly handled ships, he was going to own a dapper rig some day, for himself, and when he did, he would make the biggest cruise ever undertaken. Accordingly he was inspecting a vessel or two, if only to keep up his sea-courage! I concluded that London was really fishing for stuff for a yarn, and had no thought that he would ever make good, or attempt to do so, in the matter of his own extensive cruise; and later, when the venturesome author came to such grief on his expedition with the Snark, I could not but wonder that, having had so much experience sailing craft, he should not be proof against disaster in purchasing and fitting out. Once coddled up in the densest corner of the smokiest beer-hall I ever visited near New York (which, for some reason known to our guide, we had entered from a narrow alley and a rear door) London unbecomely himself, between quaffs of the most delicious

beer and the dirtiest, but most fragrant and appetizing, black coffee, in a manner delightful to recall. He asked me what I knew about the never-sleeping metropolis of the world; and when I replied that I had explored its slums, shortly after the White-chapel murders, and had thereby elicited from even Mr. Gladstone the comment that he would not thus venture into that labyrinth, London went over his haps and mishaps in "darkest England"—a personal slum experience, by the way, which he seems to have avoided mentioning later—either already described in "The People of the Abyss," or then about to be published, his pronounced love of adventure leading me to question whether it was not that spirit, rather than a burning devotion to sociological study, which spurred him on, in tramplike fashion, to rove across the ocean and continents. Referring to work accomplished and planned, London spoke of his young wife and the help she was rendering him; nor do I know that he ever denied, when the shadows fell across their paths, that she had long stood by him through thick and thin. During the evening—for it was midnight when we drank the last foaming stein—a good number of patrons came to the German resort; and a dozen or more recognized London, some apparently having known him at remote points. All these sang out the familiar "Jack;" and London's good-natured, if not altogether classical, salutations in return evidenced a genial and natural sympathy he was accustomed to spend on every one he liked, whether bartender, caddy, or such a heathen as Bora Bora Otoo. Several times thereafter I tried to locate that Hoboken beer-hall where I first got my insight into Jack London's make-up, but as is often the case, I was never successful; nor have I found in his writings any picture—I might identify as the reflection of the smoky old dive which once certainly appealed to his cruder fancy. Not long after we parted, London, up till then residing at Oakland, rushed off to Japan and Korea as a war correspondent, to satisfy anew his thirst for adventure, a kind of enterprise for which he was somewhat fitted, and at which, three or four years ago, he had another try, this time in the great opera bouffe, "Our War With Mexico;" retreating, unless I am mistaken, before a severe attack of tropical illness.

My third visit with Jack London was equally brief—part of a day and night at a woodland retreat near the Canadian border. It seems to me, that this was about the time of his marriage to the sharer of his later romances, for I think that he then first told me about his early experiments at Glen Ellen. Removed from hilarious sports, he was more reserved, and spoke for the most part in pleasanter modulation of voice. "The Call of the Wild" had been given to the world since I last saw him, and London, in response to one prompting after another from the group about him, talked of the strange fascination of the northern life. He soon switched off, however, to the sea; for "The Sea Wolf" had also come from his pen, and in that quiet forest environment I noted what I thought I observed at other times—that he more naturally gravitated toward the opposite or the contrast of that which his immediate surroundings might be expected to suggest. Getting closer to his rustic rocker, I heard a yarn or two with decidedly revolting details; gruesome pictures, in fact, such as mark his volume of bloody "Adventure." Although, as a Socialist, and as a lecturer, London was inclined to become bombastic, so that more than one admirer of his romantic fiction threw him overboard as a creaking Jonah when he began to preach a cure for the ills of society, he was never disposed, in private conversation, to air his knowledge, and gave out, from the marvelous stores of what he really possessed, chiefly what was, little by little, drawn from him. I have the impression that London, himself a good boxer and fencer, and either about to put forth, or just having ventured his version of "The Game," was then in the backwoods, not for the edification of the hotel guests, but to see a slugging match soon afterward privately staged remote from inquisitive constables.

Several years then elapsed during which London and I did not meet, and when only a

fine was exchanged between us, and one day, I found myself traveling with him in the same Pullman, fortunately for many miles. I was reading a magazine containing one of his stories—I think it was a copy of the Black Cat—when some one bent over me, laughed and said: "It'll be damned if you could do better!" It was Jack London. Having an artist friend who had espoused the Socialist cause (and, who, alas! through his admiration for London and his magnetic personality, later ruined both his health and his pocketbook,) I had heard of London's appearance at Yale, when he shook the foundation of things, or at least told his academic hearers that they were to be shaken, and London and I talked for half an hour of that event; and still I must smile, as I hear and see him again, in the corner of the car, striding and gesticulating, and picture to myself what a rumpus he created, when, clad in rough fannels and declaiming, perhaps with unpolished vehemence, in the stronghold of the staid old Congregationalists. "I gave them hell," said he, "for I told them that the time would come when the oppressed laborer would ransack and pull down the houses of the rich; and I guess they were sorry enough that they had ever invited me to their platform." It was the "War of the Classes" over again, a kind of forecast, also of the young Socialist's "Revolution." I had recently returned from another sojourn in Europe, and London was keen to know what I could tell him about his status as an author there. I had little to report from the continent, except that Germans, with their all-devouring mania for geographical knowledge, had shown an increasing interest in his tales depicting nature and wild life; though I think I also informed him of the Crown Prince's fancy for London's varied yarns; but I was able to assure him of the high regard in which the sport-loving Englishman, thanks to the publishing enterprise of the MacMillans and Heinemann, held his crisp, fresh work. London expected to alight at a certain station, and began to tell me the story, unpublished he said, of a dizzy-adventure at midnight near Charing Cross; but the conductor having suddenly informed him that he could change cars at an earlier point on the line, London grabbed his grip, the story was interrupted and—was never told!

Soon after the publication of the "Cruise of the Snark," in which London pays his tribute to the frail companion on that trip, his second helpmeet on life's journey, I chanced to spend another day with the steadily-sobering author. I had been hearing some interesting anecdotes at the Bohemian Club about his latest ventures in Sonoma county and the next day I found myself a fellow-passenger with him on a coast steamer. London, always affable though not profuse, was unusually cordial, and we lost no time in stowing ourselves away under a swinging lifeboat overlooking the sea. The sea, however, did not inspire him to talk—at least after we had finished discussing some of the difficulties attending his ill-fated South Sea expedition; that much-advertised, but ill-starred effort on which he evidently laid the foundation of those physical ills (if the roots of weakness and disease had not been planted earlier) which terminated so untimely his career. Though London never admitted as much to me, I have always thought that Stevenson's exploits in the South Seas must have stimulated him to his over-ambitious scheme; tempting him on to stake far more, while having less in stock, aside from his practical seamanship, than the more resourceful poet of Samoa could command. For Hawaii, he expressed an old-time affection, natural, perhaps, when one thinks of the attributes given a certain Hawaiian heroine in one of his hair-raising books; and he voiced a yearning to return to the islands—satisfied, I am happy to think, only a short time before he set sail, on his last voyage, to the Unknown Sea! Rather oddly, then, for one who might be expected to yield to the spell of the splashing waves below us, London drifted to a discussion of California and its literature, and gave his views, with his usual frankness, as to men and things in the Golden State. California is beginning to come to its own, he said; but the goal will be reached by a different route than most

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE)

CALIFORNIA, LAND OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS

Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

AT THE close of the fiscal year June 30, 1916, the assets of the State banks of California aggregated \$817,744,349.70. This showed an increase over the previous year of \$88,983,381.76. Individual deposits aggregated \$679,306,191.06, an increase for the year of \$97,896,167.87.

The Methodists of Southern California are out on a hot campaign to raise \$1,000,000 during the year 1917 for the University of Southern California. The purpose is to make this the third largest Methodist educational institution in the United States.

Dr. Frank C. Campbell, a dentist at Placentia, recently paid \$15,000 for twenty acres of orange land, giving him forty acres of orange land at Placentia. By another deal the doctor has acquired a ten-acre walnut grove near Puente.

Brains will tell, and California sunshine is as good for brains as for fruits or flowers. In a debate the other day at Stanford University the students of that institution won over the team from the University of Southern California. But mark—the Stanford team was made up largely of Los Angeles students.

Early estimates of the orange crop in Tulare county place the output at 6250 cars.

The Glendale women are co-operating with the Chamber of Commerce in a campaign to line all the streets with shade trees, and the pupils of the schools are enlisted in the work.

Brea is a new town in the north end of Orange county in the oil fields. It is ambitious to become a city. It would not be a Southern California town if it had not ambition, and this ambition is sure to be gratified. The history of all California towns is: Born yesterday, a success today, and a city tomorrow.

George McKee, a lima bean grower of Oxnard, held a bean crop for the last three years amounting to 12,000 sacks, and sold it the other day for \$75,131.

Tourists of the State should not leave California without visiting the exhibit of the products of the State in the Ferry Building at San Francisco installed by the California Development Board.

The mineral resources of Alaska are marvelous and apparently inexhaustible. From Ruby on the Yukon to Iditarod, a survey of the mineral resources of this district has been made, revealing, besides gold deposits, cinnabar, sulphide of mercury, cassiterite and oxide of tin. Moreover, there have been discovered deposits of stibnite or the sulphide of antimony, tungstate of calcium, and coal.

A big steam shovel manned by a large force of men is making dirt fly out on the Arroyo de las Posas in the northern part of the city of Los Angeles where the Pacific Electric Company is grading for car shops and clubhouse. There are to be removed 35,000 cubic yards of earth.

What a wonderful place Southern California is! Frost is a rare visitor here, and when he does come he comes in a very light shape. Jack's cold fingers, which tear the life out of things in other regions, are a blessing in disguise here very often, for the light frost that comes often develops the color in the orange crop, and some of the qualities of the fruit which make the orange more palatable and better for human food.

Down at El Centro, in the great Imperial Valley, many stockmen are now busy as mellers preparing for the great stock show to be held there December 29 to January 1 inclusive. This country, originally a desert, is now the second county in the State in butter output.

The city of San Diego, by an almost unanimous vote, approved the proposition to donate to the Federal government 500 acres of tide lands known as Dutch Flats on which to establish a marine and naval base. At the same election bonds to the amount of

\$682,000 were voted for the reconstruction of the Otay dam.

The State did well at the last election when it voted \$15,000,000 for State highway purposes, and Tulare, the big county in the San Joaquin Valley, is hotfoot after some of the money to construct fifty miles of road needed to complete the county system.

That was a great day for education in Los Angeles when ceremonies were held breaking ground for the new group of buildings for St. Vincent's College. This is the oldest educational institution in private hands in Southern California. The new group is to cost a total of \$1,000,000.

The Board of Supervisors of Riverside county has approved a plan of assessment for the Brownlands drainage district involving an expenditure of \$85,000.

The completion of the railroad from San Diego to Yuma may now be taken for granted. The Southern Pacific has joined hands with John D. Spreckels to put the improvement through.

Bright as the southern sunshine are the minds of the youth that grow up here. At a quiz at the State University recently Leo R. Moody of Southern California passed in the contest for the Rhodes scholarship at Oxford, Eng.

Western railroads have placed orders for new equipment amounting to nearly \$2,500,000. Among this equipment is an order for 500 automobile cars for the Salt Lake Railroad. Another important order was given by the Santa Fe for 500 tank cars, while the El Paso and Southwestern has ordered ten superheated Pacific type locomotives which weigh in working order 315,000 pounds. Right on the heels of this comes an order from the Salt Lake for 1500 box cars.

The kelp crop of the seas off Southern California is one of the most valuable crops of the section. The United States proposes to establish a kelp-products experimental station at Summerland in Santa Barbara county. The Federal government has made an appropriation of \$175,000 for this station. A St. Louis firm will be affiliated with this government work and spend an equal sum.

Up at Bishop in the Owens Valley a third bank is to be started. The man behind this project is E. A. Eastman, who has been a banker at Newkirk, Okla. Associated with him is his brother, J. S. Eastman. They sold their Oklahoma bank recently, and have bought a lot in Bishop on which they will put up a new bank building. The purchase of the lot and other holdings in Bishop cost \$55,000.

A bond issue of \$1,000,000 is proposed at Long Beach to cover the cost of erecting a steel and concrete five-story building to serve as an auditorium, city center and City Hall, and an entrance to the proposed new 2000-foot concrete pleasure pier.

H. F. Alexander, president of the Pacific Steamship Company, passing through Los Angeles the other day from San Diego on his way to San Francisco, looked over plans for the establishing of a municipal dock at the harbor of Los Angeles for the use of the company. The company has seven steamers in the freight service between Puget Sound and Los Angeles, making weekly trips from the North here, and as many more departures. With three arrivals and three departures each week on the San Diego run, the company will have a total of about ninety each month.

When recently the American Beet Sugar Company closed its mill at Chino after running twenty-four hours each day for 100 days, the output of the campaign totaled 221,817 hundred-pound sacks of granulated beet sugar for the season, turning out about 3300 sacks each day, the production being valued at \$2,477,677 at wholesale prices.

The Los Angeles Investment Company

under its new management has come into the possession of the Trinity Auditorium on South Grand avenue near the corner of Ninth street. In order to protect this property the company has just bought a lot adjoining it on the corner for \$110,000, or \$2000 per front foot.

A Tacoma shipbuilding concern has contracts for eight steel steamships of 8800 tons capacity each. In order to carry on the work the company has started enlarging the shipyards, to cost \$300,000. The company is capitalized for \$500,000, and will receive for the eight ships something like \$5,000,000.

The other day the Federal government called for a statement from all the national banks in the country. Los Angeles came to the fore in grand shape, with nearly \$5,000,000 increase in deposits since the last previous statement on September 12. The deposits of all the banks ran to \$92,283,080. Soon after the first of the year the deposits will run to a round \$100,000,000. The available cash in the banks showed an increase of only about \$4,000,000, indicating a good demand for money.

Tulare orange growers are jubilant over the condition of the market, as they are receiving \$2.85 net. Early navels have moved out of the county to the amount of about 400 cars, or 100 more than at the same time last year.

The enterprising citizens of Owensmouth, baby city in the San Fernando Valley, turned out the other day and plowed up the school grounds to help the Board of Education, which complained of a little shortage of funds.

Monrovia fruit shippers on November 25 had got out fourteen cars of navel oranges to meet the holiday trade in the Eastern States of the country and in Canada. The oranges of California are reported to be generally ripe at a very early date this season.

If the plans of the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' Association of San Jose succeed, the week of December 4 to 9 is to be known as prune week. The organizations plan to send out from 25,000 to 50,000 boxes of prunes at cost price, put up in attractive boxes bearing a Christmas greeting from the "Valley of Hearts' Delight." They urge that every one eat "five prunes a day, and keep the doctor away." It's mighty good advice for any one except the doctor.

The firm of Cookson & Walker is organized at Los Angeles Harbor to build wooden vessels from a canal boat to a passenger steamer. This is going backward to wooden ships, which were discarded about forty years ago when the English steel ships began to plow the seas. It is a result of the war, which has brought about a great scarcity of tonnage to do the world's freight carrying. At the present earning capacity of ships, these will pay for themselves over and over again before the war ends and the merchant marine of the nations can be rehabilitated.

The contractors who have a street-paving contract at Chino are busy at work. The contract calls for an expenditure of \$53,000.

Rice growing in California has become so big an industry that the rice men have formed an association. They will visit Washington when Congress meets in an effort to have an adequate tariff put on their product to enable them to overcome the competition of Japan, China and India rice produced at low wages. The Underwood tariff will render this impossible.

Peck & Hills Furniture Company have now machinery humming in their new ten-story building at the junction of Alameda, Alpine and San Fernando streets. The company began here fourteen years ago, and has added to its plant every year.

The recent election in the State has revealed the supremacy of the south over the north end of the State. The population is growing so rapidly down here that when the

next apportionment of Assemblymen and State Senators is made the South will have a big increase. Los Angeles county will also get another Congressman when the Federal classification is made for 1921. In the Tenth District in Los Angeles county nearly 130,000 votes were cast. This is twice the vote of three Congress districts in Northern California.

The government is busy on plans for a new government road in the Yuma Indian reservation in Imperial Valley just west of Yuma.

A new olive plant costing \$15,000 has been constructed at Fallbrook. The bringing of electric light and power from Oceanside by the San Diego Consolidated Gas and Electric Company has stimulated things at Fallbrook. Besides the olive plant a new citrus fruit packing-house has been erected at a cost of \$5000.

A municipal improvement district, No. 4 in the city of Los Angeles, organized the western part of the city into a drainage area. The work contemplated will call for an expenditure of \$1,000,000.

The City of Riverside Water Company has paid off the mortgage on its plant and now owns property valued at \$1,500,000, including the water rights.

John W. Eisenhuth has asked for a thirty-three-year lease on seventy acres at the north end of the west basin of the Los Angeles Harbor. He proposes to use the site as an automobile and gas-engine factory. He says it is his intention to erect large buildings equipped for the manufacture of 100,000 automobiles and trucks a year. The estimated cost of this will be \$2,068,000.

There are in the city of Los Angeles about 1500 apartment buildings, which house about 90,000 people.

The Imperial Date Growers is a new corporation capitalized for \$150,000, organized for the purpose of developing 320 acres of date land in the Imperial Valley and 200 acres in the Coachella Valley. They have just imported 4000 date palms from the Persian Gulf and Africa to put out upon their holdings.

By a trade, the northwest corner of Seventeenth and Hill streets, 120x120 feet in size, has been transferred recently at a given consideration of \$60,000. The corner is unimproved. The exchange consisted of a two-story seven-room house on Highland avenue, Hollywood, at a valuation of \$25,000, the balance being cash and mortgage.

It is now poinsettia time in Southern California, and thousands of door yards are ablaze with the scarlet blooms of this plant which flourishes in the land of the sun. Its shape and color have suggested a popular name for the flower, "the cardinal's hat." The Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood devoted the last three days of this week to a poinsettia show in which prizes were awarded for the largest flowers.

Much interest is manifested at Brawley in the Imperial Valley in the proposed building of a new road to connect Glamis with Blythe and Ehrenberg in Arizona.

Work has been begun at Riverside at the base of Little Rubidoux on a home to cost \$50,000 for B. D. Whiteside.

The Janss Investment Company during last week started five new bungalows in Ramona Acres, in the suburbs of Los Angeles.

Work is progressing rapidly on a new skyscraper to be erected by the Stability Building Company at the southwest corner of Third and Broadway. This will be one of the finest buildings in the city, devoted to a theater on the ground floor and studios on the other floors.

An apartment-house is about to be built on Alvarado street north of Sixth containing ninety rooms and costing about \$45,000.

THE WAKING UP OF OLD MANCHURIA.

Americans Already There. By Frederick Simpich.

AWAY up in northwest Asia—on top the vast map of China—lies the Province of Manchuria, old home of Mongols and Manchus, the kinfolk of Genghis Khan. But the day of the picturesque nomad chief is past. Since the wars of 1894 and 1905 a new era has dawned for this long dormant, little-known region. Today Manchuria is becoming one of the big, busy spots in the changing, restless East—and no region across the sea is of keener interest to Uncle Sam or to his trading firms on the Pacific Coast. Already the American trader has gained his foothold.

Today big Yankee engines are smorting and switching where once trod the lumbering, long-haired Mongolian camel; and flour mills of Yankee make now hum where once the nomad woman pounded her wheat in a hollow rock; or the plodding Manchu husband ground it in a rude mill drawn by blindfolded mules. And now the slant-eyed farmer, instead of scratching his field with a crooked stick, is turning up the deep, rich soil with a bright new plow made in Moline or Peoria. The hand sickle has made way for the harvesting machine from Milwaukee—drawn sometimes by wondering camels. American farm experts, loaned by Uncle Sam, have taught the natives around Harbin the first principles of scientific farming—an agricultural station—along American lines—has been established by the Chinese government.

It is a vast and tremendously rich country, this awakening Manchuria—rich in minerals, in farm products, in forests—and trade possibilities. And in the unprecedented world-trade fight which is to follow the great war in Europe—that fight for which the nations are already girding themselves—this Manchuria must be one of the battle grounds. Here Briton and Belgian, Jap and German, Yankee and Russ will meet, to compete for the fat trade that must go to somebody.

Already the Japanese, of course, are strongly entrenched. Probably over 100,000 of them have settled in the country. And at such Japanese centers as Dairen and Port Arthur, on the lower coast, ultra-modern and substantial cities have grown up. Dairen, with its well-kept streets, handsome dwellings and graded hill streets, is not unlike Tacoma. Were it not for the rickshas, the quaint dress of the people, and some of the strangely mis-spelled English words on shop signboards, you might easily mistake Oyama street (in Dairen) for the main thoroughfare of some bustling American city. One of these signs reads: "Bicycle-wheel for Sale;" another, "Barber-man cut here in hear." In the edge of town is an electric pleasure park—reached by street cars—a faithful prototype of the American "white city" or "Sans Souci," with a zoo, a doll-baby rack, band concerts, etc. And at Dairen—and Antung—Japanese exporters are busy, buying and selling. Millions of dollars' worth of soy beans alone are cleaned and sacked, and shipped to Europe, where they are made into oil and the oil sold largely to Uncle Sam. It is to divert this trade direct to our own shores—to send American-made goods direct to Manchuria and get in return this bean oil and other products—that Uncle Sam must set himself.

To get in closer contact with these eastern markets, to cut out the European middleman, is one of the tasks that confronts the Yankee exporter and importer who has his eye on Manchuria. But this will not be easy. They say at Antung eighty-two Japanese steamers enter and clear for only one from any other nation. Of course, Japan is close by, and this total includes small coasting steamers. But even at that, Japan has scores of trans-oceanic trading vessels, where we have practically none. For the thousandth time let it be written, that if Uncle Sam expects to hold his own in foreign trade and not be lulled to sleep by the fatuous thought that this wartime prosperity will last indefinitely he must take quick, sure steps to build up a merchant marine.

What the People Are Like.

Coming up from among the flat-chested, stoop-shouldered, whining coolies of South China, I was startled by the vigor, size and bold aggressiveness of these giant Manchus. In Hongkong the two-penny appren-

ticed clerk, fresh from London, mauls his ricksha coolies about at will with his malacca walking-stick; if he tried it on one of the brawny Mukden citizens, he'd probably get rolled in the chilly mud of the Manchurian highways. When our clumsy mule cart smashed its wheel, two Manchus seized the end of the fallen axle, pulled it from the mud and carried that whole side of the heavy cart as we drove out of the road and to a dry spot to make repairs.

These clumsy, two-wheeled, hooded carts are the chief means of country travel in Manchuria. Some of them have seven or eight mules or ponies attached to them, when the gully-like roads are worst. These roads have been used for so many centuries that in places they are worn deeply into the earth—worn so far below the level of the country alongside that going through them is like riding through a deep railway cut. Some carts can carry three tons; often the crude wheels have only three or four spokes and the tires are mere curved sections of iron spiked onto the rim. Frequently the driver has no lines, but guides his animals by profuse Chinese profanity and the use of a whip so long that he must use both hands to whirl the lash.

There are about 17,000,000 people in Manchuria, though probably not more than 12 per cent. are real Manchus. For years past a tremendous immigration tide has poured in, lured by rich land, minerals, forests, fine hunting and fishing—and driven north by famine in China proper. Russia, too, encourages her emigrants to go to Manchuria, and in the north—in the wheat and flour-mill belt—many moljiks are settled. Here Russian influence is plainly discernible. Many of the Chinese have learned the language of the Czar, and hundreds of young Chinese are employed by Russian business houses and banks. The droshky, or three-horse Russian carriage, is common. The booted man, with long belted coat and high fur cap, is met daily on the streets of the North Manchurian towns. In the public houses the samovar has made its appearance. It's the ideal tea-brewer, this Russian utensil. At its bottom is a small furnace fed with charcoal; a tiny chimney runs up through the metal cylinder which holds the water. At the bottom is a tap for drawing off hot water. The tea is taken straight, or maybe with sugar and vodka, or claret—never with cream.

The little-known "hairy Ainu" of Northern Japan are supposed to have been the aborigines of Manchuria. The Manchu dynasty itself was founded about 1625, by one Nurhachu, who made Mukden the capital. Until the Russian railway came, in 1896, few foreigners were seen in Mukden—and the people had little knowledge of the outside world. Until quite recent years, instead of studying foreign languages, money exchange, export trade and modern agriculture, as they do now, the Manchus were content with their old traditions, the Chinese classics and their religion. Buddhists they are—believing in the brotherhood of man—the religion of more than one-third of all the people in the world. Some of the Manchu legends are unique. Three beautiful maidens were bathing one day, says a certain legend, when a passing magpie dropped a ripe red apple to one of the girls. She ate it, and to her son was born, who became "Gloro the Golden," the leader of their race.

A Country Somewhat Like Ours.

If you should lay out a piece of land about 500 by 800 miles, between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, taking in Iowa, Nebraska, etc., you would have a region much like Manchuria. You find many of the same trees, grasses, fruits and vegetables here that grow in our own Middle West. Millet is extensively grown, as much as 3,000,000 tons a year being harvested. Formerly poppy culture was one of the main industries, but when the opium traffic was suppressed by the Chinese government the poppy fields were plowed up and planted to beans. Much fighting took place between native farmers and the troops when the anti-opium crusade was on. Often the soldiers would come in, by force, and destroy a poppy field, after having first overpowered its owner.

Among the peculiar products of Manchuria are horse tails. At New-chwang I saw a five-acre lot, fenced in and equipped

with what looked like grape or hop trellises; in fact, it was merely a trellis for accommodating horse tails. The tails are sorted and hung on this trellis to dry and be cleaned, before being baled and shipped to Europe. This dealer handled tons and tons, at about 45 cents a pound.

Four great wagon roads traverse Manchuria north and south, and have been in use for hundreds of years. From Port Arthur north via Mukden and Harbin runs the Manchurian railway, which connects with the great Russian trans-Siberian system. On the Antung-Mukden branch is a tunnel nearly a mile long, built by the Japanese. Many American locomotives and cars are used in Manchuria, but the railroad gauge is somewhat wider than the American standard. It is a wonderful train ride, this trip from Port Arthur—or Vladivostok—back to Moscow and Petrograd; practically one-fourth the way round the world. It has cost hundreds of millions—this double-track line, from the North Sea to the Japanese Sea—and its earnings are practically negligible. Someday, however, it may enable Russia to control the greater part of Asia. Already Russia's eastern port of Vladivostok has 50,000 people, a great share in the trade of North Manchuria, and is the salt water outlet for all products of the vast Amur River district. For 8000 miles the Amur and its tributaries are navigable—yet nobody, outside the Russians, know much of the enormously rich mineral and agricultural land drained by these streams.

Farm wages in Manchuria are low: \$4 a month is considered high wages to a coolie, a big, strong mule, that would bring \$200 in Des Moines or Fresno, can be had in Mukden for \$30.

Dog Skins and Tiger Bones.

Dogs are raised for their pelts in Manchuria. And when a girl marries, a favorite dowry is a dozen female dogs, with which to start a dog-skin business. When these dogs are killed, to avoid injuring the pelt they are usually choked to death. At New-chwang one dealer exports over 100,000 skins annually. Some of these hides are used in glove-making, and others go into "fox" furs.

Tiger bones are also an item of commerce, and are used by the Chinese in compounding certain remedies. Their superstition teaches that the man who takes tiger-bone medicine will be strong and brave, like the thick-haired, big-spotted cats of Manchuria.

The fur trade here is considerable. Game abounds on the steppes and in the mountains. Tigers, bears, wild boar, leopards, wolves, many kinds of deer, cats, foxes, sables and otters are all found. In the sloughs and shallow lakes of South Manchuria there are perhaps found more water-fowl than in any other part of the temperate zone. As your train rushes along over the trestles that cross these flats, ducks, geese, bustards, snipe and pheasants rise in clouds, blackening the horizon.

Fish abound in the Sungari and Liao rivers. The hide of one kind of salmon is so tough that clothing and shoes are made from it. In spawning time salmon have been known to crowd the streams so thickly that some of the fish were actually forced out onto the river bank. In winter these streams freeze over, and are used as highways for carts, sledges and "padzas"—a singular sort of sled whose rider propels it along over the ice by poling—using a pole with an iron spike in the end. Running with the wind, these padzas often attain considerable speed, using a sail, like an ice boat.

How the People Live.

Instead of sleeping in bed, in winter, as we do in the States, the Manchurian sleeps on the stove to keep warm. This is literally true, but he does not call his bed his stove. The bed is in reality a solid structure of mud and brick, with holes in its base for fire and flues for the escaping smoke. On its flat top is laid a mat of millet-straw, and the sleeper covers himself with sheepskins, the wool turned in. Not very clean or sanitary, but during a Manchurian blizzard, when the temperature goes far below zero, this warm bed is most welcome. In fact, you have to go to bed to keep warm. The mud-walled houses break the wind, but they are usually so full

of holes about the doors and oiled-paper windows that keeping them heated is impossible. This is true, of course, only in the country and small towns. The American traveler will find good, warm, clean hotels in all the bigger cities—lighted by electricity and fitted up with all conveniences.

In the winter you see frozen meats, rabbits, pigs, fish, deer, birds—and even frogs—offered for sale by peddlers. Wicker baskets, lined with oil paper, are used as tanks in which to peddle oil and rice wine.

Actual money is scarce and commerce is still largely a matter of barter. Instead of borrowing money from banks, in the smaller towns, the people patronize municipal pawnshops. These pawnshops loan money on animals, grain, produce, clothing, etc., and are often surrounded by a wall or palisade; armed guards are mounted on these walls to repel robbers. For years brigandage was the curse of Manchuria, but it is being gradually suppressed. Yet everywhere I saw flocks of prisoners, in chains, with tags on their necks. They were thieves, I was told. Stealing seems to constitute the principal crime.

Everybody smokes cigarettes. The Russians use their own, often rolling them themselves, using a large goosequill to form a long, slender smoke. Millions of cheap cigarettes, imported by a certain British-American firm are smoked by the natives. Patent medicines are popular and one form of remedy, a Japanese remedy called "jin-tan" is universally taken.

In the lumber districts coffin-making is an important industry, the output being shipped to great distances. The Chinese coffin is a clumsy affair of thick boards. The dead are buried on top of the ground and not down in a grave. In Manchuria, and other parts of China, a grave is simply a mound of earth. The coffin is placed flat on the ground, and the dirt heaped over it.

Kuan Cheng Tsu, a mud-walled town of 150,000, is built on a tributary of the Sungari River, and draws the nomad caravan trade from Mongolia. Into this medieval-looking city there crawls year after year long, crab-like camel trains from beyond the Gobi country. An odd article of commerce here is brick tea—which is a low-grade tea leaf pressed into solid bricks. Here in this same town is made a famous glue known as "a-cho," obtained by stewing donkey skins.

Uncle Sam Should Raise These Beans.

Riding through Manchurian towns your curiosity is aroused by the sight of thousands of thick, wheel-like objects, that seem at a distance to be grindstones. You see them piled on the wharves in long, orderly tiers, or stacked up like hot cakes in the edge of fields, near mills. On the rivers you see boatloads of them, and along the country roads you see cartloads. They look like grindstones, but they're not, they're soy bean cakes, cakes pressed from the meal of the bean, after the precious oil has been extracted.

These bean cakes make excellent stock feed, and are eaten by the Manchurians themselves when other foodstuffs are short. Usually, however, flour or cornmeal is mixed with the bean meal, before they make bread of it. In Japan the soy-bean oil is used for cooking purposes, and as the basis for certain sauces. Thousands and thousands of tons of this bean are produced every year in Manchuria and at Dairen alone there are more than fifty steam mills for the manufacture of bean oil. Throughout the Manchurian towns hundreds of crude horse-driven native mills are in operation. Oil carts, rigged up with a tank built of wicker and lined with tough oil-paper are used to transport the product. The oil itself is greatly used in the soap factories of America and Europe.

It is a tremendous money-maker, this wonderful soy bean, and it is worth far more consideration by the American farmer than it seems to have had. It is said that in Tennessee, in New Mexico and on the Mexican west coast, some attention has been given to soy-bean crops. But it seems the enormous demand in this country for bean oil should encourage us to greater efforts at its production. In Manchuria the beans are planted in rows about three

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN.

An Astonishing Discovery. By Mabel Herbert Uerner.

"SEE here, I just took that blooming stuff," growled Warren, as Helen approached the bed with a bottle and teaspoon.

"Why no, dear, you took a dose at nine—ten now," measuring out the brownish liquid.

"Doping me up every hour," as he gulped it down with a grimace. "Taken enough already to start a pharmacy."

"Wait, let me turn your pillows. There, isn't that cooler? Now you're to have some nourishment," cheerfully. "Chicken broth or milk toast?"

"That's a bum choice," with a contemptuous shrug. "I'm sick of slops."

"You can have a little rice in the broth," coaxingly, "and some of the breast chopped fine."

"I'd like a chance at a good thick stricture," turning over with a grunt.

Soothingly Helen smoothed the covers, lowered the shades a few inches and went out to heat the broth. When she came back, he was lying on the very edge, the covers half off and his arms flung out in restless protest.

"Oh, dear, you must keep covered! You'll only take more cold. Now drink this while it's nice and hot," spreading a napkin on the bed.

"No you don't," ungraciously, as she started to feed him.

"Then wait; I'll give you another pillow. Oh, be careful, that's a clean sheet! There," drawing the clean napkin up under his chin. "Is it seasoned right? Would you like more salt?"

But Warren, in sullen, resentful silence, gulped down the broth.

"See if that confounded bag's leaking. Feels like it."

"No, it's all right," as she felt the hot water bottle at his feet. "But it's not very warm," taking it out to refill it.

It was the second day that he had been in bed with tonsillitis. Though but a slight attack, there was some fever, and the doctor had insisted on a liquid diet. Fumingly impatient at having to stay home from the office, Warren made a trying, rebellious patient.

"Now, if I darken the room, don't you think you can take a nap?" Helen replaced the bottle at his feet.

"Ouch! What the Sam Hill!"

"Oh, is it too hot? I'll put it between the blankets—there!" Then tucking back the bed clothes, "Now, don't you think you can sleep?"

"No, I don't," irritably. "If I sleep all day—can't sleep tonight."

"Shall I read to you?"

Taking his surly grunt for a desire to be read to, Helen brought in several magazines and drew a chair to the bed.

"A Retarded Romance," by Katherine Ford Moore. She writes rather well. Shall I try that?"

"Not on me!"

"The Chastening of Little Tommy Miliken."

"One of those children's stories for the middle-aged, eh? Well, pass it up!"

"Triple Crossed, a Detective Story," by F. B. Craig.

"Take a chance on that."

But the story began with the threadbare situation of an aged millionaire found murdered in his bed by his valet, with no clue to the murderer. The wayward nephew, heir to the fortune, and the beautiful young ward were also reminiscences familiar. After several columns of seemingly purposeless description, Helen looked up to find Warren asleep.

Softly she tip-toed from the room, noiselessly closing the door.

There was so much to be done. She had neglected everything to wait on him. If only he would sleep now until she could do the ordering and get things straight before the doctor came.

But in a few minutes the telephone shrilled out. It was Warren's stenographer, phoning that Mr. Halsey was there asking about some briefs.

"Mr. Curtis is asleep," in a cautious undertone. "I can't disturb—"

"What's that?" yelled Warren from the bedroom. "That the office?"

Helen reluctantly called in the message.

"Halsey? Oh, I've got to speak to him," throwing back the covers.

"Dear, you mustn't get up," excitedly. "You know what the doctor said."

But Warren was already out of bed shuffling into his slippers.

"Hello! That you Halsey? . . . Yes, I'm laid up for a couple of days—tonsillitis. . . . Yes, that case is on the calendar for the fifteenth, but I'm having it held over."

"Say you'll call him up tomorrow," whispered Helen, trying to wrap about him his long dressing gown, while he impatiently elbowed her off.

She had hardly got him back to bed, and was covering him up with anxious admonitions, when the doorbell rang and Jane announced, "Mrs. Edwards."

"Carrie!" gasped Helen. Then hastily, "Show her into the library. Say that she can see Mr. Curtis in just a few minutes."

Snatching from the chiffonier drawer a suit of fresh pajamas, Helen darted to the bed.

"Here, dear, quick—let me help you!"

"What's the matter with these?" belligerently. "Put 'em on yesterday."

"Oh, they're all rumpled! Just the coat then—dear, please! I want you to look fresh and clean for Carrie."

"Well, you can doll up when you're sick, but I'll be hanged if I'll be spruced up every time anybody calls. Let her come in!"

Warren hopelessly obdurate, Helen was now dashing about, putting the room in hasty order. Nothing had been done that morning!

With a napkin she dusted off the table, chiffonier and window sill, picked up a feather and some threads from the rug, smoothed the covers, straightened the pillows, thrust Warren's slippers under the bed, his dressing gown into the closet, then breathless, glanced scrutinizingly about.

"For the love of Mike, why the hurry? It's only Carrie," scowled Warren, who could never realize that Helen would rather have any one else see the house in disorder.

"Now, dear, don't talk to her long; you know how it hurts your throat," as with a final adjusting of the covers, she started into the library.

"Why didn't you phone us?" was Carrie's first query. "I didn't know a thing about it until Lawrence got home last night."

"It's really only a heavy cold," parried Helen, who, dreading the critical supervision of Warren's family, always kept from them any slight illness.

In Warren's room, his sister took the chair beside the bed with her most officious now—that I'm here—you'll have proper attention air.

"Why, you've quite a little fever," feeling his forehead. "And you have that draught blowing right on the bed?"

"Oh, I'm used to that," shrugged Warren.

"Well, that's just what's given you tonsillitis." With a sternly rebuking glance at Helen, Carrie rose and shut the window with a bang.

The question of fresh air had been always a debated one between Helen and Warren's family, all of whom had a deep-rooted horror of "draughts."

"What are you taking for nourishment?" Carrie drew her chair nearer.

"Only slops," with a grimace.

"Well, I brought some calf's foot jelly," giving Helen the pink-stringed package. "He can have that, I know. Keep it on ice," instructively.

Though she knew Warren would touch nothing sweetish when he was ill, Helen accepted the jelly and instructions with murmured thanks.

"What's the doctor giving you? Oh, is

this the spray?" Carrie took the atomiser from the table. "Yes, that's very good," sniffing it. "That's what Lawrence used last winter."

It was now 11, time for the hourly medicine. Helen shook the bottle of brownish liquid, poured out a spoonful, which Warren gaped at, then swallowed, washing it down with water.

Taking up the bottle, Carrie smelt the cork and read the label.

Why, this says, 'A teaspoonful in half a glass of water.'

"But he won't take it in water," exclaimed Helen.

"Not on your life," exploded Warren. "One gulp of that rotten stuff is all I'll stand for. I'll not have it made into a Tom Collins."

"Well, what's the use of having a doctor if you don't follow his orders?" insisted Carrie with her most dictatorial air.

"What's the diff whether I take the water with or after? The frapping's done in my tummy."

"It may be too strong to take undiluted; you can't tell what's in it. I shall certainly speak to the doctor about it, if Helen doesn't."

"Now, see here, Carrie, you can bulldoze the rest of the family," giving his pillow an irascible punch, "but don't try it on me."

"You always were irritable when you were ill," Carrie rose with offended dignity. "I'll call up in the morning. By that time I hope you'll be better and more amiable."

"It's so hard for him to stay in bed," apologized Helen, as, inwardly exultant, she followed her combative sister-in-law to the door.

"Well, you ought to see that he takes his medicine the way it's ordered," was Carrie's parting shot.

Coming back, Helen perched on the edge of the bed with a conciliatory:

"Now, dear, what'll I get you? Would you like some of the calf's foot jelly?"

"No, I wouldn't!" with an emphasizing kick at the hot water bottle.

"Shall I beat up an egg in some nice hot bouillon?"

"Sounds a little better. Put up that window as you go out. Carrie's too confounded officious."

"Then I haven't taken such bad care of you?" purringly, laying her cool cheek against his fever-flushed face. "I'm a fairly good nurse?"

"Could be worse." Then shrugging her off, "Here, stop throwing bouquets at yourself, and chase in that broth!"

[Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.]

Cat That Trapped Coyotes.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO.)

round and round the pole, talkin' pretty easy to Jed in the cat lingo. Jed didn't pay no 'tention to his cousin, but set the traps round jest out of Tom's reach. Then the cat seemed to get the idee, for he laid down by the pole, an' never raised no row when Jed left him there.

"That night there was the dad-burndest yellin' an' cussin' in coyote-land that Jed ever heard. The next morning he found seven coyotes an' some mangled toes in his traps—but none o' them was the big feller. Old Tom was restin' peaceful-like on the maintop with a look of onwee on his count'nance which said plain as day: 'This is too, too easy; it's really a shame the way they fail for it.'"

"Jed had great pickin's. Whenever the coyotes got leary of a place, he'd move the pole an' give Tom a few days' rest, lettin' him play the cottonwood-tree game jest to keep 'em stirred up. It was 'maxin' how sharp that cat got! After one coyote was caught, and t'others was standin' off in a circle watchin' the antics of their trapped brother, Tom'd come down to the ground and walk round callin' 'em all the coward names he could lay his tongue to. Then they'd get so rasped up, they'd forget all about the traps an' make a dash. Tom'd wait till they got pretty close, then up the pole he'd go, the iron ring slippin' along behind him.

"Well, why should I give all the harrowin' details of that coyote slaughter? Let it be enough when I tell you Jed begin

to look ahead to gov'ment bonds an' gilt-edge securities. The gal in Maine got closer 'n closer with every scalp. An' one day Jed set down an' writ her a letter, sayin' as how he'd plant his foot on the turf o' Maine jest as soon as he'd caught a certain cantankerous old coyote.

"One cold mornin' he went out as usual to gather in his scalps. Long 'fore he got to the pole he saw that he had only one coyote, but he let out a wild yell of joy when he see it was the big feller. In his excitement he failed to notice anything else until he'd laid the big rascal out, then he looked up to offer Tom congratulations.

"There set old Tom on the maintop with a most accusin' look on his face. His tail was hangin' by a scrap o' skin. Jed found where the ring had caught on a small splinter. That had delayed old Tom jest long enough for the big coyote to get one nip at him. That nip missed old Tom's body, but made him a member of the bob-cat class for the rest of his days."

The next morning I rode out with Weston. Near noon we pulled into a pretty little meadow in the center of which stood a flower-embowered cottage. As we rode up an alert, athletic-looking man greeted Weston heartily. We dismounted, and I shook hands with Jedirah Tamby, forester, and two roly-poly little chaps that tumbled about his legs. He insisted that we stay to dinner.

Later, as we went up the front steps, Weston nudged me. On a hand-worked cushion, blinking sleepily in the sun, lay a large well-nourished cat, showing signs of age. He was minus a tail.

Inside I met a jolly, apple-cheeked woman, wife of our host. Before we sat down to a good game-flavored dinner, I noticed that she carefully, and somewhat reverentially, I thought, fed the old cat choice bits of venison. While eating, I happened to glance above the fireplace and could not repress a sudden start. I saw Weston grin.

In an ornate glass case on the wall reposed a cat's tail and just above it a huge scalp that was either that of a wolf or a coyote.

World's Biggest Bible.

In 1857 Mindo-min, King of Burma, erected a monument near Mandalay called the Kutho-daw. There he built 700 temples, in each of which there is a slab of white marble. Upon these 700 slabs is engraved the whole of the Buddhist Bible, a vast literature in itself, equal to about six copies of the Holy Scriptures.

This marble Bible is engraved in the Pali language, thought to be that spoken by Buddha himself, 560 B. C.

If His Majesty Mindo-min thought to perpetuate in this way the teaching of the great Buddha he nourished a vain ambition. The climate of Burma is moist, and its effects have already wrought havoc on the surface of the white marble, and there is a partial effacement of some of the Burmese characters in which the Pali text is engraved.

This is certainly the largest known copy of any portion of literature. Even the "National Encyclopedia" of China, 5000 volumes, takes a comparatively small space. To reach the other end of the limits of the printers' and engravers' art we need

only remember the "Smallest Bible in the World" and the Diamond editions of Catulus, Tibullus and Propertius.

To engrave the Bible of Buddha on the marble slabs in the temples of Kutho-daw must have cost many thousands of dollars; but these sermons in stone are easily outlasted by a copy of the New Testament which, beautifully printed, can be bought for an insignificant sum.

A High-priced Beefsteak.

Probably the highest price ever paid for a beefsteak was that charged at Circle City, Alaska. The first steak that ever reached that town is said to have sold for something like \$48 a pound. There were ten pounds of this steak, which was shipped 250 miles to Circle City. When the owner of the precious bit of meat reached the camp the miners turned out in a body to see it. It was placed on exhibition, and attracted as much attention as if it were the rarest of gems. Everybody wanted a piece of it, and the prices offered were such as would have resulted in a mining camp quarrel if it had not been for the discretion of the owner, who decided to raffle the steak off for the benefit of a hospital that Bishop Rowe was trying to establish for the miners at Circle City.

Bids were started at \$5 a pound and rose briskly to \$35. Finally, in order to avoid complications, it was determined to sell tickets at prices from 50 cents to \$2.50 for the privilege of drawing for a slice. After \$480 worth of tickets had been sold, the drawing began, and, to the relief of those in charge of the sale, no trouble resulted.

Dec. 2, 1916.]

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

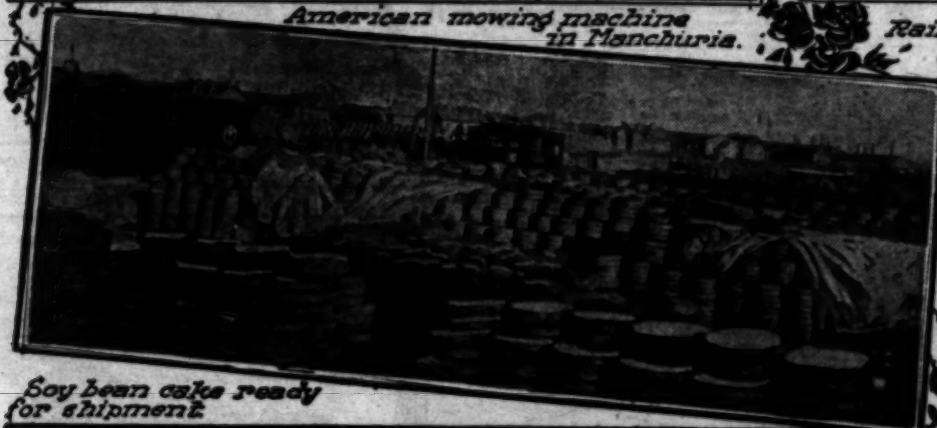
Some of the Things to be Seen in Manchuria Today.



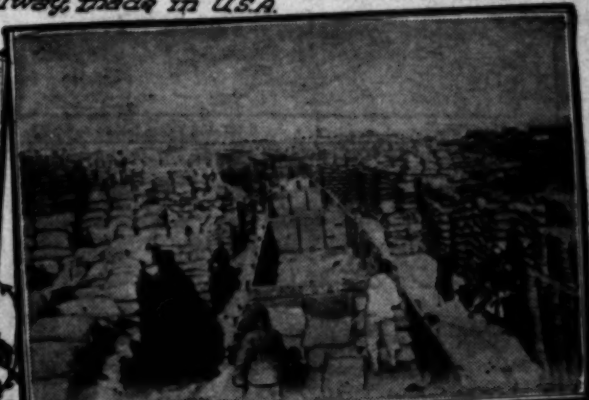
*American mowing machine
in Manchuria.*



*Inspection car on Manchurian
Railway, made in U.S.A.*



*Soy bean cakes ready
for shipment.*



*Loading beans into
switch cars.*



Part of China Street, Port Arthur.



'Peking' cart used in Manchuria



Oyama Street, Dairen.



Young Manchurians

LIFE OF THE YOUNG MEN OF THE NAVY.

Our Jackies. By Edwin Tarrisse.

NOWADAYS every ship in the United States Navy is a big school. The enlisted man of today is afforded every opportunity to learn a useful calling and to develop whatever talent he may possess in a special direction, whether it be in gunnery or in music. The new navy has brought into existence a totally new type of sailor-man, as different from the seaman of other days as is the modern gun compared with the old ship armament. The government has, it is claimed, made a sea life attractive, and the result is that not only has Uncle Sam more men at sea today than ever before, but has practically rendered obsolete the traditional sea-dog who spent his shore leave carousing in dives and raising Cain generally.

Today one may take an excursion through the "tough quarters" in search of Jack ashore and find him not. You may encounter one or two of him, of course, for his costume makes him stand out from the land-lubberly crime, but the dive, the 10-cent saloon, and like resorts, see him but rarely. Instead you are apt to find him in places of amusement that appeal to the normal, decent young man who has a good job and respects himself.

In the old days the navy was composed of a little of everything. There were many foreigners—Norwegians, Swedes, Germans, English, Irish and even a few Portuguese. There were a lot of former fishermen from Gloucester; a horde of recruits from the merchant service; there were whalers from New Bedford; there were men who had gone to sea in coastwise vessels, who had crossed the Pacific and had made many a trip to South America. There were fellows of whom few questions were asked, men who followed the sea from a spirit of adventure, or who had tired of their former sea lives and enlisted in the navy because they sought a change and were not lured by an existence upon land with its laws and restrictions.

They were a rough lot, but no matter what their shortcomings, they showed a degree of personal courage that commanded admiration. They had to battle with the elements and depend more upon their individual strength and hardiness than the modern marine or bluejacket, who is a part of a great organization and has a specialized

duty. The old type of uproaring, rum-drinking, carousing, yarn-spinning sea-follower passed with the sails and the tar-splattered ratlines. He was a picturesque character and pertained to a day to which he was well suited; but in the era of the wireless telegraph, the turret gun, the semaphore, electric equipment of all kinds, and every detail of a big battleship of today, his talents would be largely wasted, and naturally he has been superseded by the clean-built young fellow of fair intelligence, good manners and wholesome tastes.

From the start of the reconstructed navy, in 1884, the conditions began to change. Now by far the great majority of enlisted men are drawn from our own country. Many of them come from inland States and get their first sight of salt water after their enlistment. The farm lands of Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska and Indiana furnished thousands of recruits to the navy, a wholesome type of lad that has helped to raise the standard to its present fine showing.

There is, it is safe to say, a fascination about sea life that is felt by almost every man at some period of his life. And, aside from all its spectacular features and even its patriotic aspect, there is much to attract any sound and normal lad, under the new methods Uncle Sam uses in making a man-o'-warman. Today the bluejacket is well clothed, well fed, well paid and well cared for in every respect. He has a chance to climb to the top of the service and there are some seven or eight instances of enlisted men reaching the rank of captain.

Illiterates are not taken into the service, but if one can read and write, is between the ages of 17 and 35 years, passes the physical examination, has a height of five feet two inches to six feet three inches and weighs between 115 and 175 pounds, he is eligible. The apprentice seaman draws \$17.60 a month. After four months at a training station he goes aboard ship and enters the list of ordinary seamen, where he draws \$20.90 a month. At the expiration of a year he is advanced to the title of seaman, at \$26.40 a month. If he passes the necessary examinations. From this point on in his advancement it is up to him to reach the third-class petty officer grade,

which pays \$33 monthly. Then comes petty officer of the second class. In another year he is eligible to promotion to first-class petty officer with pay that ranges from \$49.50 a month to \$55. After a year of this, he may become chief petty officer at \$77 a month, if he is recommended for promotion by an examining board.

The Navy Department itself issues this perpetual appointment, which cannot be revoked except by court-martial, which is only one way of saying that if he attends properly to his duties in this office, he may keep it so long as he lives, even if he goes no higher. When a chief petty officer has been in the naval service for seven years an examining board can advance him to warrant officer, which carries yearly pay of \$1500 to \$3000. There is nothing at this point to deter him from rising through the different ranks of commissioned officer.

An education in any mechanical line is awaiting the lad who is willing to develop his natural taste in any such branch by entering the navy, which is today one vast and many-graded school. Every large battleship carries thirty or more electricians. Here, then, is a capital chance for the boy who wishes to take up this fast-developing art. A third-class electrician gets \$33 a month; second-class, \$44; first-class, \$55, and chief electrician, \$66 to \$77, and these latter are in line for promotion to the rank of gunner, at a salary of \$1500 to \$2400 a year. Chief machinists are paid about the same as chief electricians and have the same chance of advancement. The machinists' school at Norfolk is open to them all. The clerical force of the navy is called the "yeomen," and here is quite a different line of work open to the lad whose tastes lead him more to books.

The list of opportunities is very extensive, when one considers the carpenters, plumbers, painters, blacksmiths, coppersmiths, shipfitters, and boiler-makers, stewards, cooks and bakers that are required in the huge menage of one of Uncle Sam's big battleships. It seems as if any young man might be suited who wishes to follow the sea, with its vast opportunity for regular, systematic living, the chance for world-wide travel and regular pay. There is even a government savings bank on every man-of-

war in the United States Navy. Here the thrifty sailor boy may make deposits, receive a book and draw his 4 per cent. interest, the same as in any good bank ashore. There is a postoffice system aboard all the large vessels, through which the jackie has as safe a postal service as he could ashore.

The bluejacket's money is practically free and clear of all expense. Medical and hospital attendance are his for the needing always while at sea, and in different parts of the country are other hospitals for special ailments, such, for instance, as the United States Hospital for the treatment of rheumatism, at Hot Springs. There is a refuge in Colorado for those suffering from lung trouble. Enlistment is for four years, at the end of which period, the sailor may re-enlist at increased pay.

The young man of the sea today represents the American people. In the old days he belonged to a separate profession, was judged by separate standards and was largely a law unto himself. He differed in a hundred ways from the landlubber. Nowadays he doesn't, except that he is a better athlete than the average lad, is invariably more or less of a mechanic and often a skilled man in any one of a dozen crafts, has a well-trained mind and body and belongs to an organized fraternity of clean young fellows like himself.

The man who goes to sea must endure separation from his people, which is not very agreeable in the average case; he must learn how to exist in restricted space, though so far as that goes, so has the dweller on land who lives in an apartment; he is under military discipline, but that is a fine thing for any boy; he has to stand by his job, even though he has a "fight with the boss." All these things may be unpleasant at times, but they certainly teach self-control and steadiness of purpose that stand the boy in mighty good stead in later life. He must undergo the torments of seasickness, to be sure, and of homesickness, which is worse, perhaps, but the traveler on a pleasure trip at sea invites both these ailments and pays for them. On the whole, the twentieth century sailor is a composite creation—part college boy, part business man, part adventurer (just a little,) part patriot, and wholly a good and useful citizen of the world.

The Cat That Trapped Coyotes by a Novel Method.

BY OSCAR H. ROESNER.

JOHNNIE WESTON, seasoned old forest-ranger, is something of a joker. In the light of what I saw the next day, was he joking when he told this story? He swears that he was never more serious in all his life. I am unable to decide. What is your candid opinion, sharp-witted reader?

"Several years ago," began Weston, as we sat cheerfully smoking before the campfire after supper on our first evening together, "I knowed a feller from the State o' Maine by the name of Tamby—Jed Tamby. Jed had come out West to make his fortune an' then go back an' marry a gal he'd left behind him. There wa'n't hardly nothin' Jed hadn't tried his hand at, but the fortune never seemed to come nigh enough fer him to get a grip onto it.

"Every time he tackled something new, he'd write to the gal in Maine that now he was dead bound to strike it. But he wouldn't. At last he give up writin', but the gal writ regular twice a year, sayin' as how she was 'still a-waitin' and hopin'."

"After awhile Jed got so blamed ornery he wouldn't do nothin' else but trap. At first he done pretty well at it, then as he got lazier 'n' lazier, an' the game got sca'cer 'n' sca'cer, he was hard put to it to get pelts enough to buy winter grub. But he got the two letters a year jest the same from the gal in Maine: one in the spring when the flowers was beginnin' to peep, an' t'other in the fall about Thanksgiving."

"When he first started trappin' he used to go after bear and wolves an' foxes an' beaver, but finally he got down to straight coyotes—them being the only varmints he'd set traps for. Some way or 'nother he had it in fer coyotes. 'Sides the hide he got

\$2.50 bounty from the State, and the same from the sheep-men.

"'Long about this time a cowboy give him a young cat one day that grewed into a long, lean, lank, tearin' devil of a cat. But old Tom—that's what he called the cat—was the apple o' Jed's eye, an' he never got tired of talkin' 'bout his fine p'lnts to anybody that happened along. And Tom set as much store by Jed as Jed did by him. It got so that when you saw one you could bet on it that t'other wa'n't far away. Tom always went along, jest like a dog, when Jed was makin' the round of his traps. The cat'd generally amuse himself by pouncin' on gophers an' birds—an' suchlike animals.

"So things went along, Jed makin' less 'n' less, an' settin' round the cabin more 'n' more, talkin' foolishness to old Tom, who always stood for it. An' the coyotes kept gettin' thicker 'n' thicker as more muttons pastured in that section.

"One day though, when Jed and Tom was out wanderin' round, Jed got some roused up at findin' a coyote track that was bigger'n all get-out—for a coyote. And when he come onto the carcasses of five sheep with their throats snipped, he was 'roused more'n he'd been fer some whiles. The old fightin' spirit got back into his blood, and he begin to scheme out ways fer nallin' that feller's hide on his cabin door. He got so blamed wound up in schemin' he clean forgot old Tom, who was 'way behind layin' for an old gopher to show himself at the door of his underground bunge-low.

"About sundown Jed heard a tremenjus coyote yappin' 'way back on his trail. Then he ketches sight of several coyotes, with a monster in the lead, chasin' some little animal that was streakin' it fer a bunch of

cottonwood on the bank of a dry creek. He watched the race without much interest, only wishin' he was nigh enough to get a whack at the old chap in front, who was leavin' t'others far behind. Jed begin to think it was all off with the little cuss, but when it reached the creek, ker-whink it went up one of the cottonwoods.

"Then that bonehead nearly had a fit. In a flash he knew it was old Tom who had clawed the bark not a mite too soon. Then he went into action like a Comanche Indian—shootin' an' yellin'. Them coyotes hit the bresh pretty pronto. Old Tom jest sprawled on a dead limb an' 'joyed hisself till the coast was clear, then he come down, rubbed agin' Jed's leg, an' remarked in cat language: 'That old bucko come pretty nigh gettin' a sample of cat-tail that clip. What in blazes made you leave me in the lurch?' Jed hung his head fer awhile, but finally told Tom how it was, and swore the whole coyote tribe was nothin' but a pack of thievin' cowards. Tom forgave him then.

"And say! after that episode old Tom took special delight in lingerin' behind when he was dead sure there was a cottonwood handy. But he was mighty careful about gettin' any more close shaves like the first one. And as fer them coyotes! the more Tom tantalized 'em, the madder an' more reckless they got. Several got so blamed careless in chasin' Tom that they run right into a steel trap 'fore they knowed it. Once they got so all-fired hot up at Tom, as he jawed 'em from a cottonwood limb, they forgot all about danger, and Jed got nigh enough to settle two's hash with his rifle.

"But the big feller was too foxy to be caught nappin'."

"So the little game went on fer a time,

Jed takin' deeper 'n' deeper intrust as the dollars begin to roll in. His sportin' instincts an' fightin' spirit got up to par once more, an' he made up his mind to go at them coyotes hard. The big coyote had worked up an 'n'viable reputation as a death-dealer to sheep, an' the sheep-men was offerin' \$50 fer him 'dead or alive,' as the sayin' is. Jed worked all the tricks he knowed to bag him, but each one fizzled. Then one evenin' an' idea shot through his skull-pan so speedy it almost busted his thinkin' machine. That night he dreamt he hugged fifty plunks to his breast and saw a raft of coyote scalps turnin' into five-dollar pieces. For the first time in two years he dreamt too of the gal in Maine, and 'magine he was a boy agin, takin' her to a sleighin' party an' stealin' his first kiss.

"Right after breakfas' the next day Jed went to the blacksmith shop at the stage station. There he got a short chain an' fastened a small leather collar to one end and an iron ring to t'other. Then he got a pole somethin' over ten foot long an' nailed a board six inches square on one end of it. When he got back home, he took a maul, an' straddlin' his old skate, rode out to a section where the old coyote had huntin' preserves. Here, by standin' up on his haas, he managed to drive the pole into the ground solid, after he'd slipped the ring of the chain on it. Old Tom was along an' had his usual race with the yaller boys, but Jed didn't pay no 'tention, 'cept to be sure Tom went back to the cabin with him.

"Jest fore sundown Jed give Tom a good big feed, then took him an' a whole slew o' traps out to the pole. He fastened the collar about the cat's neck. Tom didn't take kin'ly to it at first, but kept walkin'

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE.)

Dec. 2, 1918.]

LIFE OR THE DREAM-WORLD OF HAPPINESS.

The Forest of Arden. By Julia Norton McCorkle.

"I've always thought of you simply as a friend, Nell. Love has never entered into the question with me at all."

As he made the statement Lynn Davis kept his eyes studiously fastened on the distant mountain range. He did not glance around to note the effect upon the girl who sat beside him on the grassy hillside.

Apparently as similar to him in her momentary interest as in the idea which she was expressing, the girl did not swerve from her contemplation of the same dark range. She answered in a low, steady voice.

"We've promised to be perfectly frank, Lynn. Why, it's always been just chums with me, too. I never dreamed of your loving me."

The wide-spreading live oak behind them was scarred with initials and the hearts that protectively closed them in. More than once had the old, old story been told on that hillside, but never before in the negative. When people do not love it is usually sufficient not to mention it, but here were a man and a girl who thought it necessary to take a long spring afternoon to explain to each other this non-existence of the gentle passion.

"People always scoff," the girl continued slowly, "at the idea of platonic friendship between a man and a woman, but I am sure it is possible."

"Our case seems to prove it, doesn't it, Nell? And why shouldn't there be friendship? Is the similarity of intellectual tastes and enjoyment so small a thing that there cannot be a purely intellectual friendship between men and women?"

"Old Plato must have known," Nell answered, daring for the first time to look at things a little closer than the mountains, now that the conversation had passed the high tide of searching personalities.

Since the world began, youth has pledged its faith in platonic friendship; and age, looking back with clearer vision, has laughed at the mistaken impressions of its own youth.

For a long time after that they sat silent, until the distant mountains purpled in the evening haze and the canyons and crevices showed as dark streaks along the sides. For a long time there was only the gentle, rustling sound of some linnets in the bushes near by. The long shadows were creeping across the grassy hillside and the bells of the returning cattle were heard in the valley when Nell reached for her gloves and the blue cluster lilies they had gathered on the ascent, and remarked in an animated tone which belied the dreamy look that had just vanished from her eyes:

"Back to the city now, Lynn. Platonic friendship's taboo in the Forest of Arden."

"I don't believe a real man could live very long in the Forest of Arden. There isn't enough of life there," Davis answered as they started down the trail.

"The modern woman, too, wants life and not a dream world of happiness," Nell said, seriously.

As he helped her into the waiting automobile at the foot of the hill, Lynn brought the afternoon's discussion to a close.

"Then since you're willing to forget the way I've acted, you'll consent to let things go on in the same way until I go north this summer. You're very good to me. I wouldn't blame you if you cut our friendship short right now; but if you're willing, I'd like to show you how much I appreciate it, in this month before I go away."

"Yes," Nell answered, "people won't think so much about it if things are different after the summer vacation. We're stronger friends than ever since we've explained it all, aren't we?"

It had been a case of the world's thinking more than the people concerned. Interested friends had taken the supposed love affair in hand. Masculine ones had filled Davis's head with the most exaggerated ideas of Nell's attitude toward him. Feminine ones had found the most direct means of attack in the simple formula: "Why, Nell dear, can't you see? He's just making a little fool of you?" The result had been a sudden accession of dignity on Nell's part, and Davis had supplicated for a chance to explain.

After that their friendship took a new lease of life. They were joyously free and unembarrassed in the security of their platonic friendship. Davis's manner took on an

air of deferential tenderness that had been lacking in the months of misunderstanding. They flaunted the sureness of their friendship in the face of that masculine well-meant who had brought about their difficulties. They gloried in the freedom and frankness of their comradeship, feeling that they had discovered the ideal relationship between man and woman. They were Plato's disciples, but the world thought them engaged.

As the day for Davis's departure approached, the spontaneity of their friendliness lessened. Nell felt a constraint lest her attitude should seem to expect a continuance of the old intimacy beyond the date set for its close. Davis read her constraint as an intimation that he was not to presume to overstep the date set.

Without any conscious effort to secure such an effect, the parting between Davis and Nell, the night before Davis left for the north, had such an air of finality that each felt it as the definite closing of an interesting episode. Although both experienced a sensation of regret, there was in the memory of each the clear statement of the other's protestations that it was only a question of friendship.

That summer a childhood friend returned from a four years' absence at college in the East. Nell daily listened, during their hours of tennis, to his rhapsodies about the girl of his heart.

"I say, Nell dear," he said one day, in the free and easy manner permitted a man who has witnessed, since first acquaintance, the ascent of one's hair and the descent of one's skirts, "what's all this I hear about you and Lynn Davis?"

"How do I know what you've heard, Bobby?" Nell answered, starting off for the ball she had just sent into a flower border.

"Oh, you'll not get away so easily," Bobby answered, leaping over the flower hedge and capturing the ball. "Account for yourself. Everywhere I go I hear about you. They tell me you're engaged. You—whom I've considered private property since I first wore—er—"

"Romperst" Nell queried sweetly. "You were a cunning little boy."

"Cunning? Lots you remember about that. Trying to make me think you were grown up when I was that age. You know I'm a whole month older."

"I've always told you, Bobby, little boy, that a boy must be two or three years older to have the age and wisdom of a girl."

"All right. That sounds familiar, but about this—"

"Have you told the Cambridge girl about this piece of 'private property'? Does she understand your possession?"

"No, what's the use? Girls never understand." Bob looked quite moody for a moment.

"Bob dear, don't think I meant that seriously. I understand your nonsense about having an owner's interest, even if she wouldn't. Shall we finish the set?"

Bob remembered. "Look here, Nell, you can't evade a question like that."

"Nell looked absent-minded. 'Question?' 'Yes, question! Tell me about Lynn Davis.'"

"Oh, that." Nell's tone was disparaging. "There's nothing to tell. We're just friends."

"I didn't think you'd go back on an old chum like that, Nell. You won't tell me what every one else knows."

"They don't know anything of the kind," Nell answered with spirit, "because there isn't anything to know."

Later that afternoon at a tea, Nell listened again to conversation about Lynn Davis.

"Oh, yes," Berta Miller purred over the teacups, in a cosy corner to which she had lured Nell, "I had a letter from my cousin Don yesterday. He told me all about that dandy trip he and Lynn Davis took on the Weatherby's yacht. Charming, wasn't it? He wrote me all about Bab Weatherby's perfect crush on Lynn. For girl, aren't you sorry for her?"

"Sorry?" Nell parried.

"Oh, yes! You pretend you don't know it's hopeless for her. Lynn's having a gay summer, but I know he must be counting the hours."

"Yes, it's a lovely place to spend the summer; so many wonderful things to do," Nell answered.

The welcome sound of a piano accompani-

ment, and the warning hush of polite attention called stragglers in from the porch to listen to the soloist of the afternoon.

"Lovely place to spend the summer! Wonderful things to do! And I haven't the ghost of an idea how Lynn's spent a minute of the summer—except that he's been yachting with the Weatherbys!" Nell thought, as she sat with big, attentive eyes on the singer's face. She could not drive away that queer little lost feeling that had sprung into being at Berta's words. Of course she did not care about Lynn, but they were friends, and it was embarrassing not to know anything at all about him.

"Cat!" Nell still communed, as the soloist responded to an encore. "She was angling to see if I had heard from him. I wonder if she thinks so now."

As the summer days slipped lazily by, Nell watched, with constantly renewed hope despite its daily non-fulfillment, for a letter from the absent Lynn.

"Of course he'll write," she persuaded herself. "We're friends, and friends always write."

But he did not write.

Suddenly one day Nell surprised in herself the knowledge that she was living from day to day only on this hopeless hope that a message was coming. The queer little lost feeling deepened. Life had narrowed down to a long, dull path that led through dingy ways to promised sunlight, always dimmed by passing clouds at the moment of seeming fulfillment.

The postman passed by unrelenting, or brought her letters that did not ease the pain.

One day in late September, Nell climbed again the hill path where she had last been with Lynn, when the buttercups sprinkled the grass with drops of sunlight, and the pale purple cluster lilies nodded in the tall grass. The hillside was dry and brown now, and the holly bushes were heavy with the promise of Christmas berries.

"The modern woman wants life, and not a dream world of happiness."

The words rose up to haunt her now, as she lived again the other visit. All about her in the blue haze of the afternoon seemed to lie her dream world, the world she had scorned, but which now was the only thing in the world of value. She drew back against the scarred trunk of the live oak, and looked about her with a little half-frightened air. It was very lonely. If she could only look up into Lynn's eyes as she had in the other days! If she could only feel the warm touch of his hand! If—

"Love has never entered into the question with me at all."

The words seemed to break the stillness as materially as did the long, shrilling whistle of the train, creeping snakelike along the valley below.

She dropped her head on her outstretched arms.

"Oh, I want you, Lynn. I want you," she murmured.

As steadily as if the revolving disk of a phonograph were repeating the words, Nell, heard the cold, heartless phrases that had passed between them.

First it was a girl's slow voice, proclaiming her faith in the possibility of platonic friendship. Nell knew what the man's reply would be, but she waited as if she hoped for a change now. No, there it was. Why did he agree with her so promptly? The long, high-sounding words, cruelly void of sentiment, came too glibly—"the similarity of intellectual tastes and enjoyment."

"Is that all he could see in me? Intellect—"

Nell had never before seen so clearly the slight part that intellectual similarity played even in her friendships with women. Yet she had boldly made herself party to a pact of purely intellectual friendship with Lynn—Lynn, whom she wanted now more than all else in the world, not for his intellect, not for the value of his opinions, but for his dear presence, and the warmth of his hand on hers.

Then, because it could never be, because Lynn had gone away paying only cold tribute to her intellect, and sentiment could never live between them, she dreamed it all out as it should have been.

For a while she seemed to feel the warm shelter of his arm. Then, eyes on that distant range of mountains which had engrossed them both in their day of explana-

tions, she repeated softly that old confession of a woman's love:

"I love thee to the depth and breadth and height"

My soul can reach . . . I love thee to the level of everyday's Most quiet need."

There was a quick step on the path below, but Nell did not hear. Unwilling to wipe away those first tears, for fear of the flood that trembled behind them, she was staring hard at the distant purple peaks. She did not see the approaching person, until he had reached the top of the ascent, and swung around the holly bushes to face the old live oak.

Then she did not rise, did not even drop her outstretched arms. She only gazed up into Lynn Davis's face as if she were looking into the face of her dream lover.

Lynn's arms went around her as he dropped beside her on the grass. Nell buried her face in his shoulder.

"Shall we find the dream world of happiness together?" he asked her a long time afterward, when the quick dropping of the low red sun behind the distant line of hills had brought a cool freshness into the evening air. "You see, I was coming back to the Forest of Arden. There isn't enough of 'life anywhere without you,' he told her."

The Most Venomous Snake.

The most venomous of snakes is held to be the *Echis carinata* of India. It is about eighteen inches long and of a gray color. The creature is death itself, and carries in its head the secret of destroying life with the concentrated agony of all the poisons.

This snake is tolerably common in India, being found in nearly every part of the peninsula.

Fortunately, however, for man, it is not, like the cobra, a house-frequenting snake; for its aggressive habits would make it infinitely more fatal to life than its dreaded relative.

This king of the asps does not turn to escape from man as the cobra will, or flash into concealment like the khorat, but keeps its path against its human assailant, and, pitting its eighteen inches of length against its enemy's bulk, challenges and provokes conflict.

A stroke with a whip will cut it in two, or a clod of earth disable it; but such is its malignity that it will invite attack by every device at its command, staking its own life on the mere chance of its adversary coming within the little circle of its power. At most, the radius of this circle is twelve inches. Within it, at any event, lies certain death, and, on the bare hope of hand or foot trespassing within its reach, the *Echis* throws its body into a figure-of-eight coil. Then it attracts attention by rubbing its loops together, which, from the roughness of the scales, makes a rustling, hissing sound, erects its head in the center, and awaits attack.

It is said that no one, having once encountered this terrible reptile, can ever forget its horrifying aspect when thus aroused, its eagerly aggressive air, its restless coils, which, in constant motion one over the other and rustling ominously all the while, stealthily but surely brings it nearer and nearer to the object of its fury.

Our Myriad Madisons.

[Boston Transcript:] A certain publishing house, in London, Eng., has discovered that there is more than one Madison in the United States of America. The discovery cost a University of Wisconsin professor a large amount of anxiety, for it involved a valuable manuscript on which he had spent months of labor.

The manuscript is a translation of Lucretius's works prepared by Prof. William Ellery Leonard of the English department and visiting professor this year of New York University, sent to London for publication in the Everyman Library. When the manuscript was sent back to him with the first proof sheets, it was addressed "Madison, U. S. A." How many of the other Madisons it visited is not recorded, but after weeks of search the postal authorities found it and returned it to the anxious author.

Recent Notable Cartoons.

[Saturday]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Dec. 2, 1916.]

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

An Expert Opinion.

A MAN who kept a road house in Rhode Island, says the Public Health Journal, was called upon to testify in a suit as to the number of cubic yards that were handled in some filling work near his place. He showed very little knowledge of the matter, and his idea of a cubic yard was so indefinite that it seemed doubtful whether he knew what the term meant. In order to make its meaning clear, the judge said: "Listen, witness! Assume this inkstand to be three feet across the top this way and three feet that way and three feet in height, what should you call it?" "Well, Your Honor," said the witness, without hesitation, "I should say it was some inkstand."

Slow But Sure.

THE telegraph messenger at Ashland, Ky., Gerald Tharp, says the Western Union News, is familiar with the principle embodied in Elbert Hubbard's story, "A Message to Garcia," although this will probably be his first intimation that such a story was ever written.

A local confectioner called for a messenger to go out to a farmhouse for two dozen eggs. Gerald was detailed for the errand, which ordinarily would consume thirty minutes. At the end of three hours he returned with the eggs, and was promptly called on the carpet by the manager to explain his long absence from the office. In a round Irish brogue Gerald explained that the farmer had only twenty-three eggs, and he had waited two and one half hours for a Plymouth Rock hen to lay the other egg. Gerald refuses to pose for his photograph.

The Lieutenant's Bet.

WHEN Lieut. Hearst was promoted he reported for duty to the commanding officer of a western post. His superior officer treated him coolly. "Young man," he said, "I have a letter from your former colonel down in Texas and he tells me that, although efficient, you have a weakness for betting. I'm opposed to betting. I won't stand for it in this regiment, sir, do you understand? You could not hire me to make a bet. What do you bet about anyway?"

"Colonel, I'll bet you anything," said the youngster. "I'll bet you \$25 now that you have a scar on your left shoulder."

"What sir?" said the colonel. "I'll take that bet." Off came the blouse, then the shirt, then the undershirt, and the lieutenant lost the bet.

Then the commander admonished the lieutenant, and afterward wrote the following letter to the colonel in Texas:

"Just as you said, this youngster was not in my office two minutes before he bet me \$25 I had a scar on my left shoulder. Of course, he lost, but I hope he will be benefited by the experience."

And then came the answer which said: "The youngster was right. Before he left this post he bet me \$100 that he would have your shirt off five minutes after he met you."—[New York Times.]

He Was the Exception.

THE talkative barbers aren't all in the funny papers," mused Uncle Asa Plunkett; "in real life you come up with them once in a while. Last week I rode into Lancaster with Si Howell to look at a second-hand reaper I'd seen advertised, and I thought I might as well get my hair cut while I was there. To tell the truth I was sort of tired and cross. In the first place, I was late for my appointment on account of Si's car being—well, you know, the kind that don't have to slow up a mite when it comes to the speed-limit signs on the edge of town. Then the reaper turned out to be no good, in spite of all the advertising. So, take it all together, I didn't feel like conversing when I sat down in the chair.

"But the barber, he was one of those chirpy, well-informed young sprigs, and he started right in to be entertaining. I let him settle the war and the Mexican situation and the next President without paying any attention. Pretty soon he began to remark about my having such a growth of hair in my ears, and said that in his experience

he had noticed that that indicated very acute hearing. I didn't peep.

"I presume," says he with an inquiring smile, 'that your hearing is very acute?' I smiled back, responsive, but sort of blank, and says I mildly:

"What was it you said?"

"Why, according to my theory, such a growth of hair in the ear means unusually acute hearing. I suppose, sir, that you have a very quick ear?"

"I began to look real interested then, and, winking in the glass at a couple of waiting victims, I says:

"Eh? How's that?"

"Oh, go to thunder!" says the barber; and after that I could have taken a nap, it was so nice and quiet!"—[Youth's Companion.]

Just a Quibble.

A MERE quibble," said Preston Gibson, the society leader, in a discussion of the divorce problem in Newport.

"A quibble," he continued, "as worthless as the wife's."

"A man said, looking up from his paper: 'Here's another miser leaves half a million to charity, I wonder why all the misers you read about are bachelors?'

"Oh," his wife answered, 'married misers are so common they're not worth mentioning.'—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The Soft Answer.

CAPT. KOENIG of the submarine Deutschland said in Baltimore a few days before his departure:

"I mistrust those allied warships waiting for me outside Chesapeake Bay. I'm afraid they misunderstand the meaning of neutral waters as the boy misunderstood the meaning of the Bible text.

"When your enemy called you a bow-legged liar, what did you do?" this boy's teacher asked.

"I remembered," he replied, 'the text about how a soft answer turneth away wrath.'

"Yes, yes! You good little fellow. And what soft answer did you make?"

"I smashed him in the nose with a rotten tomato."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Not Much Chance.

A TAILOR who had been wrongfully accused of murder, and who had an excellent defense, seemed very dejected when brought up for trial.

"What's the trouble?" whispered the counsel, observing his client's distress as he surveyed the juryman.

"It looks very bad for me," said the defendant, "unless some steps are taken to dismiss that jury and get a new lot. There isn't a man among them but owes me money for clothes."—[London Tit-Bits.]

A Callow Hecker.

DON'T you think mothers should stay at home with their children?" asked a callow youth, eager to score off a well-known suffragette who had just spoken.

"Well," she said, her voice taking an earnest, intimate note, "I don't know about that, but I do think children should stay at home with their mothers."—[London Tit-Bits.]

Out of the Mouths of Babies.

JOHN EDWARD and his mother had been invited out to dinner. The hostess was fortunate in having a great many things that little folks like—chicken, pie and so on. The meal was progressing merrily. Conversation had lagged for a minute, and John Edward expressed his satisfaction thus:

"Well, mother, we're fortunate in one thing. All the folks we know are good cooks."—[Indianapolis News.]

His Reason.

A JURY was being procured in the Bartholomew circuit court to listen to the evidence in the case of Clarence Grove against Joseph Horn. The men were driving horses near the city and were in collision, with the result that a shaft penetrated the breast of the Grove horse and it was killed.

Grove filed suit for \$500 damages. Albert W. Phillips, one of the attorneys in the case, was examining the men in the jury box.

"Is there any reason why you could not give the defendant a fair trial?" he asked one of the men.

"Yes, there is," the man answered.

"What is your reason?" the attorney questioned.

"Because I am opposed to capital punishment," came the quick reply.—[Indianapolis News.]

Proof, Positive.

THE teacher had been giving a reading on the anatomy of the body.

"Now, you see," she said, as she closed her book and laid it on the table, "the trunk is the middle part of the body. You understand that, don't you?"

All the children except one chorused, "Yes, ma'am."

"You understand it, too?" asked the teacher of the little boy who had not spoken with the others.

"It ain't so, ma'am," answered little Stephen.

"Why, my dear child," said teacher in astonishment, "what do you mean?"

"Well," replied the boy earnestly, "you ought to go to the circus and see the elephant!"—[Harper's Magazine.]

Very True.

THE science of food was a pet subject with a certain teacher, and she never wearied in telling her pupils all about food values, proteins, carbohydrates, fats and other funny things.

At the end of one lesson she set some questions to test what they had learned.

"Can any girl tell me what three foods are required to keep the body in perfect health?"

One maiden promptly waved an exulting hand.

"Please, miss," she said, eagerly, "breakfast, dinner and tea!"—[Answers.]

He Knew It Was Dangerous.

AN ENGLISHMAN was seeing his first game of baseball, and the "fan" was explaining the different plays as they were being made.

"Don't you think it's great?" enthusiastically asked the "fan."

"Well," replied the Englishman, "I think it's very exciting, but also a very dangerous game."

"Dangerous nothing," replied the "fan."

Just then a runner was put out at second base.

"What has happened now?" asked the Englishman.

"Chick Smith has died at second," laconically replied the fan.

"Died at second?" replied the astonished Briton. "I knew it was a dangerous game."—[Indianapolis News.]

Splashless Flop a Bunk.

WHERE can a fellow get a flop with a splash for about a man and a half?"

The speaker told Sam McGuire, a theatrical man he accosted at Forty-second street and Broadway, New York, that he was a circus man just in from the road. McGuire finally learned that he desired a room with a bath for \$1.50.

McGuire met the man again.

"The hut was a bunk," he said. "They slipped me a drop instead of a splash," which McGuire later learned meant that he had received a shower bath instead of a regular tub.—[Indianapolis News.]

Time for Prayer.

THE married women were telling stories about the brightness of their respective offspring. They had reached the religious stage. One mother of a girl of 6 years and a boy of 4 told this one:

"Carl and Ruth had been unusually annoying all the morning while I was trying to hang my parlor curtains. It seemed to me that they had never before compressed so much noise in such a small space as my front room.

"It finally got so bad that I decided to take drastic measures. I seized them, each by one ear and led them none too gently into the farthest room from where I was working. Seating them on stools on opposite sides of the fireplace I warned them not to utter a single word for five minutes, under pain of more severe punishment. As I turned to leave the room my little boy, with the utmost gravity, said to his sister:

"Ruth, let us pray."

"Forthwith both launched into the Lord's prayer with the utmost fervor. Really," added the mother, "I didn't have the heart to punish them after that display of piety."—[Fitchburg News.]

An Easy Job.

MURPHY was taking a day off, says an English weekly, and, wishing to enjoy himself thoroughly, he walked round to watch "the boys." He was surprised to see his friend Kelly working as if carrying a hodful of mortar up and down a ladder were the only thing he took any real pleasure in.

"It's yourself that's working mighty hard today, Kelly!" expostulated Murphy.

"Whist! I'm just making a fool of the boss!" said Kelly, winking slyly.

"And how are you doing that, Kelly?"

"Sure, Murphy, it's as easy as kissing your hand! He sees me going up the ladder with my hod full of mortar, and he thinks I'm working. But, Murphy, my boy, it's the same hodful I'm carting up and down all the time!"

Shameless.

MAJ-GEN. LEONARD WOOD said in a preparedness argument at a dinner in New York:

"The man who opposes preparedness expects his brother to do his fighting for him. This man is as shameless as the chap who said:

"Well, I'm going to get married next week."

"What will you live on—love?" asked a candid friend.

"No," was the reply. "We'll live on love's father."—[Washington Star.]

An Alderman's Story.

ILLUSTRATING his point in council the other night, Alderman Evans told a joke. The question of allowing garages to work on Sunday was up. One alderman suggested that the work be done inside. Alderman Evans was immediately on his feet, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"That reminds me of a joke I heard," he said. "Two boys were playing marbles in front of their house one Sunday morning. The father and mother were at church.

"A preacher passed by and asked: 'Boys, do you know it's wrong to play marbles on Sunday?'

"Does God know we are playing?" one of the boys asked.

"Why, certainly he knows everything," the minister replied.

"Does he know mamma is at church?" the inquisitive lad continued.

"Yes."

"Does he know papa is there?" asked the boy again.

"Yes, I told you he knew everything," said the minister, growing exasperated at the boy's lack of credulity.

"Well," came back the boy, not fazed by the minister's biting tone; 'does he know we got a cellar under our house?'

"Why, certainly he knows it," replied the minister.

"Shoot, Johnnie," said the lad, turning to his companion, he lied. We ain't got no cellar."—[Oregon Journal.]

The Road to Fame.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS was talking in his cottage in Kittery Point, Me., about a writer who, after a good beginning, had degenerated into a producer of trash.

"I suppose," said Mr. Howells, "he got discouraged with the moderate sale of his good work and now hopes to sell his poor work abundantly.

"The road to fame is crowded with men who, discouraged, are hurrying back."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

SOMETHING ABOUT JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

The Assassin of Lincoln. By Clarence F. Cobb.

PERHAPS your many readers may be interested to learn something authentic of John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Abraham Lincoln, the evening of Good Friday, April 14, 1865, at Ford's theater, on Tenth street, near F, in the city of Washington, D. C.

There are but few now living who knew Booth better than I, who, when Booth and I were boys in 1853-1854, were pupils at the Milton Boarding School, situated on the Baltimore and York turnpike, about seventeen miles north of Baltimore. I slept in the dormitory with Booth, the next bed to him. We always called him Jack.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum," says Horace but our later translators write it thus: "De mortuis nil nisi verum"—we should speak no evil of the dead but we may tell the truth of the dead.

Jack was a bad boy, a bully, and he used to fag the smaller boys cruelly until a short stout boy matriculated and when Jack tried to fag him he turned on Jack and thrashed him well and he never crowed again; his scepter was broken, his throne was destroyed, his dynasty was ended and all the school was glad of it.

The Booth family, in the early fifties, rented a dwelling from my father, No. 109 Mulberry street, in Baltimore. That house still stands. It was afterwards rented by the celebrated actor, Joe Jefferson, before he became famous, when he was stage-manager at the Old Baltimore Museum.

The elder Booth, Jack's sire, was a wonderful actor. All of his contemporaries said he was a genius, particularly effective in Richard the Third, Pescara, Sir Edward Mortimer, in the Iron Chest and Iago. He was a small man, slightly bow-legged, swarthy and very homely. He was an excellent fencer, with broadsword or rapier, and astonishingly active, would dart about the stage so quickly that the eye could scarcely follow him. His voice was as clear as a bell until his latter years when it became what the stage-people called "stringy," a falsetto.

Before he came to our country he had been a contemporary and rival of Edmund Kean in London. His frailty is often spoken of among professionals—he drank enough to float a man-of-war, he used to say, and he died suddenly, in 1852, on a steamboat, on the Mississippi, between New Orleans and St. Louis.

I knew the family well—his oldest son, Junius Brutus, Jr., the next son, Edwin, the daughter, whom we always called Molly, and the youngest of the family, John Wilkes. Molly was a sweet girl. She married the comedian, John Sleeper Clarke, whom I met in London, Eng., in 1883, and she was the mother of Creston Clarke, the actor, now deceased. John Wilkes—Jack—as so often happens with the baby of a family, was a spoiled boy, very wilful, passionate and disobedient. As he came to man's estate he became a heavy drinker and he used but one tipple, brandy-smashes. When chided about his drinking propensities he would say that he never got drunk in the legs, that he could carry more liquor than any other man in the country, that he never staggered.

When he came to man's estate he was a handsome fellow, always wore a beaver, as high silk hats were then called, kid gloves and clean linen; was a matinee idol. Many foolish girls were crazy about him but he never was much of an actor. He did fairly well as Romeo, but in other characters he was a failure because he would not study,

would not exert nor apply himself but he would skim over a part and improvise and that would make confusion on the stage because the other actors would miss their cues.

As a matter of course, after he shot Mr. Lincoln, several newspapers, that were in sympathy with the Confederacy, claimed that he was a great actor; that he was a genius; that his sire's mantle had descended to him, etc., etc. That was the veriest nonsense. He seldom secured an engagement. In 1863-1864 and up to April, 1865, he was a drag, financially, on his older, worthy brother, Edwin, and he lived in Washington city, at the National Hotel, then standing on the northeast corner of Sixth street and Pennsylvania avenue.

Back of that hotel an elderly man, named Humphreys, had a livery stable and Jack kept a saddle horse there, the horse he rode away on after the assassination. His board and the livery for his horse was always paid by Edwin who was one of the kindest gentlemen that ever lived, who always referred to Jack, after he was shot, as "That poor, misguided boy."

In those days, 1863-4-5, there was an extensive drug establishment on the north side of Pennsylvania avenue near Fourteenth street, the proprietor of which honestly thought that the Confederacy was right and he frequently sent quinine, morphia and other valuable drugs to Richmond by the "Grape-vine Route," which was across the Eastern Branch, thence down the east bank of the Potomac River, into lower Maryland, thence across the Potomac into Virginia, and thence to Richmond, where large prices were obtained for those drugs. Jack superintended and accompanied three or four of those enterprises so he was familiar with the route and he followed it after the assassination.

As to his histrionic ability: In 1864 Ford rest the Great was playing an engagement at the Holiday Street Theater in Baltimore and his support was stricken ill. John T. Ford, the owner and manager, suggested that Jack Booth was in Washington, that he would telegraph for him to come over and take the part of Iago, but Forrest, who was a tyrant on the stage, feared by all and very profane, ripped out a volley of oaths and said he would not tread the boards with the d-d Spad—as dudes and mashers were then called—that he had seen him try to act in Philadelphia, etc. At another time an actor in Philadelphia, named Roberts, who was a druggist, who had a weakness for the stage and occasionally traveled as a star, refused to appear with Jack. They had a fracas at the Girard House, and Jack was imprisoned in the station house until his brother Edwin paid the fine.

It may be remembered that Gen. Lee surrendered, at Appomattox, Sunday, April 9, 1865, but the wires were down and the news did not reach Washington city, the north and the west till the next day, Monday.

The country went wild. Even the Confederates appeared to be glad that the strain was ended, that the war would cease. Washington city, particularly, went crazy. The mobs seized several prominent gentlemen and forced them to speak from stands, boxes, house steps, anything that could be utilized. In those days there was an iron flight of steps on the east front of the old Willard Hotel, on Fourteenth street, and Andrew Johnson, who was then our Vice-President, made a most bitter speech therefrom. Mr.

Johnson was then the most radical man in our country and, in that speech, he announced his desire and intention to hang every rebel south of the Potomac should he become President, that he would make treason odious, etc.

He had a howling mob for an audience, blacks and whites, and he was in an unfortunate condition, drunk, but the speech was printed the next morning in the Chronicle, a paper edited then by John W. Forney. Johnson's friends tried to prevent the publication but Forney, who had had a quarrel with Johnson a week or two before, printed it in full. The next Friday, April 14th, which was Good Friday, I was on my way to Baltimore, and was hastening past Humphrey's stable to catch the 4:30 o'clock p.m. train when Jack halted me. I saw that he had been drinking heavily but he was not drunk. He said that in truth he was d-d glad that the country was not Mexicanized, that Grant had treated the surrendered Confederates well; that the rest of the southern armies would capitulate, etc. He then asked me if I had heard Johnson's speech at Willard's the Monday before. I told him I had not but had read it in the Chronicle. He then burst into a tirade against Johnson and said he would have shot him had he been there and he ended his language by some quotation from Shakespeare which I have forgotten. He was always stagey and frequently interlarded his conversation with quotations wherein he was generally incorrect as he seldom quoted happily. That night he shot Mr. Lincoln.

After Jack was shot and captured in Virginia, his body was brought to Washington city, where four of his co-conspirators were tried, convicted and hanged a few weeks later. There was published there then an afternoon paper, the Constitutional Union, edited by Thomas B. Florence, who had been a hatter in Philadelphia, had served one term in the House of Representatives where it was said that he never made but one speech and that was only two words—"I object." His paper was what would now be called a yellow journal, decidedly sensational and bitterly opposed to the Lincoln administration throughout the war.

A few days after Jack was shot an article appeared in that paper to the effect that Jack was not shot; that he had escaped into the mountains of Virginia; that the body brought to Washington city was not Jack's; that the cavalymen knew that, etc.

A lieutenant named Dougherty, an excellent officer, who commanded one of the squadrons of that cavalry, knew Jack very well; had seen him many times loafing about the National Hotel; had frequently conversed with him; had laid him in the country wagon after he was shot; had heard him utter some inarticulate words just before he died but he could not say whether Jack had said mother or water. He was bleeding freely and all wounded men murmur for water.

Gen. Benjamin W. Brice was the then Paymaster-general of the Army. He knew me very well and had heard of my school-boy intimacy with Jack. He sent for me and told me, in the strictest confidence, that Booth's body was wrapped in an army blanket, on a dismantled monitor laying in the Eastern Branch, off the Navy Yard, and he directed me to report to Gen. J. K. Barnes, the surgeon-general, and go with him to identify the body. I immediately reported to Gen. Barnes, who, when I informed him of my orders, said that it was unnecessary, that he and nine others, who

all knew Booth well, had just returned from the monitor; that among them was Dr. Merrill, the dentist, who had done much professional work, of a peculiar character, for Booth three months before; that they had forced the mouth open and had seen the work. So the identification was complete.

There was then a penitentiary, since torn down, where the Arsenal now is, in Washington city, where the conspirators were confined, in the yard of which four of them were executed. Several stones were removed in the floor of a cell in the ground-tier, and Jack's body was buried thereunder. A few months thereafter his brother, Edwin, applied for the body and it was exhumed by an undertaker named Weaver, and buried in Greenmount Cemetery, in Baltimore, where it now is in the Booth family lot. Edwin would not go to Washington City, but he identified Jack's body before it was reinterred.

At three different times during the past forty years, certain impostors have appeared in our country who claimed to be John Wilkes Booth; one in Colorado, one in the Allegheny Mountains in Virginia, and one in Florida. You may be assured that government agents examined these worthies. One of them turned out to be an insane man who had been confined in the Mount Hope Asylum in Baltimore, another was an ex-convict from Moyamensing in Philadelphia, the other was a half-demented ex-Confederate soldier, who had served in Texas, deserted, lived in Galveston a while, but his brother, a good citizen, denounced him as a monomaniac, and had him properly cared for in an asylum in Alabama.

In 1885 I was in the City of Mexico at the Hotel Iturbide, as a newspaper correspondent. There turned up there one of these abominations that all hotels, here, there and everywhere are cursed with—a hotel loafer, who claimed to be John Wilkes Booth. He was stranded, and would have blacked your boots for a drink of liquor, but he was picking up a dollar now and then from a few Americans who half believed him. He looked something like Booth, but he was three or four inches too short in stature and was at least ten years too young. I towed him along and pumped him thoroughly at the Hotel Guadalupe and told him that he was a liar; that he had never seen Booth; that no one knew Booth better than I; that he was a fraud of frauds, etc. There was a fracas right then and there, wherein three men were shot and a number of Americans were arrested by the serenios (the night watchman), and locked up in the calabozos.

It appeared afterward, in an investigation ordered by President Diaz, who sent one of his staff officers in from Chapultepec therefor, that that fellow was a Canadian, who had been working in some mine in New Mexico, thence he had drifted to Vera Cruz, thence to the City of Mexico, thence to Zucatecas where he was shot in 1886 by the rurales for outraging a miner's daughter.

Booth was woefully mistaken concerning the gallant southern people, who had battled gloriously for what they believed was right during four long, bloody years. Had the Confederacy succeeded, had he escaped and reached Richmond, our southern brothers would have returned him to the Washington authorities for trial and execution.

Those high-principled people believed they were in the right, and they made a grand fight therefor. Such a people would never countenance assassination, would never harbor an assassin.

Servants in Norway.

THE GOVERNMENT'S WAY OF SOLVING A TROUBLESOME PROBLEM.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

It would appear that in Norway the servant problem has been solved to the satisfaction of both mistress and maid.

In such places as Bergen, Christiania and other large cities, the municipal government takes entire charge of the matter. There is a central employment bureau under municipal control, and twice a year—once in summer and once in winter—dissatisfied servants can look out for new masters and mistresses, and dissatisfied employers can seek to improve their service. The

bureau is open for one week, and the mistress who wants a maid can go to it, fill in a form stating her requirements and the wages she is willing to pay, and then leave all the rest to the bureau.

Her card is placed on file and the position she offers is posted in a conspicuous place on a blackboard. Men and women servants in want of work examine these cards, and, when they decide upon applying for any position, submit their recommendations to the bureau for examination. If these are satisfactory, the applicant receives a card to the prospective employer, available for one day only.

Should the lady hire the servant, she fills up the card with a list of the duties, wages, and forms of service agreed upon, and returns it to the bureau, where it is carefully

filed for future reference if necessary.

If the applicant does not suit, the card is returned with "not satisfactory," which indicates that other applicants may be sent.

No matter how great the emergency, the new mistress cannot expect her maid for one week, for the girl must give her present employer that length of time to fill her place.

The law protects alike the employer and the employed. The rights of the maid include a comfortable room and bed, good and wholesome food, and prompt and regular payment of wages. In return, she must perform her duties faithfully, and be strictly honest, obedient, and respectful during her term of service.

Should either party fail to comply with

these requirements, complaint must be made to a magistrate, who investigates the charges and makes a decision. The offended servant and the offended mistress cannot settle the matter by parting company. No matter how tired of the bargain mistress or maid may become, it cannot be terminated until the time agreed upon, except by permission of the magistrate. If a servant leaves without the knowledge of her mistress, she is subject to fine and imprisonment. On the other hand, the servant's wages are a first lien on the property of the master or mistress.

The municipalities see that the law is strictly enforced with regard to servants, and themselves abide by it in their character of employers of labor.

APPLE JUICE PLANT SUPPLANTS BREWERY.

A New Industry. By Charles E. Klouček.

WHEN Washington and Oregon went dry, not even permitting the manufacture of alcoholic beverages, the manufacture of beer was the one industry hard hit by the dry law. One of the largest and most widely known brewery plants closed by the law was the one at Olympia, Wash. This enterprise, with its subsidiary plants at Bellingham, Wash., and Salem, Or., founded by the late Leopold Schmidt, one of the pioneer brewers of the country, was worth considerably more than \$1,000,000, and the fame of its product and its slogan, "It's the water," had spread all over the West.

What to do with this property to keep it in use was the problem to be solved.

With the increase in consumption of nonalcoholic beverages and fruit juices it was seen that people still became thirsty and drank as usual; only the character of the drink was changed. Various smaller plants had gone into making fruit juices with some degree of success, and this year the large brewery plant at Olympia was added, though in making the change thousands of dollars in machinery and new equipment was spent to put the plant in shape. Today it is the largest apple-juice plant in the world, and the fame of its new product promises to rival that of the one formerly made. The various plants now are run under the name of the Northwest Fruit Products Company, of which Frank T. Schmidt is manager.

In altering the plant little else of the brewery equipment than the buildings, motive power and storage tanks was used. The apple-juice plant is built on entirely new lines, and everything, including the large new flume, pulp-grinding machinery, workrooms, etc., with the exception of the presses, was designed and installed under the direction of an engineering expert, Gus Brenner, who designed and built the ice and fish-freezing plant of the Commonwealth Ice and Cold Storage Company at Boston, known as the Boston fish pier, the largest fish-freezing plant in the world.

In the plant at Olympia, working night

and day, there are 200 employees, sixty women and 140 men. These are divided into three shifts of eight hours each. The twenty women on each shift do nothing but inspect the stream of apples as it passes over the tables in front of them.

The most novel feature of the plant is the method of handling the fruit. The apples arrive at the plant in bulk and in the entire process of unloading, transferring, washing, polishing, inspecting and pressing it is not necessary to touch an apple with the hand. This is accomplished by floating the apples through on water.

"It's the water," the same water that made the brewery product so famous, though now harnessed up in work clothes, as it were, that does all this work and plays a most unique part about the plant.

A large flume, over 800 feet in length, supplied with this famous artesian water, parallels the switching tracks and leads to the plant. The apples are allowed to roll from the cars into this flume and float around first to a hydraulic apple-washer. Here they pass under jets of high-pressure water which wash and polish them by friction until they emerge cleaner and brighter than would be possible were the work done by hand.

From the washer and polisher the apples float on into the inspection tables, five in number. A gate in the flume is opened, the apples and water flow across a screen, the water falling through and the apples remaining on the tables. Here the women examine them thoroughly before they pass.

On leaving the table they ascend by an elevator to the grinding mill, receiving another washing on the way up. In the grinding or pulp mill, a large cylinder set with knives turning at 2000 revolutions a minute, they are finely chopped and transformed into pulp. These grinding mills are situated overhead so that the pulp flows by gravity to the presses as needed.

In putting the pulp through the press a large "cheese" is built up. This is a huge block of pulp sixty inches square, built up of alternate layers of pulp in cloths and slatted press boards. This "cheese," built up on a small car alongside of the press,

is made up first of two press cloths, then a square frame and then four inches of pulp. The corners of the cloths are folded in and the frame removed. This is repeated until fourteen layers are built up, when the car and "cheese" are rolled into the press.

A first squash of 300 pounds per square inch hydraulic pressure is given and increased to a final pressure of 2500 pounds per square inch. These presses, of which there are five, take considerably more than a ton of pulp at a time and deliver about a ton of juice.

The juice rolls out into the small car and is led by a specially constructed pipeline and pumping system to the storage tanks. Here the temperature is kept below freezing all the time.

These huge, glass-lined storage tanks, of which there are thirty, fill a large four-story building themselves. Each tank is composed of porcelain-lined sections ten feet in diameter bolted together and holding 400 barrels, or 12,400 gallons of liquid. In addition there are wooden storage tanks that bring the storage capacity of the plant up to 1,000,000 gallons. It is this huge storage capacity that enables a proper mixing and standardizing of the product.

After each pressing the pulp, or pomace, as it is now called, is cleaned from the press cloths and thrown away. This pomace carries a valuable by-product called pectin, much in demand by jelly makers. This pectin lies just below the skin of the apple and is the essential product that causes apple jelly to jell. This explains why housewives always boil apple peelings with the apples in making jelly. By next season machinery will be installed to dry this pomace and save the by-product pectin.

The cloths through which the apple pulp is filtered are 100 inches square and made of a specially woven fabric to withstand the heavy pressure to which they are subjected. Every second time they are used they are washed in cold water and then thoroughly boiled and sterilized by steam. The press boards, cars and everything used is thoroughly washed after each pressing.

The apples used in making the juice come from the North Yakima, Wanatchee,

Hood River and Willamette Valley districts. In picking apples for shipment, from 10 to 15 per cent. of the crop is rejected, mostly for minor causes, such as small bruises, imperfect shape, worm stings, lack of stem, etc., reasons which in no way impair the quality of the fruit, yet preclude its use for fancy box shipment. It is these thousands of tons of good yet slightly imperfect apples on which the apple juice plant is working.

One of the first things firmly impressed on a visitor at the plant is that the product made is not "cider." The mere mention of the word brings a frown of displeasure. The average so-called "apple cider" may be anything from a dark brown to a light yellow liquid in any stage of fermentation. It is generally made from half rotten, wormy, cull apples, by means of an old hand press and under the most unsanitary conditions.

On the other hand, this product of apple juice is standard in color, taste and quality at all times. The company maintains a fully equipped laboratory and has a chemist employed constantly on research work. It prides itself on the absolute uniformity of its product.

The plant at Olympia will handle 250 cars of apples of twenty tons each this year. The daily capacity of the plant is twenty cars, although on account of car shortage this limit has never been reached yet.

With the exception of the Ben Davis and been one of the hard problems to solve. How to sterilize it and yet keep away from the cooked-cider taste has been the hard point to reach. All this and the final-finishing and storing of the juice in glass-lined steel drums has been carefully worked out at Olympia.

Ganos, which are too pulpy, and one or two other varieties of which the juice has no character, practically every variety of apple grown in the Northwest is used. It is the policy of the company to draw its supply of apples from all the districts west of the Rocky Mountains to keep up the uniformity of its product. No windstorm or windfallen apples are taken, as these are too green for use.

The keeping of apple juice has always

A Texan in Boston.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE WITH THE NEW ENGLAND GRAMMAR.

[Galveston News:] First Owl: To-who! To-who!

Second Owl: Silence! Cease!

"What's the trouble?"

"You're flying over Boston."

"Well, what of it?"

"Well, that 'To-who! To-who!' stuff doesn't go here. If you must hoot, do it grammatically. Make it 'To-whom! To-whom!' when you're flying over the Hub."

There may be those who do not believe this story of the owls, I might have doubted it until I visited Boston recently. Anyway, it's the Hub, all right, for culture, university degrees and baked beans. And, what's more, the visitor is not long in finding this out.

The exquisite correctness with which the true Bostonese use English, eyeglasses and finger bowls impresses at once a Texas tenderfoot, such as I. Another thing peculiar to Boston is the fact that there are a few capital letters significant of scholarly attainments following the name of almost every citizen of that famous city of aesthetics, patriotism and fish. Practically every man in Boston, regardless of whether or not he is married, is a "bachelor" of something. I don't know how it is there, but there are lots of married men in this part of the country who wish they'd taken their bachelor degree before they were married.

There is only one thing there that puts a westerner on a level with the Bostonians, and that is eating beans. They all do that alike. I had about despaired of ever persuading any of the frequenters of Faneuil Hall, Copley Square and Boylston street to taste some of the delights of our western country by indulging in a dish of chile or half a dozen tamales, until I watched them eating beans. Then I took courage, for certainly there was nothing aesthetic in the way they got those out of sight. That's the only thing common in Boston—except Boston Common, and of course, everybody knows about that.

Soon after my arrival I found I was attracting a good deal more attention than I desired or deserved. The cause of this was hard for me to determine, but when I stepped into a newspaper office and asked one of the boys what was the matter with me he said, "Why, you have on light clothes."

"Well," I asked, still mystified, "isn't this summer time? It's hotter than it is in Texas right now."

"I mean your clothes are light as to color."

"Well, isn't it correct to have them light as to color as well as to weight?"

"No, it's not fashionable this year. But don't be alarmed about it. I stand pretty well with the chief of police, and think I can get him to allow you to run around here a few days without getting arrested."

I soon discovered that the "prevailing mode" (they have that in Boston for men as well as women) was black, or at least dark, clothes. It made one think of a lot of European widows in the war zone. Therefore I soon found that I had committed a sartorial, not to say a social, crime that was hardly pardonable in the Hub of the universe.

Speaking of clothes and correct English, it soon became painfully evident to me that if I wanted to stay in Boston and in peace simultaneously I'd have to be careful of both. I thought I knew the correct expression and the proper words, but those are things people know and do not put into practice anywhere except in Boston. There they know grammar and use it. In New York and Dallas they know it and don't use it, except when they feel particularly inclined to do so—never when they are in a hurry—and that is most of the time.

Being famed as the Hub of Culture, and really deserving of that distinction, Boston is quite a law-abiding place. The nearest approach to lawlessness I saw there was the gathering of a large crowd down the street a short distance from the hotel at which I stopped. Some man came along wearing mourning—also eyeglasses, a walking cane and a corrugated brow. He asked me if I

knew what the trouble was down the street. I was revolving in my mind what my newspaper friend had said to me about my clothes, and as I felt a little bit resentful about it, I said:

"I suppose, sir, some poor, unsuspecting westerner has unthinkingly perpetrated a split infinitive, and your fellow-citizens are manifesting their righteous indignation over his unintentional crime."

Imagine my surprise when, instead of taking umbrage at what I thought was sarcasm, he tore himself away without ceremony (this is done only in cases of emergency in Boston) and rushed to the spot where the near-riot was in progress. Within a little while he returned on his way home and stopped and said:

"You were right in your surmise as to the cause of the trouble, and it was only that person's innocence and ignorance that saved him from the humiliation of being incarcerated in prison." (Get that "incarcerated in prison." Nobody is "taken to jail" in Boston.) I told him that in Texas we did not consider splitting an infinitive a crime. (He shuddered.) In fact, the cowboys frequently chased infinitives all over the prairies and when they succeeded in throwing their lariats over one they took delight in deliberately cleaving it from one end to the other.

"Cleave" is a better word in Boston than "split." He was horrified. I saw I had him "going," as we say in the best part of the earth, and so I asked, "Suppose one were to turn in an alarm of fire by phone and failed to have his announcement of the fire couched in resplendent English, would the fire companies respond?" He replied very thoughtfully: "The person giving the information about the conflagration should use language that can be understood—not provincial, you know. But as to those gentlemen who raise kine (meaning the cowboys, who raise other things in addition to cows,) would they really murder the king's English in that way purposely?"

There was my chance, and I didn't fail to take advantage of it. I replied: "Murder

the king's English? Why, man, they'd murder the bloomin' king himself if he tried to obtrude himself upon them like one of those split infinitives."

That got him, for I could see he was in a state of nervous collapse, and so I called a taxi and ordered the chauffeur to take him home. As the car started off he turned his eyes toward me and, although he was speechless, I could see in them pity, sympathy and just a little contempt mingled, as he seemed to realize what he called the "hopelessness of those so indifferent to their mother tongue and human life."

After recovering from my bewilderment, caused by my circular promenade, it occurred to me that perhaps it was advisable for me to tear myself away from the aesthetic metropolis, as the man whom I sent home in the taxi might return and have me "sent to prison" for being accessory to the murder of the king's English. That near-riot over the split infinitive haunted me.

And I was glad to get back to grand old Texas, where the owls say "To-who! to-who!" when they hoot.

Flowers as Death-lures.

A curious instance of the devices of nature to secure the continued existence of certain forms of life under disadvantageous circumstances has recently attracted attention in a discussion of the brilliancy of the colors of Alpine flowers. It is known that insects are most important agents in the fertilization of flowers, and this is true of the flowers that bloom along the snows of the Alps as well as of those that cover the meadows far below.

But it has been observed at the same time that the bees and butterflies which ascend the mountains in order to visit the brightly colored flowers growing there perish by the thousands in the sudden cold that envelops the peaks and glaciers at nightfall.

It is only the extraordinary attractiveness of the beautiful mountain flowers that induces their insect admirers to venture into the perilous realm of snow and ice.

Dec. 2, 1916.]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

AUNT SERAPHINA VISITS THE BEE HIVE.

Getting Even. By Addison Howard Gibson.

EVERY Thursday afternoon at the regular meeting of the Bee Hive Helen Scott heard some woman boast how she had managed to "get even" with her husband. The faster the sewing circle worked the swifter wagged the tongues about Tom, Dick or Harry's faults and the keen-witted feminine tricks that had never failed to more than even up scores for the wives.

Helen had been married only a year to big, good-natured Ben Scott, and being the youngest and newest member of the Bee Hive society she always listened eagerly to her elder sisters for "rules of guidance in the domestic relation." At first she had felt a sense of superior pride that she could voice no complaint against her Ben, who was the most even-tempered man in Woodside. No matter how exacting she was, he never gave her one cross or impatient word.

But listening Thursday after Thursday to the various recitals of domestic experiences, Helen began to question whether she was doing her full wifely duty in not dictating more to Ben. She grew sure that she was spoiling him by not objecting to some of his habits. When she made up her mind to "get even" with Ben she could not find the ghost of a loophole for complaint. The more she cudgled her brains to discover something the more convinced she was that there was nothing that needed evening up between Ben and herself. But Sister Bumby with the three whiskers protruding from a mole on the lip declared that "disciplining a husband" was absolutely necessary. There must be something she could catch Ben on. Ah! His tobacco and pipe. They were prized almost next to herself, she knew. He had always kept them in a box on the clock shelf in the kitchen.

"Ben," said Helen one Thursday morning, speaking with provoking sharpness, "don't keep your tobacco in the kitchen. It isn't sanitary where food is being prepared, and the odor is becoming offensive to me."

"All right, wife," Ben answered with a good-humored grin, taking the box from the shelf. "I'll keep them out in the shed. You don't think they'll flavor the kindling out there, do you?" he asked with a jolly laugh as he took the objectionable articles away.

Helen felt uncomfortable about it all morning, and after Ben had gone to his work she brought the box back and restored it to its convenient corner on the clock shelf. She had intended to brag at the Bee Hive that afternoon how she had "put her foot down" against smoking in the kitchen. As usual she sat silent while the members related recent experiences in domestic adjustments. Then Sister Bumby recited with a force that made the three whiskers bristle, how her cousin Lucy in Kansas had let her husband go undisciplined so long that there was "no further living with him."

"And it all comes from Lucy's not having spirit enough to get even with that man," almost fiercely asserted Sister Bumby, the busiest bee in the hive when it came to talking. "A wife should assert herself from the start, and not let her husband get beyond disciplining," she added, looking significantly at Helen.

Then all the others had looked at her, until, when she went home, she felt very guilty of having neglected a most important

duty in husband-training. She resolved then and there to show the Bee Hivers that she was not entirely lacking in wifely spunk. She would redeem herself in their estimation. She would do something that would furnish her an excellent morsel of experience to place before her sewing society. Out of much thinking came her solution. She would go out to Glendale and visit her Aunt Seraphina Spencer, then bring her home with her for a long stay. Aunt Seraphina was the one person in the world whom Ben disliked. She had tried to interfere when Helen was ready to marry Ben, and had made herself so obnoxious that he would never go to see her.

Ben always designated Aunt Seraphina as "that female John D." because she owned vast shares in California oil stock and was worth more than he ever tried to compute. But Helen had always been a favorite with her eccentric aunt and naturally nursed expectations.

"Ben, I've decided to run out and see Aunt Seraphina for a few days," Helen informed him at supper. "I'm neglecting her shamefully since I married you. I'll bring her back with me for a nice long visit. I'll tell her that you sent the invitation," she shot at him.

"She's as welcome as taxes in hard times," declared Ben with a smile. Then seriously, "But, Helen, for the love of Mike, don't insist on her staying more than a week. It's going to strain my religion to be nice that long, but I'll do my best for your sake, dear. Some things are better appreciated in small parcels. Aunt Seraphina's visits belong in that class."

Helen spent three days at her Aunt Seraphina's. After being coaxed for an hour, the old lady said:

"Well, as it's my duty to see how that man you would marry is behaving, I'll go back with you," and she looked at Helen in a very peculiar way, as if trying to solve a puzzle. "If he doesn't treat you right, I shall insist on your leaving him."

Helen did not say a word in defense of Ben, but played the part of household martyr so perfectly that Aunt Seraphina treated her nephew-in-law with noticeable coolness. Ben took no notice of the old lady's crustiness, but was as good-natured and attentive to her wants as if she had been his best friend on earth. To keep Aunt Seraphina from coughing off evenings he very considerably smoked in the shed. Every day he brought home her favorite newspaper, and to save her eyes read to her while Helen prepared supper. Then he personally selected the choicest fruits to place before her at table.

Aunt Seraphina stayed almost four weeks, making a critical study of the situation. She even martyred herself by attending two of the Bee Hive meetings. After returning from the last one, she said to Helen:

"I don't think much of that Bumby woman. She's always bragging how she gets even with her man. I'll warrant she leads him a dog's life. She ought to shave off them three whiskers and be a woman."

Helen was sorry that Aunt Seraphina did not enthuse over the Bee Hivers. She had believed the eccentric old lady would fall right in with the radical views of the members, especially with reference to the men.

She had hoped that an affiliation with the society would win the warm approval of her aunt. But when she called them "a hen-pecking bunch" and advised Helen to stay at home more and attend to her own business better, she saw the necessity of severing her connection with the Bee Hive if her "expectations" were to be realized.

The very next morning Aunt Seraphina put on her bonnet and prepared to leave the house.

"Are you going for a walk, Aunt Serphy?" asked Helen, as the old lady was going out the front door.

"Up town to the bank," she answered. "You'll be back for lunch, of course?" Helen urged sweetly.

"I'll probably be back when I get ready," replied Aunt Seraphina shortly. "Don't wait for me. You'll know I'm back when you see me. I'll call at Ben's office while I'm up street."

With this explanation Aunt Seraphina sailed majestically up the principal avenue of Woodside, leaving Helen miserable and very much out of sorts with herself. She left the breakfast dishes unwashed while she indulged in a good cry. She had brought Aunt Seraphina home with her to help her in some vague way "get even" with Ben. She had succeeded in nothing, except making the best husband in the world uncomfortable, and greatly displeasing her aunt in some unaccountable way.

As she finished up the morning work, and assisted the woman who came to do the regular Friday sweeping, Helen kept hoping that Aunt Seraphina would return in a pleasant frame of mind. She had fully decided on her course. She would conciliate Aunt Seraphina by having her favorite shortcake for supper. She would be her natural self to Ben and quit saying sharp things to nettles him. She would cease trying to "get even" with him when there was absolutely nothing to get even for. Her new resolve made her very happy and she sat by the window sewing and watching for Aunt Seraphina's return. The sun set in crimson glory, the helliotrope shades of twilight fell across the hills, but the echo of Aunt Seraphina's footsteps was not heard on the cement walk that led up to the bungalow.

Presently she heard Ben's cheerful whistle as he came in the back way.

"Where's Aunt Serphy?" she asked, running to meet him with her old-time kiss. "She said she was going to call at your office. I thought she'd come home with you."

"She called, but I was out on some business. She left this letter for you," returned Ben, placing a sealed envelope in Helen's hand.

Quickly tearing it open she unfolded two closely-written sheets bearing the mark of the Safety Bank of Woodside. The letter was as follows:

"Niece Helen Scott:
"I'm off home and I won't be coming back soon. You can send my traps after me."

"When you was out to see me you seemed to have something on your mind. You talked in your sleep, so I caught on that I was to be dragged back home with you to help you get even with that man of yours. And believe me, Xantippy, he is a man! I

your aunt of unmentionable years, tell you this. But your sleep-talks led me to think that, man-like, he was showing the cloven hoof and you needed your auntie's protection. So auntie came hot-foot, for if I do enjoy anything better than something else, it's a set-to with a mean man who can't treat his wife decent. I love to snatch such a man bald-headed. I was glad, too, you'd found Benjamin Harrison Scott out, for you remember I wasn't exactly tickled to death over the match. Absolutely not. But when I'm beat, if it does go against the grain to admit it, auntie is ready to own up she's made a mistake. I believe in justice—even to men. Yes, ma'am, I should say so.

"But your sleep-talk put me on a wrong scent. Little Benjie didn't need auntie's set-toing. It was you, Helen Irene, that needed an old-fashioned spanking to yank you back into some common sense. It all comes from your saturating your brain cells with the fool talk of that woman with the three-whiskered mole. Her much spouting about disciplining husbands (my heart aches for that little famished-looking spinster she calls 'hubby') has got you switched off your trolley. Yes ma'am, 'it sure has,' as Benjie says. What you need is to take a good hard tumble to yourself, then get conscious that you've got one of the best men living on this old sphere. You certainly have, Helen Irene; I, your analytical old aunt who has always steered clear of the wicked sex, assure you of this.

"You haven't an inch of room to complain of his treatment of you, but he has of yours toward him. 'He sure has,' to quote again the persecuted. Job has nothing on Benjamin Harrison Scott for patience. The grouchy, snappy way you speak to him is worse than having boils and carbuncles smeared all over the body and interfering with comfortable sittings and lyings-down. What you need is to join another Bee Hive and quit, unless it teaches you co-operation in wedlock, give and take, and to appreciate a good man when you've got one. That's plain, unadulterated common sense, if it does come from a spinster that wasn't fool enough to be fooled into trying, and being tried by, a husband. Yes, ma'am!

"I've been Polly-prying a little, and learn that your Benjie the hen-pecked has \$10,000 in the Safety Bank of Woodside, and I have today deposited a like amount in the bank in your name. The president of the Safety will hand you your bank-book when you call to write your signature. Now you can brag to Mrs. Three-whiskers-on-the-mole at the head of your society for disgruntling wives, that you've at last got evened up with your man. At this writing, that's all I expect to leave you from my estate. The rest will be left to endow an institution for poor hen-punctured men who need a refuge from such get-eveners as you've been associated with.

"Your affectionate aunt,
"Seraphina Emeline Spencer."

"What on earth does the dear old lady mean?" demanded Ben, when he had read the letter placed in his hand by the almost collapsed Helen.

"That I've been the biggest fool in Woodside," confessed Helen, lamely explaining on Ben's ample shoulder, as convulsed with laughter he clasped her half-sobbing to him. "I have the best man in all the world!"

theories—like cures like, and mental suggestion.

When Mrs. Sylvester stepped on the scales and found to her horror and dismay that she had gained one pound in the week of self-denial she went home beaten and discouraged. Something must be done. As they hurried through dinner, which had become a lugubrious meal to be disposed of as quickly as possible, Henry remarked:

"The boys all want to the show last night. They say the chorus is no good—a lot of skinny girls, straight as beanpoles and about as interesting. By George, I like a woman with some meat on her. You keep your figure, old girl, don't you? You don't lose a pound. That's what I like to see."

Mrs. Sylvester sighed happily and gazed into Henry's admiring eyes.

"You dear old goose! Pass me that chocolate eclair. I feel better already."

[Life:] Wife: I haven't a thing to wear. Husband: Then you will be in style, all right.

A Wild-goose Chase.

MRS. SYLVESTER STARTS IN PURSUIT OF SLENDERNESS.

BY HOLMES HYERS.

Mrs. Sylvester was losing her sylph-like slenderness. There was no doubt about it. The scales told a sad, sad story of steady gain. The last time she dared to step on the weighing machine she hopped off before the indicator reached its destination for it was swinging higher, higher, till she dreaded to think of its final figure. In her perturbed state of mind she felt the need of some liquid refreshment, and she stopped at the sign of the "Dog and Fife" to order a glass of chocolate malted milk (the third she had taken that day.) While she rested and reflected sadly on the state of her avoirdupois she grimly determined to begin a course in thinning. As she looked about at the other patrons of the sweet-shop she noted with amused interest that all the stout

women were ordering eggnogs and French pastry and their too-thin sisters slipped lemonade and refused fattening foods. She smiled at the inconsistency of womankind. Ah, well, she sighed, it took a strong will to carry out a course of self-denial such as she contemplated, but she was the woman to do it. How surprised Henry would be!

That evening at dinner Henry served his wife's plate with his usual liberality. She gravely pushed aside potatoes, bread—all starchy substances—and minced at the meat.

"Don't you feel well, darling?" came the solicitous inquiry.

"I am not very hungry," she bravely lied and rose from the table, a half-starved martyr to the cause of reducing.

Before retiring she rolled across the bedroom floor fifteen times, stopping the heroic treatment only when Henry called up to stop moving the furniture. She dropped into bed only to find that Morpheus and hunger did not consort together. After making sure that Henry slept she rose stealthily

and stole down to the pantry where she gulped three glasses of buttermilk and two cold potatoes without batting an eye. She crept back to bed and slept like a baby.

For a whole long week Mrs. Sylvester continued her strenuous self-discipline until Henry became concerned about her apparent lack of appetite and begged her to see a doctor. Her nightly raids on the pantry proved a menace to her own health and the cook's peace of mind. In addition to her other treatment she began a course of mental suggestion—adapted of course to her peculiar trouble. She took the cook-book to bed with her and when feeling particularly desirous of a sweet pudding or rich dessert she looked up the longed-for delicacy and studied the ingredients until she knew them by heart, then made a mental picture of the finished condiment and tried to consider her appetite appeased. But strange to say, the treatment seemed to aggravate her hunger instead of curing it. Therefore with one fell swoop she disproved two well-worn

Dec. 2, 1910.]

DOWN THE WEST COAST OF MEXICO.

The Land of Opportunity. By a Special Contributor.

So much is printed of war and waste in Mexico, that our opinion of that republic is becoming warped and prejudiced. The better, brighter side of Mexican life is obscured in tales of loot and carnage. Here is a story of the great Mexican West Coast—a romantic land of milk, honey and opportunity—with no mention of carnage and ruin. It is a fresh narrative of the wholesome, hopeful aspect of Mexican life today, and the real part Americans are taking in rebuilding that country. —[E.A.]

EVER since Cortez came, and wrote such graphic letters home to King Philip, the Mexican West Coast has lured the restless pioneer. First it was the adventurer, scattering his bones over the trackless hills; then the gold hunter and miner—and finally the farmer and cowman, building up homes and fortunes. It is one of the world's garden spots, this rich West Coast; a country of singular charm, of striking contrasts and varied opportunity. Nowhere on earth is life more easy. As one idler cleverly phrased it, "You can kick your breakfast off a tree, any morning in the year."

Here, with the advent of peace, far-reaching progress must inevitably dawn. Linked with California by rail and sail, and with two hundred American millions already invested, the future of the West Coast is peculiarly tied up with that of the United States—a question of big trade and mutual human betterment.

It is a kaleidoscopic, colorful trip—the train ride from the border south, into West Mexico. Scenic, startling and full of bright, buoyant life it is, after you have passed Guaymas and plunged into the primitive Yaqui country.

Flocks of screeching, squawking parrots flap noisily overhead. Skulking coyotes twist oddly away into the palo verde thickets. In smoky, scattered camps along the railway, Yaqui troops—patrolling the line against their wild brothers of the hills—are on duty. You see them making sandals from green cowhide, or cutting up a beef into shreds and hanging the meat on stunted mesquite trees to dry. From their outposts comes the dull rattle of the tom-tom. "That Yaqui drum," one Mexican officer told me, "always gives the enemy an earache."

At the crowded adobe stations, where your train halts leisurely to load beans, hides and crated chickens, a horde of tattered, but bewitching, bright-smiling nifas come shyly up, peddling tamales, oranges and odd native dulces.

Nearing a river, the train gathers speed, rushing in at one bank and out at the other, like a Coney Island coaster making a giant dip. The bridges are gone, you see—swallowed up in five years of war. So resourceful Yankee trackmen have laid the rails flat on the ground, sloping evenly; and over this "shoo-fly," as they call it (there are dozens), your train plunges, rocking and groaning, the tops of worn coach ends grinding together; thus you roll, and dip, and rise—your heart in your mouth, your neighbor often in your lap, from Nogales to Mazatlan—hundreds of miles down the Mexican West Coast. "A streak of rust," one man called this crippled railway. Yet it operates—characteristic of the country, recuperative, hopeful.

Here in this fertile Yaqui Valley one American farming company holds nearly 300,000 acres. It pays high salaries to soil experts, wizard farm specialists, seed and plant doctors, irrigation engineers from California; it uses the latest and best in agricultural machinery. When this company came, the native was plowing with a sharp stick and one ox; he threshed with a clumsy flail, and his irrigation ditch was shallow and choked with weeds. Today Mr. Native rides on a disc cultivator; oil-burning tractors pull giant gang plows where once the sharp stick scratched, and the irrigation ditch is thirty miles long, and cleaned with steam dredges.

Helping Natives as Well as Themselves.

All down the coast—in Sonora, Sinaloa and Tepic, you find Americans giving just such service, in modern farming methods, to the native. "If these people get the Yaqui and Maya valleys ditched and planted—and farm 'em like we farm in California," one settler told me, "they can raise beans and corn enough to feed the whole Republic of Mexico."

In Sonora, particularly, American influence toward higher standards of life is conspicuous. Natives from other States call Sonora folk "the Yankees of Mexico," be-

cause of their thrift, progress and enlightenment. Here every middle-class home enjoys the American sewing machine, the piano or graphophone, the New England clock and American-made tools. From us, also, these Mexicans get their shoes, their ready-made clothing, their vehicles and furniture, their canned foods and sporting goods. American colleges attract the children of the better classes—who return to Mexico speaking English (proud of their American slang,) dancing the latest American "steps," taking home with them an infusion of American ideals—an understanding of us that is gradually drawing Northern Americans and Mexicans closer together in trade and human sympathies.

Far-seeing American operators, working in Mexico, are doing much to knit Mexican interests with ours. At Nacozari an American copper company built and keeps open a free club, with baths, a library of Spanish and English reading matter, pool tables and other games. It has never had a strike. When one of its employees gave his life to save many others (in a terrible explosion) this company built a splendid monument to the hero, and named the plaza in his honor.

At Cananea, too, a Yankee concern—with \$60,000,000 of capital—pays 6000 Mexican men a comfortable living wage, the highest wages paid in Mexico. Here native youths are taught the trades; some skilled workmen are earning as high as \$3.50 per day. These men are eager to learn, glad to have Americans come to the country and start new industries, that they in turn may prosper and be happy.

"I am glad to see you are beginning to teach Spanish in your American schools," a Mexican millionaire planter lately said to me. "To overcome racial prejudices, we must learn more of each other's speech, habits and thought."

"Now I am a Mexican, and proud of it—just as a German, a Frenchman, or even a Fiji, is proud of his blood. But I was educated in California, and what I learned of American ways helped me to come back to Sonora and get rich. I made my start at Guaymas, selling American plows and wagons. Knowing American ways, I could buy to best advantage; and, knowing my own people, I could sell more goods than the American salesman, ignorant of our language and business methods. So now I am sending my own boys to American schools."

Not so long ago the Spanish impress lay strong on the West Coast—a survival of that romantic age when treasure-laden galleons sailed between Acapulco and Manila. But now the boats that drop anchor and unload at Acapulco, Mazatlan and Guaymas come from San Francisco—or Seattle. And the trains that crawl down the long coastline from the Arizona border are loaded with American machinery, and American miners, cattlemen and farmers. Only of late has this been true—the rail-head reaching Tepic less than ten years ago. But already Yankee customs, habits, influence and implements are making themselves felt; slowly, but hopefully.

Even certain reform waves, popular in the United States of America, have swept over the border and engulfed the Mexicans. Licensed gambling on the West Coast is practically abolished. Bull fights are giving way to baseball.

One day in Hermosillo I saw soldiers carrying demijohns of tequila—the once universal alcoholic drink—carrying them into the street, and smashing them in the gutter. Pungent liquor smells floated in the air. "What is it you do?" I asked a native sergeant. "El Estado es seco" (the State is dry) he said, punching his bayonet into another demijohn. Prohibition had been decreed. Today you can't legally buy a drink from Nogales to Mazatlan (nor illegally, either, without risk of prison.) It is so in some other parts of the republic. Order is better, drunken brawls a thing of the past. Tequila, the old curse of the land, is effectively suppressed.

Life and Sports.

Daily life among foreign merchants and planters on this West Coast is not unlike that of the colonials in India, China or the Philippines. Servants are numerous and cheap. Fruits and vegetables grow in abundance. Nobody hurries. Nervous breakdowns and "worry" headaches are unheard of.

Even the leisurely trains reflect the "mañana" spirit. Not long since I was a guest in the private car of a railroad official. We were running as a special, but seemed to be moving strangely slow—even for a Mexican train. "Go up ahead," the official told our brakeman, "and ask the engineer to speed up a little." In a few minutes the brakeman came back, grinning. "The engineer says yesterday he bought a new cap at Guaymas, for \$1.50. Coming up last night, it blew off, and went out the cab window. He wants to run slow going back—says he thinks maybe he can find his cap."

"Fair enough!" growled the official. "There's only one thing in this country that moves quick," he added. "That's the Mexican jumping bean."

Some of the American-owned mine and plantation homes are models of tropical comfort, spacious and elegant. Motoring, tennis, golf, pleasure launches and the West Coast's incomparable hunting grounds are enjoyed the year around.

For shooting and fishing, the Guaymas coast waters are unexcelled. Trolling for toro, skipjacks, Spanish mackerel, yellow-tail, Cabrillo, and other fighting fish affords unparalleled sport; ask any officer of the United States navy who has done a detail at Guaymas. Once the fish came so fast, crowding so closely the stern of our boat, that we took in all but fifteen feet of our lines, and actually caught the particular fish we wished out of the mixed school that leaped after us. Fishy tale, you snort. Yes, but we did it. "Not you, but YOU!" my excited companion would shout, jerking his racing spinner from before an undesirable fish, and tossing it in front of a choicer species. An eight-foot shark, whizzing suddenly up, grabbed the five-pound leaping skip-jack I was playing, and took my line—also two square inches of perfectly good American skin—from a raw and smarting palm.

Ducks? By the thousand! For the West Coast is right on one of the great wild fowl migration routes. Last March in the Yaqui Valley, standing in a flooded rice field, I got twenty-two "Red-heads" in less than an hour, working my sixteen-gauge as the evening flight came in.

Here is this world's happy hunting ground for those who love the rod and gun. Some day—when its charms are known to tourists—Guaymas must become a famed winter resort, balmy, healthful and healing, a garden spot of soft breezes, blue seas and ideal January outdoor days.

Wild Animals Abound.

At Agua Fria Ranch, in Sonora, the Americans keep a professional lion-hunter, with a pack of trained dogs. Unless their prowling raids were resisted, the lions and "spotted tigers" would soon overrun the ranches. Last year the lion player on the ranch just named killed over fifty wild beasts, including lions, tigers and wild cats. Once "Billy," the hunter, went into a deep cave after a wounded tiger, carrying his pistol in one hand, his torch in the other. The lions seem particularly fond of young colts, and have been known to leap a corral fence twelve feet high, to devour a colt. As I write, there hangs in my room the beautiful pelt of a nine-foot lion, met and slain on the main highway a dozen miles from Nogales, on the Arizona frontier.

Nor must you go far into the Canadian North to hunt the wary Bighorn. Here in Northwest Sonora, within sight of sweltering Yuma, you can shoot him—if you can stand the heat and strain of a climb over blistering, inhospitable rocks, and can stalk and hit him, after you locate him. One American hunter I know counted thirty-four of these majestic animals, slung in solemn dignity from the mouth of a mountain cave, where they had lain to escape the midday heat. Afterward, exploring this same cave, my friend found an odd mat, ancient and tattered, made of human hair. There were scraps of broken pottery, too, and a worn sandal of braided grass. On the cave's smoke-blackened walls were scratched crude drawings of men and animals. These petroglyphs occur from Tucson all the way down to Guadalajara—dim, puzzling records of a vanished race.

Indians and Aborigines.

Few Americans realize the diversity of

races in Mexico. From Sonora to Yucatan, for example, fifty-five separate dialects are spoken. Practically all the inhabitants of the West Coast, however, with the exception of hill tribes of Indians, can understand Spanish.

Of these Indians the 8000 Yaquis, with their impregnable hill forts, their weird ceremonial masque dances and their quaint superstitions, are easily most interesting and distinctive. Many are enlisted with the Federal army. Gen. Obregon tells a good story, typical of the Yaqui's subtle mind. Once, moving his army by train, Obregon had occasion to warn his men against wasting their ammunition by shooting from the moving trains at random objects along the road. As they were halted one day at a station, Obregon heard a rifle crack; looking out, from his seat in the cupola of a caboosa, he saw a Yaqui lowering his rifle, smoke floating about him. Obregon went out personally, and rebuked the Yaqui for disobeying orders.

"But, my general, I did not shoot," pleaded the Yaqui.

"What?" retorted Obregon, sternly. "There is the smoke—floating right around you!"

With an air of injured innocence, the Yaqui made answer: "My heart is sick when my general doubts me. But, general, it was not I who shot—it was someone who was here yesterday. The smoke you see is old smoke."

The Yaquis with the Federal troops are termed "Mansos" or "tame" Yaquis. Those in the hills, wild and hostile, are the "Broncos." They are nomads, robbing ranches for food and animals, carrying rawhide drums, water-gourds, wearing sandals of green cowskin, living by their wits. Pressed by hunger, they subsist as well on burros as on beef. These burros, "the short and simple animals of the poor," thrive by the thousand on the West Coast. Many run wild—like the wild asses of Mesopotamia.

The Maya Indians, still largely armed with bows and arrows, inhabit the flat coastal plain south of the Yaqui region—along the River Maya. Excellent laborers, peacefully inclined, many of the Mayas are trusted helpers on American ranches and plantations.

Tiburón, or "Shark Island," an evil rock that juts 5000 feet up from the warm gulf waters off the Sonora coast, is the lonely abode of the last known American aborigines. The "Seri," these strange people are called, and less than 200 of them remain. Clinging to their hot, empty rock, they eke out a miserable life spearing fish and turtles—or hunting wild cattle on the mainland. Often called cannibals, the charge against the Seri remains unproven; though color is given the allegation by the mysterious disappearance of certain white men who started for Tiburón—and never came back. Cortez found them "a prodigious people, the tallest man in Your Majesty's army reaching not to their bellies." They beautify their brown faces by the use of white guano powder, and wear deer-head masks and horns during their wild dances. More dogs than men are found in their squalid camps. Adventurous Mexican sailors visit Tiburón occasionally, trading castoff clothing and cigarettes for abalone and oyster shells.

Chinese immigrants, 30,000 strong, hold retail trade in their practiced grip. Nearly all small stores and restaurants on the West Coast are owned by Chinese. Indians tramp down from the mountain gorges with nuggets of gold and silver, which they trade to these Chinese for bright calicos, coffee, tools and ammunition.

American Cattle Ranches.

Some cattle ranches here are so vast you couldn't walk around one of them in a week. On the great Greene ranch they brand 15,000 to 20,000 calves every spring. In Sonora there are about two meat-bearing animals to every human being. In the United States of America there are perhaps twenty meat-eating people to every cow! (No wonder T-bones come high!) One of these great Mexican ranches is divided into 200 separate pastures. And when the American foreman motors about, he carries a map along, to be sure of his route. The round trip takes him a week.

Practically no feeding is needed, the cattle ranging the year around. The same forage grasses that cover the great Arizona

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

*See illustrations on page 17.

CONQUISTA DE MEJICO POR HERAN CORTES

Historia de America. Por el Dr. J. Ziegner-Uriburu.

LA CONQUISTA de Méjico es una verdadera epopeya. Su héroe Hernán Cortés había nacido en Medellín (Extremadura) en 1485. Empezó a estudiar en la universidad de Salamanca; pero bien pronto su espíritu aventurero le hizo trocar las letras por las armas y lo llevó al Nuevo Mundo, inmenso teatro de su futura gloria.

El gobernador de Cuba, Velázquez, confió al célebre extremeño la misión de conquistar las tierras que descubrieron Córdoba y Grijalva.

Levantó Cortés bandera de enganche, y a pesar de la oposición de última hora, que le hizo Velázquez, arrepentido de su nombramiento y émulo de su éxito, pudo reunir el futuro conquistador, en los diferentes puertos de Cuba, 11 barcos, 10 canoas de bronce, 4 falconetes, 13 escopeteros, 32 ballesteros, 508 soldados y 16 caballos.

Sin despedirse del Gobernador, en Febrero de 1519 partió de Santiago, llegando el 18 del mismo mes a la isla de Cozumel. Allí encontró a Jerónimo de Aguilar, que, conocedor de la lengua "maya," fue un inmejorable intérprete y poderoso auxiliar en la conquista.

Arribó al río Tabasco, donde verificó un desembarco. Los tabasqueños quisieron resistir, siendo ahuyentados por los españoles. Pidieron la paz los indígenas, regalando a Cortés veinte mujeres esclavas, entre las cuales se hallaban la que se llamó después "Doña Mariana." Llegaron el 18 de Abril a San Juan de Ulúa y poco después al continente, donde fueron a Veracruz.

Fundada la ciudad y constituido el ayuntamiento, este nombró a Cortés justicia mayor y capitán de la armada; pero los parciales de Velázquez no aprobaron el acuerdo y aun quisieron volver a Cuba, con lo que obligaron a Cortés a proceder con rigor: al piloto Gonzalo de Umría le mandó cortar las pies, y a Pedro Escudero y Diego Cermeño los hizo ahorcar.

Para quitar para siempre a su gente la idea de volver a Cuba sin haber conseguido el objeto que se proponían, tomó la determinación extrema de quemar sus naves; hecho heroico que más parece del dominio de la fábula que de la historia.

Hernán Cortés no hizo caso de las indicaciones amistosas que le hicieron los embajadores de Moctezuma, para que se retirara, indicaciones que vinieron reforzadas con cuantiosos regalos, avaluados en veinte mil ducados, como tampoco de las amenazas que le hizo una tercera embajada, y, dirigiéndose a sus capitanes, les dijo: Es un poderoso príncipe, no cabe duda; pero es menester que le hagamos una visita.

Dió Cortés la orden de avanzar. Entonces recibió una embajada de los "totonecas," que, deseosos de sacudir el yugo de los aztecas, buscaban la alianza de los españoles. Aprovecharon estos aquel oportuno auxilio, y dejando en Veracruz una buena guarnición, a las órdenes del Capitán Escalante, rompió Cortés la marcha el 16 de Agosto de 1519, con 400 soldados de infantería, 15 jinetes y 7 cañones. El cacique de Cempoalla puso a su disposición 1300 guerreros totonecas, con 1000 cargadores para arrastrar la artillería, las provisiones y los equipajes.

A los quince días llegaron a Tlascala, que conservaba su independencia, después de luchar heroicamente con los aztecas. Tres sangrientas batallas tuvo que sostener Cortés contra los bravos "tlascaltecas" para convencer a "Xicotencalt," su jefe, de la superioridad de las armas españolas. Los venció, y en adelante no tuvo Cortés mayores y más fieles aliados.

El 13 de Octubre, reforzada su hueste con 600 auxiliares tlascaltecas, emprendió su marcha hacia "Cholula," en cuya ciudad fue recibido con grandes muestras de agasajo. Pero sabedor Cortés por Doña Mariana que le preparaban los cholulanos una celada, llamó a los caciques, les enrostró su alevosía y, dada una señal, los españoles cayeron sobre ellos, matando cerca de tres mil. La historia conoce este hecho con el nombre de matanza de Cholula.

A través de campos cultivados y de frondosas arboledas, dirigiéndose los españoles a Méjico, entrando en la ciudad con banderas desplegadas, el 8 de Noviembre de 1519.

Moctezuma había dispuesto alojamiento para los invasores en un cuartel (que trató de fortificar muy pronto Cortés) y obsequió al caudillo con ricos presentes. Cortés visitó al monarca; y al fijarse en la situación de la

ciudad, rodeada por el lago, y en comunicación con el exterior por unas calzadas, comprendió que el emperador podía hacerlos prisioneros en una ciudad de 300,000 almas, con solo mandar cortar las calzadas; y entonces decidió apoderarse de Moctezuma como una garantía de seguridad, pues conocía muy bien la absoluta sumisión que tenían los aztecas a su monarca.

Necesitaba un pretexto. Este se presentó con la agresión que había sufrido Escalante en Veracruz. Moctezuma prometió castigar a los culpables; pero fue en vano: Cortés exigió que el emperador saliera de su palacio para vivir en el cuartel ocupado por los españoles. Moctezuma se sintió indignado ante la osadía del temerario Cortés, fue débil y le acompañó al cuartel. Grande fue el estupor que este hecho produjo a los aztecas, y sólo se tranquilizaron cuando, a instancias de Cortés, Moctezuma les dijo que había ido al cuartel por su propia voluntad.

Cortés tuvo que abandonar, en tanto, a Méjico e ir a combatir a Pánfilo de Narváez, que mandado por Velázquez (de Cuba) había desembarcado cerca de Veracruz, para llevar a cabo la conquista de Méjico. Con suma habilidad y al frente de 250 hombres, pudo derrotar a Narváez y herirlo. Este llevaba 800 infantes, 80 jinetes y 12 cañones. La mayor parte de la tropa de Narváez se incorporó al pequeño ejército de Cortés, que se dirigió inmediatamente a Méjico. La ciudad estaba convulsionada por el rigor excesivo con que trataba Alvarado, que mandaba en la ciudad, a los indios. Cortés llegó a tiempo, y, a pesar de que en la lucha fueron vencidos, los mejicanos se batieron con desesperación. La noche pasó tranquila; pero al tercer día del regreso de Cortés, grandes masas de indios rodearon el cuartel de los españoles en actitud amenazadora. Moctezuma se asomó a los muros del cuartel para arengarlos, pero fue herido de un flechazo. Ante este sacrilegio, los indios se desbandaron. Lleno de ira y vergüenza, se dejó morir el desgraciado monarca, no permitiendo que los españoles le curaran.

Muy pronto se renovaron las hostilidades. Grandes fueron las proezas de los españoles, y desesperado el valor de los mejicanos. Temerosos los primeros de verse encerrados, decidieron acampar fuera de la ciudad. La retirada tuvo lugar en una noche oscura y tormentosa, pero descubiertos, fueron atacados briosamente. El lago se llenó de canoas, siendo alcanzados los españoles en una de las calzadas. Un puentecillo de madera tendido por Cortés sobre una cortadura se rompió bajo el peso de la artillería, hundiéndose en el fango. La confusión fue espantosa. En la obscuridad, los españoles se mataban entre sí; muchos fueron hechos prisioneros. Aquella noche de angustia, conocida con el nombre de "la noche triste," costó a Cortés la pérdida de más de 400 españoles, 200 indios, muchos caballos, casi toda la artillería, los bagajes y las municiones. Al ver Cortés desfilar los restos de su hueste, se llevó las manos a los ojos, y sus soldados le vieron prorrumprir en llanto. Pronto recobró la energía, y aquel alma de gigante creció más y más cuando a la séptima jornada, vió en las llanuras de Otumba a 200,000 indios que le cerraban el paso. Arengó a sus valientes y lanzóse a tan desigual pelea. Estaban los españoles a punto de perecer de fatiga, abrumados por el número, cuando una inspiración de Cortés los salvó. Arremetiendo con bravura a aquellos compactos pelotones, mató de una lanzada al indio que conducía el estandarte mejicano. Los valles eran pequeños para dar paso a tanto fugitivo, pues los indios se desbandaron al ver en manos de los españoles su bandera. Cortés triunfó y su gloriosa estrellita, eclipsada en "la noche triste," volvió a surgir radiante en la memorable jornada de "Otumba."

Cortés, por aquel entonces, recibió un importante auxilio en hombres y armas, de España, y con un gran número de indios tlascaltecas y totonecas, se dirigió de nuevo a Méjico. Mandó construir una escuadrilla con la que cruzó el lago, y achó a pique una multitud de canoas aztecas; y, por último, formalizó el sitio de la heroica ciudad. Setenta y cinco días duró y no pasó día sin alguna batalla; y tan sólo cuando los españoles se hubieron apoderado de todos los barrios, casa por casa, y cuando de los 300,000 habitantes de Méjico, habían perecido

más de las dos terceras partes, y era la ciudad un montón de ruinas, pudieron entrar los españoles, haciendo honor a los extenuados y pocos defensores que habían quedado; pero los tlascaltecas asesinaron sin compasión a cuantos enemigos encontraron. "Guatimozín," el alma de la defensa, pudo huir, pero alcanzado por el capitán Holguín, fue perdonado, y hasta tratado con consideración por Cortés.

Con la toma de Méjico, sucumbió el imperio azteca. El 15 de Octubre de 1522, nombró Carlos V a Hernán Cortés gobernador, capitán general y justicia mayor de Nueva España.

Los lentos trabajos de colonización a que se consagró Cortés después de dominar a la Tenochtitlán azteca, no podían satisfacer su espíritu, ávido de hazañas y nuevas conquistas; por lo que, conocedor del sorprendente viaje de Magallanes, concentró su audaz facultad descubridora en hallar un paso que enlazara ambos océanos, el Atlántico y el mar del Sur, y a este objeto preparó una serie de expediciones que se dedicaron a resolver este problema. Envió, al efecto, a los Capitanes Alvarado y Olid, cuyas expediciones relataremos brevemente.

En 1523 partió Alvarado de Méjico, con encargo de conquistar la provincia de "Guatemala," cuyos habitantes habían recusado siempre declararse vasallos de Carlos V. Penetró Alvarado sin resistencia hasta "Soconuco," donde en medio de frágiles bosques, tuvo que librar sangrientos combates con los belicosos habitantes de "Quauhtemallán" (Guatemala), defendidos por gruesas y largas corazas de algodón. El más encarnizado fue el de "Xalahab" o "Quezaltenango," en que el soberano de Guatemala, al frente de numeroso ejército, retó a Alvarado a singular combate con él; combate que aceptó el esforzado caudillo, atravesando al indio con su lanza a la tercer acometida.

Esto decidió la victoria de los castellanos, llegando los españoles a "Ututlán," asiento del palacio real guatemalteco, invitados por el monarca hijo del anterior; pero sospechando Alvarado una traición, lo enjuició, condenándolo a la horca.

En los reñidos combates que siguieron a este suceso, triunfaron los españoles, tomando la capital, sometiendo todo el país y prosiguiendo su marcha hasta "Patinamit," donde hoy está la ciudad antigua de Guatemala. Se sometieron sin lucha sus habitantes y fueron vencidos los de las llanuras bajas de "Iscuintepec," siguiendo los castellanos su marcha hacia "Cuscatlán," cuya capital conquistaron, fundando sobre sus ruinas la ciudad actual de San Salvador, y consiguiendo así la sumisión completa de un dilatado territorio.

Tan brillante como fue el resultado de la expedición que acabamos de describir, fue desastroso el de la que partió a las órdenes de Cristóbal de Olid. Perfectamente pertrechada, se hizo a la vela en Enero de 1524, desde el puerto de Veracruz, con el encargo no sólo de conquistar Honduras, sino de encontrar el paso del mar al Sur. En la Habana, donde se detuvo la expedición, parece que Olid celebró algunas entrevistas con Velázquez, induciéndole a independizarse de Cortés, lo que hizo el desgraciado Capitán Olid, poco tiempo después de llegar a Honduras, donde fundó la ciudad de "Triunfo de la Cruz." Sabedor Cortés de este acto de insurrección, envió a Honduras a uno de sus parientes, Francisco de las Casas, para que prendiera a Olid. Las Casas llegó con felicidad y derrotó al caudillo insurgente en un combate naval, pero una tempestad que destruyó después sus arruinadas carabelas, le obligó a refugiarse y entregarse prisionero del mismo Olid.

Trató éste a los naufragos con amabilidad, pero Las Casas, que también se había salvado, logró ponerse de acuerdo con uno de los capitanes de Olid, "Gil González Dávila" y un día se lanzaron ambos puñal en mano sobre Olid, al grito de: "Por el Emperador y por Cortés!" matándolo, a pesar de su resistencia, y decapitándolo en la plaza de Náco.

No teniendo sin embargo Cortés noticia alguna de estos sucesos, decidió ir él en persona, lo que hizo, partiendo en Octubre de 1524, con 250 hombres y llevando en su compañía a la célebre doña Mariana y al vencido emperador Guatimozín. Después de cruzar la comarca de Coatzacoalco, llegó a

los territorios de Chiapas, en los que se presentaron a Cortés indociles obstáculos que la naturaleza y los hombres ponían a su paso, y que sólo su heroica constancia pudo vencer. Hasta Guatimozín, en unión con los caciques que componían el ejército, concibieron el proyecto de unirse con los indígenas para exterminar a los castellanos. Súplico Hernán Cortés, y después de un breve sumario, mandó ahorcar al soberano Guatimozín y al cacique de Tlacopán, muriendo así el último soberano azteca, después de un breve pero brillantísimo reinado, dejando entre los descendientes vivo su recuerdo, como lo demuestra el monumento del más puro estilo azteca, que a su memoria se levanta en el centro del parque que actualmente une la ciudad de Méjico con Chapultepec.

Después de estos sucesos y en medio de calores tropicales que diezmaron las tropas, atravesaron los países de Talía y Cohite, siguiendo marcha al sur hasta llegar a la Ciudad de San Gil de Buenavista, recién fundada por Gil González Dávila, y después a la pequeña colonia de Las Casas en Honduras, que Cortés, para evitar lo insalubre del clima, trasladó al puerto de caballos, donde fundó la Ciudad de la Natividad de Nuestra Señora, dirigiéndose en seguida a Trujillo, fundada poco tiempo antes, y desde allí a Veracruz, donde lo creían muerto, y lo recibieron triunfalmente. Poco duró, sin embargo, su tranquilidad, pues la corte española envió para sustituirle en el gobierno a Ponce de León, y haciéndose eco de las calumnias contra Cortés, lo llamó a Madrid. Embarcóse en el puerto de Veracruz el conquistador, llegando a Palos en 1527, desde donde marchó hacia Madrid, disipando las preocupaciones que contra él tenía Carlos V, quien le hizo justicia plena, nombrándole Marqués del Valle de Oajaca y otorgándole grandes posesiones.

Vivió Cortés tres años en España, y cansado de la vida tranquila emprendió nuevamente marcha hacia las Indias, donde en diez años organizó y comandó por sí mismo varias expediciones a la América Central, principalmente, sin obtener grandes resultados.

Disgustado por ello, y principalmente por la falta de consideración y ayuda por parte de la Corte, debido a las continuas rencillas que a sus mismos compañeros desunían, y a un fondo de desconfianza que, a nuestro entender, existió siempre en el ánimo de Carlos V contra el glorioso Cortés, volvió éste a España. Arregló allí, aunque aparentemente, sus dificultades, y cuando se disponía a emprender nuevas conquistas le sorprendió la última enfermedad, falleciendo cristiana y humildemente en Castilleja de la Cuesta, el día 2 de Diciembre de 1547, a los 62 años de edad.

Si queremos formarnos una idea del carácter del conquistador, oigamos a su compañero Bernal Díaz del Castillo:

"Toda su persona—dice este comentador—denotaba al hombre bien nacido; vestía en sencilla elegancia, pero gustaba del esplendor de su corte. Su voluntad en asuntos de guerra era inflexible; en extremo puntual en el cumplimiento de su deber, hasta el punto de levantarse siempre antes que sus soldados y reprimir con dureza a los haraganes. Fuera de esto, era siempre amable con sus tropas, nunca contestaba con violencia, y era adorado por las mismas."

"Era valiente hasta la temeridad, perspicaz, activo, infatigable, hábil político, y dotado de cultura intelectual, nada común en la época."

"Cristiano ferviente, de gran fidelidad a sus monarcas y amante de su patria y de la gloria, hay que colocar a Cortés por sus extraordinarias hazañas entre los verdaderos grandes caudillos de la historia, en cuyas páginas brilla rutilante el sol de su simpática celebridad."

A Race of Tenors.

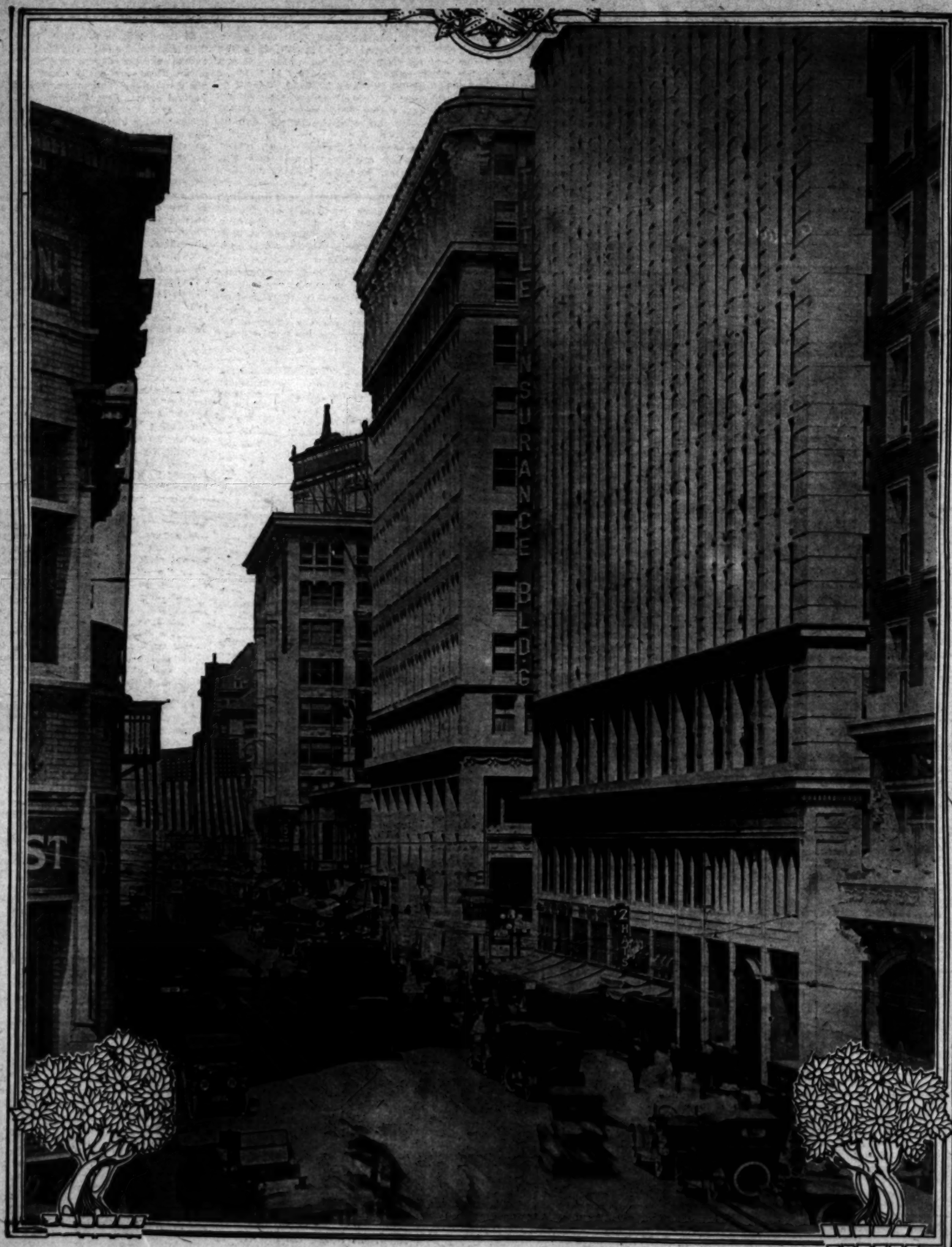
Generally speaking, races living at high altitudes have weaker and more highly pitched voices than those living in regions where the supply of oxygen is more plentiful.

Thus, in South America, among the Indians living on the plateaus between the ranges of the Andes, at an elevation of from 10,000 feet to 14,000 feet, the men have voices like women, and the women like children, their singing being a shrill monotone.

CALIFORNIA AND THE THREE AMERICAS
The Future Great Commercial Empire.

The Future Great Commercial Empire

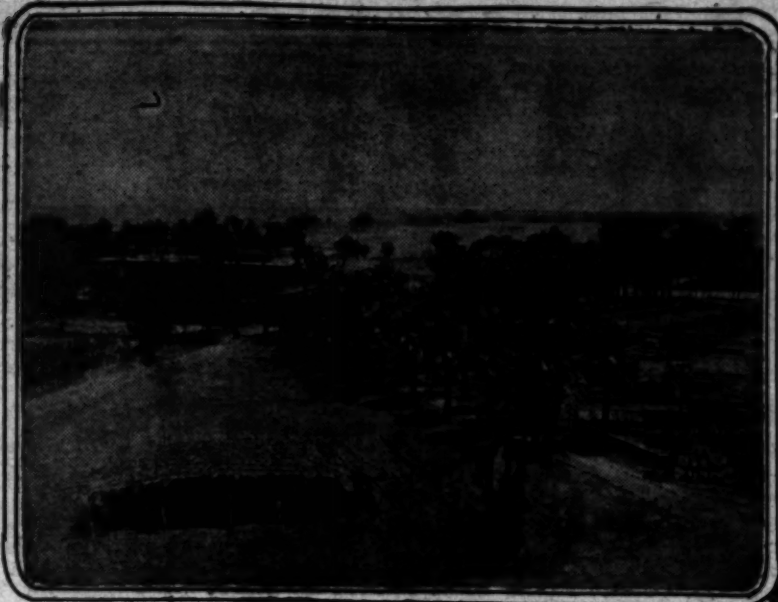
Scene in the Greatest City of the Pacific Coast.



OUR LATIN-AMERICAN NEIGHBORS

"The lands of the sun dilate the soul."

Snapshots of Some of Mexico's West Coast Industries.



An American planter's home, Sinaloa.



An irrigation ditch in Sinaloa.



Coopers, United Sugar Co. at Los Mochis, an American concern.



Strait between Tiboron and the Mexican main land, Boca Inferno.



Loaded cane cart in Sinaloa.



American farmers in Sinaloa.



Threshing rice, Richardson Company's Plantation, Yagui Valley.

See text on Page 11.